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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918

Painted by Sir Willm. Beechey, R.A.
Painter to her late Majesty

Engraved by Willm. Say.
Engraver to H.R.H. the Duke of
Gloucester.

Lewis Lowndes Esq. R.A.

TRACTS IN PROSE

AND VERSE,

BOUND UP TOGETHER, AND WRITTEN

By THOMAS LOWNDES, Esq. B. A.

THE

Copyright of all of them being given by him

TO THE

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL FUND.

To *cure* the *wounds* and *broken bones of civil strife*
When Freedom, Property, Morality, and Life
Again are put in horrid *Patriot* jeopardy,
Under the artful name of Heav'n-born Liberty
By Knavish Jacobins, and their servile *Tools*
Brought up in *Reformation's high* and *low Schools*,
Where *Embryo Peers* and *Footmen cheek* by *jowl*
Quaff Freedom's cup alike, and mingle soul with soul,
A thing to some proud Sons of true Egalite'
(*Fam'd* for *not snuffing* after *Titled* Quality,)
So very charming, that on such Education
Depends with them, the welfare of the Nation,
I give this Book, if it be *worth receiving*
And dedicate to God, the *Devil's leaving*.

DOVER:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BONYTHON,

King's Street.

1825.

1914 16.11.15

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

TO

LORD ROBERT SEYMOUR.

My Lord,

Having, in the Title-page of this Volume, presented to the Middlesex Hospital Fund the tracts it contains, if any thing beneficial to that institution can be extracted from my feeble mental productions, (for I fear, instead of sterling gold and silver, the residuum will only be a *caput mortuum*,) I naturally look around me for some long established benevolent character, connected with the above public charity, to whom I can with most propriety dedicate my book; and, except our illustrious, humane and liberal-minded King, can fix upon no individual, public or private, so proper as your Lordship. Because, even if it were not a collection of *small single* Tracts in Prose and

Verse of little or no value, (except like the *bundle of rods* when *bound up together*,) both worldly and courtly etiquette would alike prevent me from asking his Majesty's permission to dedicate a book to him so replete with grateful commendations of our illustrious Sovereign's unparalleled wisdom in foreign and domestic counsels, as (however conscious I am that the picture is drawn from life and the colouring not overcharged) the grossness of the supposed flattery would be no less repugnant to his Majesty's noble and delicate feelings than to *my own independence*. For though George IV., our magnanimous King, could, by giving me the smallest hereditary Title in the British empire, confer a greater honour on me than any other potentate in Europe however high the dignity, from being himself (by the blessing of Providence) the grand reservoir of all European honours, never will I for any court favours barter away the *true dignity of man*, (if a national title can be granted me on no other terms,) by giving up all those god-like and inexpressible feelings that will always result from honest independence.

I therefore, craving your Lordship's pardon for the liberty I am taking, dedicate to you a Book, by which I intend adding my mite of mental labour to the Funds of the Middlesex Hospital; hoping, if my anticipations prove true, you will look to the intention, and not to the deed, and more especially that you will do so, when you consider the pecuniary sacrifices I have made at different times, to show my ardent zeal for the growing Prosperity of that useful and popular Charity. Though afraid of wounding your Lordship's tender feelings, I cannot resist the laudable impulse of benefiting Mankind in this world and the next, by setting before them your *public* and *private example*, in order to stimulate others to similar exertions, and a like charitable conduct. For which purpose, I cannot help stating, what great advantages have accrued to the Middlesex Hospital since Lord Robert Seymour so humanely took it under his individual management and protection, not only by subscribing to it at *one time* the princely sum of a *thousand* pounds, but by having given to the Hospital the still greater advantage of his

personal services, from walking through the wards once a week, and (however disagreeable the diseases they laboured under) visiting every poor and sick patient on their bed of sickness; a voluntary beneficent office which, barring occasional absence from town, your Lordship has, I believe, unremittingly performed for above *twenty* years.

As many are disposed to give their *money*, who do not like to give their *trouble*, it is this truly excellent part of your Lordship's public character, that I have so much pleasure in applauding; but when coupled also with your generous conduct to the Hospital, how much lustre is reflected on yourself and family from this *double mirror* of *money* and *time*, when contemplating that great sacrifice of both, which you have so long made to the cause of humanity! But so enthusiastically grateful are my feelings for your Lordship's benevolent and persevering conduct, that, as Æneas discovered Musæus in the *shades below* by being the *head* and *shoulders higher* than his *fellows*, my imagination in like manner *singles* out Lord Robert Seymour in the *Heavens above*, from a crowd of good

and virtuous deceased mortals by being also *greater* than his fellow angels.

Hoping your Lordship will long continue to benefit society and the public hospitals by your zealous and persevering exertions in the cause of humanity, and that such philanthropic examples as the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Robert Seymour will occasion other noble lords and commoners to give the hospital all their aid and influence, though, at present, his Grace and yourself are the two great supporters of his majesty's annual alms; convinced, too, that the humanity, affability, and generosity of the higher orders of society are the most effectual way to check the future growth of slumbering Jacobinism,

I have the honour to be,
my Lord,
your Lordship's grateful
and obedient
humble servant,

THO. LOWNDES.

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PREFACE.

The present volume of Fugitive Pieces (to which a second will be added as a free gift, either now or a twelvemonth hence,) is humbly and respectfully presented to the Public; the Writer of both Prose and Verse being well aware of its *inferiority* in almost every particular to other similar Publications, whatever merit may be given to some detached parts of the volume by those, who have more pleasure in *praising* than *censuring*. But, as *charity* covers a *multitude* of *sins*, the Editor, thus conscious of his own imperfections, hopes that his having made a present to the Public of the *whole* profits *free* of *all expence* in *Paper*, *Printing*, *&c.*, will blunt the

arrows of ridicule, and soften the severity of criticism, and that Lowndes's Entire, unlike many bad Porter Brewer's productions, being not only *unadulterated,* but given away, a proof he Mr. L. is not *mercenary,* will at least entitle him to candour and good nature from every Reader, not even excluding from the above *sweeping* clause, *Mr. Broom* and the other *hot-headed* and *turbulent* Bottle Green Whigs. For, however extravagant and unmerited my censure of them may appear to many, who have not seen so much of Bonaparté Whiggism as I have, I can assure the Reader, the description given in different parts of this volume as applied to the most riotous, is not too highly coloured, but fairly proportioned to the ministerial rancour, violence, and inconsistency manifested during all the late necessary and glorious War, by some of these most notorious modern Whig Patriots in Parliament and out of it.

If therefore, the following short mental effusions in Prose or Verse be, like Hospital Patients, lame

halt, or maimed, it is hoped the *poverty* of the Middlesex Hospital Fund, to which they are given, and the great National utility of the above noble and well regulated Public Institution, will apologise for the numerous errors, and soon heal up all literary wounds, whether in grammar, style, matter, or diction. With the above appeal I now throw myself on the generous mercy of my Readers, but at the same time advising those whom political spite, resentment, or hatred may have excited to satyrize my Authorship, patriotism, and humanity, not to criticise too severely the writings or motives of others, (for fear hereafter, should they become Public Authors, the Tables may be turned against them,) however imperfect the language may be, or however unwisely such imprudent writers may have incurred censure by occasional traits of vanity, ignorance, prejudice, and folly. Assuring you Messrs. Critics, public or private, paid or unpaid, Volunteers or

Regulars, I am with every possible respect for your candour, judgment, and literary merit, your honest, and Independent, but,

Obedient Humble Servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

P. S. The Political Fable, alluding to the old Fox that had lost his tail in a trap, follows this, to prove, as is asserted by me in the Preface, that I well know *Bonaparté Whiggism* from having watched these modern Sham Patriots for the last *thirty-five Years* in all their *Political manœuvreings* at home and abroad, in Great Britain and the Continent; in other words, from having studied the *heart* and *head* of the *confirm'd Jacobin* with a similar determination to find out his real character, as that which stimulates a young Edinborough Surgeon, or an intended M. D., to examine accurately the minutest capillary vessels, nerves, bones, and muscles of the dead body he is dissecting. I also flatter myself I have not studied *in vain* this new diabolical Monster of the modern Political World, though his legs and arms *extend* from *Pole* to *Pole*, while his *lofty* head is enveloped in Clouds, making *impious war* against *Heaven itself*, and, instead of two arms, two eyes, and two legs, this new born Fiend of Hell, has (unfortunately for Mankind) *many millions* of arms, eyes, heads, and legs, and is not *dead* but *sleepeth;* sleeping too, like the watchful Tyger, to *pounce* upon his *prey*, (by thus throwing him off his guard,) with the more *certainty* of *succeeding*.

TO THE PEOPLE OF PROPERTY

Of all Denominations,

and the respectable *part of the British Population, the following Fable is addressed.*

I don't say that *poor* Radicals, who work for their bread, may not be *pure* as well as *poor*, but recollecting the Fox in the Fable who had lost his tail in a trap, it is almost impossible (with our eyes open) not to suppose that such Men have an *eye* to the *Loaves* and *Fishes*, and wish for Universal Suffrage, or in other words, a *Revolution*, (the inevitable *consequence* of such a tag rag *Election* Partnership being the complete *subversion* of our *happy* and *glorious Constitution*,) that they may *share* in

the *plunder* of the *State*, and grow rich at the *expence* of *all above them*. For a *poor*, but honest modern Patriot, (after our experience of the *French Revolution*) few Men in their sober senses can be disposed to believe in (those two *epithets* being totally *incompatible* with each other) as we cannot have forgotten how differently the French *Radicals sung* after they had got up in the World by plundering the Noblesse, Clergy, and higher orders of Gentry. Till then, egalité was the favorite watch word of the day with the ruling French Politicians, and the Radical Fox's rump looked *best*, when the tail was cut *smooth off*; but, as soon as these *knowing* Jockeys grew *rich*, behold (the tail regenerating) instead of smack smooth equality, the Fox's brush stuck up *most fiercely* by the *addition* of two very *cunning* words, (for, like sly Reynard, Radicals in all Countries are very *deep* and up to all sorts of selfish dirty tricks,) and *equality of rights* was then voted to be the *order* of the day among all orders of French Patriots, from

the highest to the lowest, who had been *fattening* upon the *heart's blood* of the Nation; this being an *ingenious* method of *fencing round* their *ill got wealth.* Indeed the difference occasioned by these two *short* words added to *equality*, and this word standing by itself (as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren) was so great and *instantaneous* in its *operation*, it had a sort of *Magick effect* over that volatile, tragic, comic, pantomimic Nation similar to the *wand* of *Harlequin*, and could in a *moment* destroy *Towns* and *Cities*, and in a moment raise them *up again*. *Egalité* the National *Convention* cries out, and *down* go *walls*, fences, and every distinction of property, that could remind us of *meum* and *tuum*, those two *delightful fascinating* words, the very *thought* of which makes one's *mouth* water, as, like Lord *Peter's Bread*, they include, *Partridge*, *Roast Beef*, *Plumpudding*, and *Venison*; equality of *rights* cries out the same Convention, but not *equality* of *property*, when (from being as *poor* as a Church Mouse) they had all

grown fat and rich, and immediately start up *low petty fogging* Attorneys, *walls, fences,* and every other *old fashioned* discrimination of *meum* and *tuum;* and then like one of those Monks in a spring box (but who only *starts up* there, being so *prest* down in the Revolution, that, spring *broken* he *falls* to *rise* no more,) up *starts* old Reynard's tail again, and no wonder, for, *understanding trap,* the poor *sly honest* French Patriot only parted with it for a *time,* till he had made use of his Fox's *brush* to sweep away an immense quantity of public and private property, under the *hum-bug* pretence of *sweeping away* the *cobweb* abuses of the old Bourbon *Government.*

Let us carefully then store up in our minds the *above Fable* of the *old Fox,* who had lost his tail in a trap, that, always remembering this, and the French *Revolution,* we may be on our guard *day* and *night,* not only against the Waithman *Foxites* with smooth *tongues,* black locks, and *without Tails,* Democrats

in *Politics,* and Deists in Religion, (for these two, like the *following,* belong to the order of La *Trappe,* as well as the *French Patriots,)* but also against those most *dangerous* Members of this Political *Community,* the *Radical Revolutionary Foxes* who have *Tails, alias* the *Huntites,* but with *firebrands* tied to them, that, instead of *suffering* these sham *Patriots* to *destroy* the *crops* of corn, and lay waste our *property, public* or *private,* we may *house our grain* in due season, and have *bread* (though attended with some *political* corruption and *National abuses,)* instead of those tempting but *delusive words* (which wont *fill* an *empty belly) patriotism, purity, liberty,* and *equality* without *bread;* for the poor alas! would then find to their sorrow inexpressible, that *half* a *loaf* is *better* than no *bread.* Indeed we may say with similar propriety to the *Radicals* what the *Peruvians* said to the *Spaniards.*

"We are contented with the Government we live under, and want litle or no alteration in the *ancient*

Laws of our Country, but more *particularly* do we *spurn* and reject with the most sovereign and *heart felt* contempt the *extraordinary* change you offer, who want *us* to be so *besotted* as to exchange our sterling *gold* and *silver* for your base contemptible metals of *copper* and *lead;* but *which*, as they may be of some use to you, though *none to us*, you had much better keep to yourselves; for with the former you may relaquer your *hypocritical* impudent faces, and with the *latter* fill your empty *pockets* to add weight and *solidity* to your light and *shallow arguments*."

I am, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

For nothing now can preserve the Country from that most dreadful of all calamaties a Civil War, but a firm union among all People of property. A pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

THE FOLLOWING

POETICAL DESCRIPTION OF DOVER,

Extracted from a long Letter to a Friend, and taken on the spot in the luxuriant warmth of an ardent *mind* glowing *with the most* lively admiration *of the picturesque beauties of Nature, is here printed, to shew how natural it was, that* Apollo *and the* Muses *should shed their benign influence over the air and scenery of such a delightful Elysium.*

Dear Sir,

"I awoke this Morning at five o'Clock in conseqence of hearing a long and thundering salute fired from the Dover Heights, a Military compliment, which gave me an Englishman with a poetical and enthusiastic mind no *small delight,* from the certain conviction that the discharge

of cannon from such a noble eminence, and rounded by such a grand picturesque scenery, ı impress the Representatives of Foreign Governm with a highly dignified opinion of the British Nat There being also, when Nature sleeps, someth particularly sublime and awful in the majestic sou of cannon at regular intervals, after a dead pause solemn silence. But how much more grand a F reign Embasador's idea must be of the beauty aı power of the Queen of Islands, when, on landiı from the flat uninteresting shore of Calais (the sin of France) he looks upon the romantic and loft Cliffs of Dover, and its bold superb Castle so fas cinating the eye of the beholder, with its venerabl appearance, that (*spell bound* as it were by the *Magician within it*) he cannot for some time look on any other object. For this magnificent Veteran Chateau, in whatever point of view we look at it, whether by Sea or Land, is the most distinguishing feature of the Kentish Coast, and instantaneously brings to our recollection those renowned days of

Chivalrick power and pride recently embodied and restored to life by the antiquated and inspired poetry of a Byron or a Scott. The Stranger too, who lands at Dover for the first time, and compares the delightful Picturesque Scenery before him with the opposite Shore near Calais, will naturally imagine that he is treading on enchanted Ground, and (when with the same Coup d'œil he beholds in the height of the Season some of our beautiful Dover Women) will think, that, if he be not in Paradise, he is actually in that Fairy Island, where Calypso and her charming Syrens are so beautifully described by the immortal Fenelon. A celestial idea; that, till then, appeared to him to exist only in the rich luxurious imagination of the learned and pious Archbishop of Cambray.

As Dover, like all other Towns, contains Persons disposed to ridicule *acts* of *benevolence* (if they furnish the opportunity of a good joke,) I have sent you the following Lines to shew how I was enabled by a *knack* at *Versifying* to turn the tables upon them.

By *gentle* Squier told, that some Men in his shop
(Who, to get their beards shav'd, therein chanc'd to pop,)
Did express great surprise on hearing it said
To give away *Petticoats* had enter'd the head
Of a *strange Man* in Dover, I here thus reply
To shew such the *quamobrem*, in plain words the *why*.
That, from the Queen judging, and her friends at Dover,
When she so *unwisely* from Calais came over
To prove to her Subjects, the *Jacobin Rabble*,
(Who, as usual, espous'd her Majesty's Squabble,
Without hearing both sides, or with any pretext,
Save that great George the fourth, it most *bitterly vex*'d,)
How ill she was us'd by our Administration,
Who mov'd Earth and Heav'n t' excite her vexation,
Tho' of this most certain, as she'd make 'em *well know*,
She was chaste as Diana, and whiter than snow,
I nat'rally thought, from their *masculine* Speeches,
The good Dover Dames had too long worn the Breeches!"

THE FOLLOWING SATIRE

Was written during the Borough Election in 1803, *to ridicule the* glaring inconsistency *of Mr. Tierney's* Political conduct, *and in it Mr. Lowndes* anticipated *his motives for such inconsistency, in a way rather extraordinary but truly* prophetic.

Citizen Bagatelle, Grand Maitre de Ballét a la convention Nationalle, having been *officially* employed during the French Revolution, to teach many grown up ladies and gentlemen to dance at Paris, and having had the supreme felicity of composing, (aided by his most *incomparable Pupil* the *Abbe Sieyes,*) many of those *civic dances* that have been so much admired in France, particularly that

grand *serious Ballét* called *Egalité*, where, like American savages, the dancers with a sort of war whoop, brandishing their battle axe, chop off each others heads, that one may not be *taller* than his *neighbour*, but all the dancers, like a row of regular built houses, exactly the same height; Citizen Bagatelle, conscious of the flattering reception he shall meet with from some of the English, who have heard through *their Friends* at Paris of his wonderful dancing abilities, has the honor to inform those English gentlemen and ladies in particular; and the public in general, he has just arrived from Paris with a grand assortment of the *favorite dances* there, for the last *ten* years.

As the London fashions are always much later than those at Paris, and the French allowed to understand dancing better than any Nation in the world, Monsieur Bagatelle flatters himself that many of his most celebrated dances (though now *out of fashion* at Paris) will become favorite ones in London, particularly as he has endeavoured by giving some of them

in Air Anglois, to make them the more agreeable to the English taste.

There is one dance in particular, called by him Tierney's Shuttlecock, in honor of the great *English Master* of *figures*, that, from the variety of its movements, has met with the most unbounded applause; the *changes* in it being so *frequent*, that the mind is lost as it were in a maze, and in it are combinded those *three* favorite species of dance, le contre dance, cotillion, and hornpipe.

In the contre dance steps you are perpetually *changing* your *partner*, as well as the *figure* of the dance, till at last you *forget* in the agreeable confusion of your ideas, *which Partner* you set out with, sometimes you are *beginning* the dance, when you should *end* it, and *finishing* it, when you should *begin* it.

In the Cotillion steps you make a variety of leaps, frequently jumping as high as a Stag or a Harlequin; for it is in the *Cotillion step*, the beauty of this dance

consists, but chiefly in *one step*, called Tierney Shuttlecock's *grand pas*.

Imagine to yourself a loaf of bread upon a high shelf, and a hungry dog coming into a room where it is, snuffing the bread, and trying to reach it by a grand leap, and you may form to yourself a happy idea of the principal beauty of the Shuttlecock *grand pas*. The hornpipe part of the dance consists in one of the dancers, (who is called the Shuttlecock,) seperating himself from the others, who pair on each side, while he dances a solo; first standing upon one leg like a goose, then turning about on both like a whirligig, now throwing out his arms in the Opera style, while both parties seem to invite him; footing first to the right, then to the left; now wishing to join one side, now the other, till both ladies and gentlemen, (angry as it were that he should quit them and making a ring) dance round him in the most contemptuous manner, and leave him, a *mere cypher*, to his own meditations.

N. B. It requires a good *head* at *figures* to recollect the variety of them in the Tierney Shuttlecock dance; but the first figure *No.* 1 seems the *favorite*, and with that the celebrated Shuttlecock figure master *begins*, and *ends*; whether that part, where the dance begins when it should end, and ends where it should begin, is intended as a *compliment* to Mr. Tierney, for *voting for* the Habeas Corpus act and sedition bills *a year* ago, and *voting against* them *five years* ago, Monsieur Bagatelle cannot pretend to say; as the Abbé Sieyes, well acquainted with all modern *Political changes*, furnished the *Political allusions*, and Monsieur Bagatelle, (being a *dancing* master, but no *Politician*,) furnished the *dancing part only*.

A CARD

Relative to the first Middlesex Election.

Sqintum has been advis'd, if unsucoessful for Middlesex, to oppose the new *Jeffery Dunstan* for Garret, and it is expeoted if he does, he will most certainly succeed *there*, as many of those *Gentlemen* (who are his chief Middlesex Supporters, and may really boast of their *high birth* as well as great fortunes) have promised him their *Garret* Influence. And that their Garret Influence must be very great will appear from this, that some of them were born and bred in one; though they now look so mighty big when riding in their own carriages.

As some *bodily deformity* is a great recommendation at Garret, the Middlesex candidate has an additional reason to hope for success; because, though

Jeffery Dunstan is bandy legged, young Mr. Mainwaising is blest with the very happy *defect* of squinting; a happy defect indeed, which in *these times,* can enable one man to see *two guineas,* where common sighted people see but *one.*

ELECTIONEERING SQUIBS.

We here present some nuts to crack
Concerning the Subscription Pack;
In which we hope John Bull will find
Some joke or other, to his mind.

The three Parsons in Squintum's Committee are to preach three Charity Sermons *in three different parts of the Town,* for the Benefit *of* their own Fund!! *Their Sermons are to begin and end with this well known Proverb, the very* foundation stone *of all* Courtier Parsons, "*Charity begins at home.*"

Its a singular coincidence of circumstances, that the two present Candidates for the County of Mid-

dlesex *spliced together*, would make up a *com*
Johnny Wilkes, for one squints most terribly,
the other is a staunch defender of the liberties o
subject, you take Sqintum, I take Sir Fran
which has the *better* bargain? we understand
William Curtis has consulted his celebrated Bar
who is as good a Lawyer as *Politician*, whether it
a violation of the Treating Act, for Squintum to gi
away among the Middlesex Freeholders any of t
Alderman's gingerbread and buiscuits, because, say
Alderman Blubber, if it be not a violation, instea
of *money* I will pay my *Subscription* in those *Articles*
To which the Barber replied "I hope you will excuse my freedom, if I ask you this simple question; were Squintum to give away any of your gingerbread or buiscuits to his voters, *do you think they would eat them;* which puts me in mind of what I once said to a brother Barber, (who was going to publish a *stupid book.)* When you have published it, *are you sure any one will read it.?*"

A Country Farmer at Uxbridge being asked the other day by Sir Francis for his vote, "odds blood; give us your daddle, says the honest Farmer, Ize vote for you, Sir Francis, because you *wishen well* to the *poor*," yes, but (says Burdett) "dont let me deceive you friend; my *opponent*, young Mainwairing, is the *poor* Candidate, for he is *supported* by *subscription*."

One of the *Mellish's* belonging to the Squintum Subscription Pack, railing the other day against some of the Burdettites, because they were such Jacobinical *blood thirsty* fellows; a friend of his replied, "don't, Mellish, be so damn'd jealous of a *Rival* in your *Trade*, for perhaps there never was, or ever will be, two *greater Butchers* than you and your brother, *(Bonaparte excepted.)*

In order to mark the uncommon loyalty of the Curtis Squad, the Alderman's particular friends, when they come up to vote, are to be ornamented with a *gilt gingerbread King* and *Queen* stuck in

their hats instead of a riband. They are to be headed too by his favorite Barbatic, who, besides those ornaments, is to be *adorned* with the implements of *shaving* to indicate that Squintum's people must *shave very close* to make the *Subscription hold out*.

Alderman *Blubber* yesterday requested a friend to give Squintum his vote, "for you know, (says the Alderman,) Burdett is such a *grumbling Cur*, nothing Ministers do can ever *please* him, and as for *Contractors* he thinks them *all Rogues!!!*

True, replies his Friend, we all know what a *grumbling Cur-tis*, but faith, he is a good house dog too, for he knows a *Rogue* from an *Honest* Man, and seldom *barks* but at a *Thief!!!*

"You're a good Judge of a wig," says the Alderman one day to his Barber, "a very good one," replies the Barbatic. "Do you think I should become a whig," (says the Alderman,) feeling round

his *own nob* with his fingers: No, replies the Shaver, (smiling with *self* conceit at his own wit,) because you are so loyal, which *loyalty is proved* too by your very *hair* not having yet *rebelliously fallen* off from its *Head!!!*

It has been reported, Sir Francis Burdett intends to have upon his flag, the good old English Motto, "*Pro Aris et focis,*" which a *Politician Parson,* (looking out for a *Government living,*) happening to hear, rallied a Burdettite upon; so, says the sprig of Divinity." I hear you have adapted my worthy friend Mainwairing's Motto;" how can that be (says the other) for the Mainwairing Motto is "*pro Aris sine focis,*" in allusion, as we suppose, to Governor Aris allowing *no fires* to the *Prisoners* in *Cold Bath Fields.*

The Alderman some time back, in consideration of the *Political* services of his friend the Barber, presented him with a large *Gingerbread Medallion,* having a huge cauliflower wig on one side, and a

Barber's Block on the other, under the cauliflower wig was this Motto—*Success to Barbers.* But at the same time this large *Gingerbread* Medallion was baking, an *arch* journeyman baker of the Alderman's popt into the oven a batch of the same sort of Medallion, but with this Motto, under the *Cauliflower wig,—Success* to the *Whig Interest*, and, under the *Barber's Block,—Success* to my *master Sir William Curtis, Bart.*

It is said if Squintum (Mr. H. Thornton's *first Missionary* of a *Political* as well as *religious calling*) does not succeed in being elected for Middlesex, that he, Mr. Ebenezer Johnson, and Mr. Ezekiel Williams are to go out as Missionaries with the next China Fleet to *Cant-on*, in China, to which place, from the peculiar modesty of the Chinese women, the *Methodists* have long had a *Divine call;* and which will also account for the remarkable *suavity* in their manners, valgarly called *Canting*; that *Sect* being par-

ticularly *disgusted* with the *exposed ancle* and *bosom* of our English women.

N. B. Sir Francis is such a favorite, that we think young Mr. Mainwairing must be *Maincunning* if he carries the Election. Besides, Squintum cannot set any great value upon that, which he would not give a *farthing* to obtain; what a *contrast* to the *high compliment* Sir Francis pays the *Middlesex* Elector's; who has already expended *Sixty Thousand Pounds* merely to have the *honor* of representing *them*. For it is evident, a Seat in Parliament is no object with him, as he has *one*, if not *two Boroughs* of his own; therefore, whether Elected for Middlesex or not, would be sure of being *in* Parliament.

And in return for the compliment he pays them, there can be no doubt, but the Freeholders of Middlesex will testify a proper sense of gratitude, by Electing Sir Francis one of their *Representatives;* and, that in a way too, most *honorable* to his private feelings, by Electing him *Triumphantly* with a *great*

Majority; for to make merely a sort of *dead* heat of it, to bring him in *Winner* by the *Head* and *Neck* only, instead of completely *distancing* his *opponent*, would be no *great compliment* to Sir Francis, for his ardent exertions in the cause of *INDEPENDENCE*, and the very great bodily fatigue, and anxiety of mind with which his canvass has been attended to himself and friends.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER

Was Printed by Mr. L. in the Morning Post of October last, in which, (with all humility *and* deference *to the* higher powers,) *it is proposed by Act of Parliament to change the name of Blackfriars Bridge by calling it* Trafalgar Bridge, *in order to* equalize *our* Military *and* Naval *Services, by* properly *putting them in point of* National Honor *on* one *and the* same footing.

DEAR HUME,

Not knowing any Man in the British Empire who takes more disinterested pleasure in being serviceable to his fellow Citizens than yourself, I beg leave to suggest the propriety of some public memorial of *National gratitude* for the *immortal* services of the *British Navy,* similar to the

grateful testimony of the Public to our *gallant Army*, in *naming* the noblest bridge (that ever was erected in this or any other Kingdom) *Waterloo Bridge*. As an Act of Parliament was obtained for the express purpose of giving a new name to the magnificent bridge alluded to, and which was peculiarly well timed, from being immediately after that great and immortal victory (the *Battle* of *Waterloo,)* a happy idea has suggested itself to my mind, that a similar Act of Parliament (though not so well timed as the former, but "better late than never,") might, in like manner, change the *name* of *Blackfriars* to *Trafalgar Bridge*, an event the more desirable, in as much as by this means the *two* Public Services, *Naval* and *Military*, would (in point of *National importance*) be very properly put on *one* and the *same footing*. For certain it is, the *two victories* are not only *equally brilliant*, but *equally serviceable*; nay, that if there be any difference of superiority, it should be given to the *victory* of *Trafalgar*, because, till the enemy

were *beaten* by *sea* in that illustrious and unparallelled Naval Victory, a British Army, to any great amount, could never have landed in Portugal. *Trafalgar* therefore was a *stepping stone* to the great and immortal *Victory* of Waterloo. Blackfriars also being situated between London and Waterloo Bridges is peculiarly well adapted for the above magnificent name. For as, without the money and resources of the London Merchants, a British Fleet (sufficiently large to cope with so formidable an enemy) could never have been fitted out, London Bridge very aptly is the first great Stone Bridge that arrests the attention of Foreigners in coming up the river, Blackfriars being the next, above which, to crown the *climax* of the *three* great *Stone* Bridges, appears with noble and elegant architectural symmetry, that beautifully neat, simple, and unique aquatic erection called Waterloo Bridge, an admirable structure, which (from its deviation out of the common style of bridges, by being *completely flat*,) seems aptly to illustrate

the good and happy effects of the above splendid Victory in restoring the different orders of civilized Society, among other innumerable blessings, to their *natural* and *proper level*. Would to Heaven the *granite* (of which this noble monument of national architecture is composed) may in like manner indicate the *permanence* and *solidity* of the *European Peace*, that resulted from the Waterloo unprecedented Victory.

As Blackfriars Bridge, unlike its venerable Parent London Bridge, is connected with *no* historical event that renders the name *endearing* to Britons, or sacred in the annals of history, and does not imply, like London and Westminster Bridges, any local convenience, which makes the names of both them so peculiarly adapted to them, no prejudice of place, time, or circumstance can *attach* a British Subject to the *name* of *Blackfriars*. But, on the other hand, what a noble and patriotic *association* of ideas accompanies the *illustrious* name of *Trafalgar*, and

with what secret pride, energy, and dignity of mind, will honest Jack Tar (though like the British Army, modest and unostentatious,) pace it over a Bridge; the warlike name of which immediately brings to his professional recollection the *immortal Nelson* and his *last great* and *immortal Victory*. Blackfriars too, being much out of repair, might, on obtaining its new and splendid name, be not only repaired at the Public expense by subscription or otherwise, but also ornamented, in a durable manner with a few Naval trophies, as, for instance, by a bust, or full length of Nelson and Collingwood, placed in the centre of the Bridge, opposite each other in a niche, or on the battlements, with four crippled and dismasted Ships of war, skilfully carved in stone, standing at each corner of it. The *four battered hulls of Ships* serving not only for *ornament* but for use, by being commemorative of the *complete wreck* to which the enemies Navy was *reduced* before they surrendered, and thus showing a high spirited con-

duct on the part of our formidable foe, that redounded as much to their Naval honor as to ours, and greatly enhanced the unparallelled merits of this truly brilliant Victory, from proving the determined skill, perseverance, and enthusiastic valor of the combined Fleets of France and Spain at every period of the above hard-fought Battle.

Hoping my worthy Friend you will turn the subject of this short Letter over in your mind during the present recess, (previous to taking it up in Parliament by a motion thereon,) and that you will accept of it as a humble proof of my sincere gratitude for your divers public patriotic services past and to come,

I remain, yours most truly,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

Blackheath, October 5, 1824.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER,

Or an Apology for one of the Male Sex giving away Worsted Stockings and Flannel Petticoats *to many of the Poor Widows in Dover, who have lost their Husbands or Sons in the Service of the British Empire during the last long but necessary and* glorious *War.*

Having heard the preceding intended act of humanity and gratitude had been attempted to be turned into *ridicule* by some of the facetious Inhabitants of Dover, it has appeared to me very fair and natural to turn the tables upon such Witlings by an innocent joke at the expense of some of the aforesaid Wags. I also hope this short address will prove the Loyal Donor can not only handle the Battledore and Shuttlecock of ridicule as well as

them, but that in making a seasonable Present of Petticoats and Stockings from having heard that two poor Women were *starved to Death* for want of warm clothing, I have had no selfish Electioneering object in view, as I can honestly affirm the intended charity arose in my mind from the purest principles of *humanity*, unalloyed by any ambitious or vain motives, united to a long conviction that Women (and which also Naturalists suppose to be the case with most females in other classes of Animal Nature) are more delicate than Men, and more susceptible of catching Cold. At the same time, being well aware that some Gentlemen, who have tough hardy Dowagers *quartered* upon their *Estates for Life*, think old Women are *hardier* than old Men, and, like a Cat, have at least nine Lives; I am likewise convinced that to give a constant and temperate warmth to all poor Women young or old, by a wholesome Flannel Dress during the severity of Winter, (and particularly if the flannel be the Manufacture of Great Britain) is much better

than giving them *Money*, it being well known the poorer orders of Society in this Country are often tempted to lay out too much of their Wages or Presents in Gin and Foreign Spirits. So that the above superior method of relieving the necessitous poor in hard Winters not only encourages our great Woollen Manufactures, formerly (before Cotton was so much in use,) the staple article of British Commerce, but promotes a most *healthful* morality, alike *beneficial* to *Body and Soul.*

THOMAS LOWNDES.

Dover, Feb. 1st, 1823.

By gentle Squier told, that some men in his shop
Who, to get their beards shav'd, therein chanc'd to pop,
Did express great surprise on hearing it said
To give away *Petticoats* had enter'd the head
Of a *strange Man* in Dover, I here thus reply
To shew such the *quamobrem*, in plain words the *why*.

That, from the Queen judging, and her friends at Dover,
When she so *unwisely* from Calais came over
To prove to her Subjects, the *Jacobin Rabble*,
(Who, as usual, espous'd her Majesty's squabble,
Without hearing both sides, or with any pretext,
Save that great George the fourth, it most *bitterly vex'd*,)
How ill she was us'd by our Administration,
Who mov'd Earth and Heav'n t' excite her vexation,
Tho' of this most certain, as she'd make 'em *well know*
She was chaste as Diana, and whiter than snow,
I nat'rally thought, from their *masculine* Speeches,
The good Dover Dames had too long worn the Breeches!

A SPEECH OF MR. LOWNDES

In behalf of Mr. Graham, stating that a coalition between Mr. Fox and Mr. Graham would be more consistent, than a coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord Gardner, as upon the whole, Mr. Graham's political principles were more congenial with Mr. Fox's, than his Lordship's were.

The Speech is extracted from the Morning Post of the following day, with the Editor's ludicrous comments upon it.

Mr. Lowndes offered himself, as an Independent Man, connected with no Party, and devoted to no Candidate. He lamented the decline of opposition, which was now nothing more than a name, and trusted that the Freedom from influence with which the present administration suffered the Elections to

proceed (for he declared himself of opinion, that they did suffer them to proceed without any interference,) would tend to its revival. It was on this principle that he voted for Mr. Graham, conceiving that he only meant to feel the pulse of the Electors. (Mr. Lowndes here experienced a considerable share of that species of compliment, which the mob generally pay to less favorite Orators, but he was suffered to go on,) He hoped however that the strong proof of the existence of a public spirit, still capable of displaying itself with effect, would excite a corresponding spirit in Men of independent minds and respectable talents to offer themselves as Candidates. Nor could Mr. L. forbear saying, that he did not consider Lord Gardner (however high and distinguished his public character on his own element, and no Man had a higher respect for it than he had,) a fit and proper person to represent the City of Westminster. It being in his humble opinion, a great parliamentary defect in the Irish Union, (hastily and

perhaps in some instances thoughtlessly concluded) to allow Irish Lords to sit in the Imperial House of Commons. For, considering the *Irish Union*, which he certainly did, as the only measure that could *save* Ireland, yet was he thoroughly convinced that those great and honorable Statesmen, by whom the representation of that unfortunate Country was adjusted, would have done *less harm* to the Constitution, if they had allowed a hundred Irish Peers to sit in the Imperial House of Lords, than by permitting one of them to sit in the House of Commons. Because, when taking into the account the Lords by Courtesy, and the eldest Sons of Peers, who had seats in that House, with those looking up to Peerages, Peers in the shell, (if the expression may be used) Peers not yet hatched, *(a loud laugh,)* the house of Commons might be said to be extinct, and that, instead of it, there were *two upper Houses*. But more especially if, in addition to these exorbitant privileges, Irish Peers were to have the choice after being unsuccess-

ful Candidates for the Irish Peerage, to sit in the *lower House* for Boroughs in England, (thus permitting them to shoot with a double barrelled gun,) *(a laugh)* might the British House of Commons be said to be no more. He did not intend to speak of Lord Gardner in any other language than that of the highest respect, and therefore would not say, as had so *unconstitutionally* been observed by some other persons, that the gallant Admiral might come in for a close Borough; for he Mr. Lowndes thought his Lordship's proper Seat in Parliament was in the House of Lords, as a Peer of Ireland, and he considered it a great reproach to the Irish Peers, that they had not elected Lord Gardner as one of their Representatives, (so far Mr. Lowndes went on very well, and was heard with attention; but here he began a long story about an Uncle of his, from whom he had his opinions on the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, as early as 1786. These opinions in the hand writing of Mr. Day he said were in his

possession, and he had lately read them over with peculiar pleasure from the good sense they contained, &c. &c. The mob tired with this long story began to be extremely facetious with Mr. L. "Aye, aye, I knew the old Gentleman—the book is in print; the thing you mention is between page eight and nine, split the leaf, and you will find it, &c." Though no Man possesses a greater inclination for public speaking than Mr. Lowndes, he thought it wise to discontinue, when this spirit manifested itself.) He therefore concluded with requesting a hearing for Sir Thomas Turton, Lord Gardner's friend, saying, it did not become a British Admiral, or any one under his command, to *put about Ship*, without *defeating* the Enemy.

Morning Post, July 15, 1802.

A SPEECH OF MR. LOWNDES,

At the General Election in 1802, extracted from the Morning Chronicle. The Speech was delivered by him at a County Meeting in Guildford, he being a considerable Surry Freeholder.

Mr. Lowndes said, he rose with great pleasure to second, and support both the Candidates, as he considered it highly beneficial to the British Empire to have the two Members for a County of different politics. He was an enemy to all compromises on this most sacred and important privilege, Parliamentary Representation, and wished to see a vigilant zealous opposition, approaching in strength so near the power of Government, as to be an effectual check upon Ministers, not a tyrannical Jacobin opposition, like that

which, in a neighbouring Kingdom had thrown down the *Monarchy*, and trampled all Government under foot, but an active, honest, Constitutional one, which should have sufficient influence to prevent encroachment on the great Charter of our Liberties. These were his principles, he inherited them from the late patriotic Mr. Day, his Relation, Tutor, and Friend, and he should think it his duty upon every occasion to assert them. He had done so on the Hustings of the Borough of Southwark, where another Relative of his, Sir Thomas Turton, had so vigorously opposed Mr. Tierny. He rejoiced in the powerful exertion Sir Thomas had made in that place, and the support he had received. After such support it would have ill become that persevering Baronet to have appeared a Candidate for the County.

The imputations thrown upon him in the Borough of Southwark were infamous, as he Sir Thomas had never been guilty of more than one crime, and that a mere peccadillo, considering the previous criminal

conduct of the Lady, and his high flown delicacy towards her. For the liberal minded Baronet, upon being asked by his Council Mr. Percival, if he should bring forward evidence of Mrs. D's former criminality before his acquaintance with her, was answered by Sir Thomas in the gallant language of a Knight errant of the old school, "No Mr. Percival, never will I screen my character behind a Ladies, and basely endeavour by proving her *previous guilt* to diminish my own. Not even though the damages instead of *hundreds*, are by such liberal conduct swelled into *thousands*. But what had the private vices of a Man to do with his Public conduct. To prove which, the ill used Baronet might have said, (though this of course would not have been mentioned in the Morning Chronicle,) we need only look to Mr. Sheridan, he having upon all great Public Questions, (where the salvation of the Country was at stake,) voted in the most conscientious manner by *supporting Government* in preference to his own Party,

and thereby shewing, though an Oppositionist, he acted from principle, and opposed *measures* not *Men*. But to go on with Mr. Lowndes's speech as delivered at Guildford, he Mr. L. said he rejoiced to see that under all the opprobrium, which had been so unfairly cast upon Sir Thomas, the Electors of the Borough of Southwark had shewn a spirit of integrity and zeal unparallelled in Borough Elections; for, after having received 1200 promises, 1162 had actually polled for him. What a glorious instance of Electioneering honor, and who too were the Persons that had acted so nobly, Men, *described* by *Mr. Tierney* and his *Partizans*, to be the *skum* of *Mankind*, *Outcasts* of Society. Not Persons, like him Sir Thomas Turton, guilty of one crime only, but hardened depraved wretches, who have been guilty of every crime, and were branded with obloquy and disgrace. What had prompted such Men to be thus earnest and faithful in the cause of rational liberty, but that animating spirit of true Patriotism, which made

them detest and abhor the dereliction of all public principle committed by Mr. Tierney. It was not so much from friendship to him Sir Thomas Turton, as their *enmity* to his opponent Mr. Tierney, that they had thus shewn such an uncommon instance of Electioneering honor. Yes, it was the detestation of his apostacy, that had made them the steady Friends of a Candidate, whose political conduct they did not altogether approve. Mr. Lowndes thought it necessary (on account of his politics being misrepresented,) to state his sentiments in this public manner, and thanking the company present for so patiently attending to what he had to say, concluded his speech by observing, that the County of Surry might always depend on his acting up to the principles he had now professed.

A LETTER,

To prove the injustice of aspersing the character of Sir Thomas Turton, Bart. for his Crim Con affair with Mrs. Dunnage, when it is generally acknowledged he paid ten times more Damages than any Jury but a Lord Kenyon Jury would have condemned him to pay.

An Electioneering Squib, levelled at Sir Thomas Turton, having appeared in the True Briton of to-day word for word similar to a ludicrous paragraph upon the Surry Baronet in the Morning Chronicle, one would be led to suppose a union had taken place betwixt those two Opponent Papers; for who would suppose the Morning Chronicle and the True Briton could both take equal pleasure in ridiculing a Man

an avowed Ministerialist, and Anti-jacobin, for such is Sir Thomas. But perhaps the union that took place some Months ago between the True Briton and the Porcupine, may have altered the nature of the former Journal. We know it is the characteristic of the Porcupine to set up its Bristles at all alike, at those who feed the Beast, or those who hurt it; hence perhaps the True Briton (from its near connection with the Porcupine) may have acquired the dangerous habit of bespattering friends and foes; a dangerous habit truly, for if now we are at peace with France, we were to abuse the French, as when we were at war with them, the peace I fear would be very short indeed. Trusting the malevolent paragraph touching Sir Thomas was inserted without considering its consequences, an Independent Friend and Relative of the Patriotic Surry Baronet, who has often ridiculed him upon his volunteer public services, sends the following short observation. If, to support

Government during the most awful period of their administration to the best of his abilities with the sword and with the pen; if, to warn his Countrymen with an eloquence manly, ingenious, and impressive, against the danger of French Politics, at a crisis alarming, and big with danger; if, to devote nine years of the best part of a Man's life without fee or emolument, from the most honorable and patriotic motives, (an ardent desire to serve his Country) deserves ridicule and contempt from the party he has endeavoured to serve, Sir Thomas lays himself open to ridicule; but how, by having endeavoured to serve Government *Gratis*, when almost all around him were amply paid for their services, and it is upon this ground and this only, the present volunteer Eulogist of Sir Thomas has frequently ridiculed him.

The Squib concerning the above Baronet in the True Briton and Chronicle of to-day, was a stupid attempt at wit upon his criminal connection with

Mrs. Dunnage, an attempt at wit as *cruel*, as it was *stupid*; and yet the writer of this reprobates Sir Thomas's conduct upon that occasion, full as much as the Editor of any Newspaper. But, supposing the Five Thousand Pounds paid for his criminal connection with a Woman *older* than himself, and who appeared not over modest in her conduct to the Men, else she would hardly have *worn* the portrait of a *lover* long before her acquaintance with Sir Thomas, (which she is said to have done, and to have been reprimanded for it, as she was at that time married to Mr. Dunnage,) I say suppose the Five Thousand Pounds was a punishment proportioned to the magnitude of the crime, and it is now a query, if any Jury but a Lord Kenyon Jury would have given a *tenth* part of the *damages*, is there no room left for repentance, none for pardon left. Is it just, is it fair, that the Public after he has suffered so heavily from the well meaning, but perhaps too

severe Verdict of a High Court of Justice, is it fair, that the Public should set itself up as a State Inquisition, and upon every occasion, when Sir Thomas Turton's name is mentioned, put his feelings to the torture. And yet, what is truly surprising from its glaring inconsistency, the Men (whose satire is chiefly directed at the Baronet on account of his unfortunate connection with Mrs. D. and who thus delight to torture him,) were tremblingly alive during the Rebellion in Ireland, for the agony of every united Irishman on the torture, though assassin like, he had shot at travellers behind a hedge, or had broke into houses at midnight, and murdered whole Families. If such a diabolical wretch (for I do'nt mean to defend the system of torture that was practised in Ireland upon others,) could call forth the compassion of the Morning Chronicle, and its Party, it can be only that Sir Thomas is a True Briton, and not an Irish Assassin Rebel, that they

have no compassion for him, particularly, as some of the Opposition Squad have paid smart money, as well as Sir Thomas, and others would have paid it, but, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, you can have nothing of a cat but its skin; nay one or two are said to have *pocketed* their Horns, (because they were *Gilt*,) which is worse than Adultery; but, as these vote with Opposition they can be nothing less than Gods, and their vices, though they are *Electioneering*, are entirely forgotten.

DOVER:

PRINTED BY W. BONYTHON,

King's Street.

1825.

The Contrast.

"Arma Virumque cano."

O for one spark of the seraphic fire,
With which sweet Collins touch'd his heav'nly lyre;
That lyre whose numbers so melodious flow,
And in such pleasing extacy of woe—
The mournful bard we feel with thrilling pain
Vibrate in transports thro' the madd'ning brain,
While all confess the energy sublime,
That glowing breathes in his enchanting rhyme;
For there bright fancy's fairy forms unite,
To wrap the ardent soul in fond delight;

For there inspir'd we feel in ev'ry line
Th' extatick pow'r of poetry divine,
And hail with admiration Collin's muse—
Who can such pleasure thro' the mind diffuse.
O for one note of Thomson's simple strains,
When some fond shepherd on the rural plains,
Tending his fleecy cares in soft repose,
Where the sweet violet or primrose blows,
In verse is taught fair Annette's love t'implore,
Counting the ling'ring minutes o'er and o'er,
Till the chaste virgin bless her Damon's sight,
In some pure vision of ærial light.
O kind *Oblivion*, had I Thomson's pow'r
To paint the sombrous melancholy hour,
When curs'd reflections at the dead of night,
Like the dull monastery's gloomy light;
Past Scenes of bliss obtrude with anguish keen,
Only to tell us what we might have been;
I had not then invok'd thy aid in vain,
And felt that worst of pains—*a mind in pain*

For thy Lethean cup, if sorrow bend
The lofty mind, and every footstep tend
To make the wretched still more wretched be,
Can charm away the clouds of misery;
Can wipe from painful thoughts the starting tear,
Each pang remove, and tranquillize each fear;
Wrapt in Elysium thou can'st free the mind
From dire reflection, when we look behind,
And see no comfort but the yawning grave,
The dreadful refuge of the fool or knave;
When every sad variety of woe—
That fell despair can teach the mind to know;
When *hopeless love*, that canker of the heart,
Its fangs transfixes on some vital part,
Its pallid victim's living bosom gnaws
Pouncing upon it with a hundred claws,
Thou only canst our poignant sorrows cure,
And make a loathsome mind, the load of life endure;
But here I'll pause, lest my ungrateful muse
Fortune's past favors wantonly abuse,

Lest I forget in peevish rank'rous hate,
How bright a star illum'd my youthful state,
How smoothly glided months and years away,
In thy warm friendship, good and generous Day;
That God-like friend who planted in my youth--
The various seeds of scientific truth,
Taught me on reason's boldest wings to rise,
And view with ardour Honor's radient prize;
Not the *false Honor*, that at Fashion's shrine
Can an unguarded honest friend consign
To fell perdition, and for one rash word
Give him the choice of pistol or of sword;
Choice too that leaves not to the dearest friend,
Time to prepare for his eternal end,
Time to provide for kindred, children, wife,
But on a moment's hazard risks his life.
No, Day uninfluenc'd by the Bond-street school,
Guided his actions by some moral rule;
Nor thought that man of Honor over nice
Who makes a *boasted virtue* of a *vice*,

Prefers the tinsel of a specious name
To ardent friendship's bright celestial flame,
And when he's lur'd a girl to *shame* aud *want*,
Can on his vices copiously descant;
Brag of the glorious conquests he has made,
Th'ingenious snares for modest females laid,
As if to cheat a fond believing heart,
Were a most honorable and virtuous part;
Nay, does with folly that's scarce credible
Deem it a sin, a blot indelible,
To leave unpaid his *recent* debts of play,
Yet *undischary'd* his tradesman sends away,
Who with a bill of items fair and just,
But which he foolishly has sold on trust,
A bill out standing many a tedious year,
And which perchance has cost him many a tear,
Dares to presume this honorable man,
Will feel inclin'd to pay whene'er he can.
O tyrant Fashion, inconsistent Pride,
Who the best virtues of the heart deride;

If ye but thought one moment of the pain
You give a tradesman, he'd not plead in vain;
If ye would call to mind, that luckless he
While you are rioting in luxury,
Has to provide for a large family,
He would not be oblig'd so oft to sue,
For what your conscience tells you is his due,
For what perhaps if his intreaties fail,
May send him broken-hearted to a jail.
No gay Fashion's votaries howe'er you be
Apparently unfeeling, ye can't see
A *Bankrupt* tradesman by your unpaid bills
Subject to ev'ry sort of human ills,
Without one pang, and here him curse the hour
That plac'd his little all within your power.
Pride so ignoble as to live by *stealth*,
On the hard earnings of a tradesman's wealth,
That can without remorse that stock consume,
Which ought t'employ the plough share and the loom,

Is a false pride, that leads the fool astray,
For real honor points a diff'rent way,
And all the apathy such men may boast,
Can never make them so completely lost
To sense of feeling, as to make their mind
To ev'ry sense of nat'ral justice blind;
Nor can I so ill think of human nature,
As to describe in such distorted feature,
The cold sensations of a savage heart,
Tho' 't were a partizan of Bonaparte;
For my good natur'd muse would scorn to lend,
Its humble aid to satyrize a friend,
Would scorn outrageous feelings to excite,
From jealous envy or malicious spite;
Passions like these no gen'rous bosoms feel,
Nor shall they slyly into my heart steal;
Did they obtrude one moment on my mind
Their baneful influence, I then were blind
Indeed to all thy precepts Day, I then,
Should be the basest and the worst of men.

Tutor'd by thee, in youth's elastic age,
When the pure mind, like an unsullied page,
Receives whate'er impression art can give,
From thee I learnt that truth the way to live;
Would that I'd follow'd this thy virtuous plan,
I'd then no cause my present ways to scan.
From thee I learnt that blessing of the mind,
Which we from honest *Independence* find,
That divine impulse which, by nature giv'n,
Pours o'er the heart the energies of heav'n;
Yes, Independence, thou canst waft the soul,
From Earth to Heav'n, from Indus to the Pole,
For unincumber'd, free from *party* zeal,
Thy only wish is for the common weal,
And, as a planet on its axis turns,
Thy patriot mind with indignation burns,
If from himself man don't self-balanc'd move,
Alike regardless of all hate or love.
He who, like silk-worms, from his mind can draw
The web of argument, and whose sole law

Is firmly fix'd on *Truth's* unerring base,
May view with scorn the *sycophantic* race,
Who pay to kings, in spite of common sense,
And thus subvert the ways of Providence,
That *homage* which to *God* alone is due;
Or those subservient to a *venal* few,
Who think all good consists in being *true*
To *Party*, but whose worldly knowledge lies,
In knowing when to *sit* and when to *rise*.
These puppet M. P.'s, like a well broke Pack,
Always require the Huntsman at their back,
Their chieftain leads them wheresoe'er he please,
And like good hounds can govern them with ease,
If he but crack the whip, or wind the horn,
They'll patient sit the House from night till morn,
Say *ay or no*, *white's black*, or what you will,
Be chat'ring Magpies or like Stockfish still.
What pity Man, the sov'reign of the world,
He, who when nature into chaos hurld,

The raging seas, which overwhelm'd the land,
Had ev'ry living creature at command,
Should so forget the glory of his race,
His divine form, his majesty and grace,
As to lie grov'ling in *corruption's stye*,
Ready to do its works of subtilty;
Whose mind is not his own, but thinks and acts,
As the sly leader of his clan enacts;
To Party like a slave, gives up his soul,
And basely yields to Party's sole controul;
Yet jealous of his rights, whene'er the Pope
Vibrate on his ear, with flowery trope
Can ridicule his pow'r, and cry, my God!
Can man so lost to sense obey his nod,
And think a mortal man of flesh and blood,
Possesses in himself each sov'reign good;
Making the Pope a God too, think that he
Has pow'r from error ev'ry mind to free;
Can purge the wicked heart from carnal sin,
Blanching the darkness of the soul within,

While to his chieftain this weak *party tool*
Behaves as if he thought himself a fool,
As tho' he had no pow'r to act or think,
But when of Party he became a link;
Giving *his leader more* than Papal pow'r
When but perchance the pageant of an hour,
Who can't the prejudice of time and place
Assert, to show his right to acts of grace;
Nor yet for cent'rys, by the will of fate,
Plead age to sanctify his high mandate;
And tho' he can't, like Popes, show that he's Heir
To Apostolic grace, who prove the chair
On which they sat, St. Peter occupied,
And which till now, unless they'r much belied,
Successive ones from Peter's days have fill'd,
Each Pope in grace divine by Peter drill'd;
Or show that old coin's venerable rust
St. Peter's pence, to show that he is just
In his demands, and only asks his flock
To give of pow'r and grace the usual stock

That former Popes possess'd, for length of time,
With some will even sanctify a crime.
What has been, must be, is with these a law,
From whence their strongest argument they draw;
But *Fashion's* sons, when some of you I trace
In private life, can I, ye martial race,
Forget, amid your faults, the glorious stand
You made for freedom on *Iberia's* land,
When each, a Hero in the lists of fame,
Immortaliz'd his own, his Country's name,
And fighting valiantly against a foe
That all the states of Europe had laid low.
Except firm England, ye with *conscious pride*,
Felt, as tho' Heav'n were rang'd on Britain's side.
Convinc'd they fought for *honor, virtue, truth*,
Unusual ardour fir'd the British youth;
Unusual transports thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
That made them court with pleasure, toil and pain,
Laugh at the downy bed, the easy chair,
And spurn proud luxurys inglorious fare;

Yes, noble youths, on Fame's immortal page
Your deeds of arms shall live from age to age,
And tell mankind, exulting ~~tell~~ this truth,
Europe was sav'd by Britain's valiant youth,
Who, fearless, rush'd to arms by land and sea,
And bravely shar'd in ev'ry victory.
No, ne'er will I forget, with grateful pride.
Your *martial honor* never was *belied,*
For which more *brilliant* than the *brightest* sun
You fought each battle, and *each battle won,*
Till dazzled by th' effulgent blaze of light
That burst from glory on th' enraptur'd sight,
Europe beheld in *Nelson's, Wellesly's* form,
Two Gods directing the tremendous storm,
Two Angels sent by Heav'n's *divine command,*
To guard the honor of our happy land,
And shew the *virtuous* road to glorious fame,
For brutal courage is a butch'ring name,
Which, when it maketh *conqu'rors,* maketh *slaves,*
Prais'd only by vile sycophants and knaves;

That base reptillian crew, who *bend to pow'r*
Like weeping willows to a summer show'r;
Insects that buz, and dance in Sol's bright ray,
But shut their golden wings to setting day,
Who know not love of country but by name,
And never felt the *patriot's* sacred flame;
Yet, with vain glory, often boast their zeal
For virtue, honor, and the public weal,
As if these *pseudo patriots alone*,
The self-elected guardians of a throne,
Knew what belong'd to subject and to king,
Alike omniscient in every thing.
Ye minions of a slave possess'd of pow'r,
Who at the footstool of corruption cow'r,
If ye would see to what a wretched state
A country may be brought that once was great;
If ye could feel remorse, who know no sin,
For want of that true monitor within,
Ycleped conscience, look at Gallia's fate,
That once was, what it shortly will be, great;

Look at America, and there you'll see
What once it was, and what it soon will be,
Unless some virtuous Washington arise
Like a bright meteor in the starry skies
Shot from the North, the polar star of bliss,
To guide bewilder'd Statesmen from th' abyss
Of ruin, that in her best states portends
A storm, unless her Government amends;
Showing the curse of Maddesonian pow'r,
O'er which Bœotian clouds tremendous low'r,
O'er which, altho' herself she much deceive,
No laurel garlands will Apollo weave
For dull headstrong folly, but, spider like,
Catch her when going a grand blow to strike
Against great Britain, *Maddeson*, the fly,
Caught in the *cobweb* of his own weak sophistry.
Wherefore triumphant Fed'ralists your right
Assert, and put Nap's myrmidons to flight;
Tell them the tyrant, now no longer King,
Is great in nothing, weak in ev'ry thing;

That, Emp'ror in *name alone*, he can't make
Kingdoms and Empires to their centre shake,
Subjects of Monarchs, and those corrupt things
Base vassal Statesmen, still more vassal Kings,
As he once did, to Elba close confin'd,
Elbow'd alike in body and in mind;
And such a wretch as he no doubt should be
Confin'd for other's good, his own mis'ry,
To some small Island, where the stormy wave
May serve to show him how he us'd to *rave*,
The sport of fancy, and weak passion's slave,
Will oft remind him of the Queen of Isles,
Who a match prov'd for all his wicked wiles,
And, with the aid of mighty Neptune's waves,
Made *Monarchs* swear they never would be *slaves*;
That, nobly acting, *spurn'd* the lust of pow'r,
Disdaining o'er a vassal World to tow'r,
And romantically good, *gives up again*,
What cost *six hundred millions* to obtain—

That bore the brunt of European strife,
Lavish of treasure, lavisher of life;
Myriads on myriads sent of her bold youth,
Their gen'rous blood to shed, and show the truth
Of her attachment to the good old cause
Of justice, honor, liberty, and laws.
Proving Great Britain's Government could feel
For other kingdoms with as ardent zeal,
As if all Europe form'd one common state,
And to be good were only to be great;
For to our *heroes* and to *Pitt* we owe,
The savage monster's final overthrow.
Disinterested Statesman, virtuous Pitt,
Whose glowing eloquence did so befit
Th'arduous times you liv'd in, that, with one voice,
All own'd the justice of Britannia's choice
In making you her *premier*, all but those
Who from mere *party* motives only chose
To *thwart* your vig'rous measures, *right or wrong;*
And, with their anti-ministerial tongue,

Thence *predict* the *ruin* of your country;
But whose more *private* thoughts did oft *bely*
The clam'rous assertions of their party;
How can my feeble efforts to display
Your resolute soul, your brilliant noon-day
Talents, do ample justice to a mind
So truly great, we ne'er, alas! shall find,
Like pious Hamlet, on this earth again
Our father's likeness; but shall look in vain
For such a man, of whom, ev'n foes must own
His *head* and *heart* were both in *unison*.
The watchful Minister of great Britain,
When, with all the secret arts of Satan,
Closely attack'd and press'd by land and sea,
Beset in ev'ry way with villainy,
Treason, and rapine, murder, boundless pride
By sly corruption led, that side by side
March'd boldly in the van, while in the rear
Sneak'd, arm'd en-masse, those influenc'd by fear.

And who, but god-like Pitt, great Chatham's Son,
That, when his glorious course on earth he'd run,
With quiv'ring lips and dying groans did sigh,
(O save my Country Heav'n, save my Country)
Could e'er have stemm'd the jacobinic rage,
Which broke tumultuous on the world's wide stage,
With hellish anarchy, in league combin'd,
Our laws to sap and undermine the mind,
In ev'ry state to plant *old Satan's tree,*
Call'd by the *specious name, sweet liberty.*
A tree which once in Eden's groves did grow,
But brought into the world with all our woe
The loss of Eden, and, making Adam blind
With *hell-born bliss,* so charm'd his guilty mind,
That, madly taught the *good* from *ill* to know,
To savage brutes reduced and laid low
The once gigantic pow'r of virtuous man,
His life contracting to a narrow span.
Would that the Gods above my muse t'inspire,
And fill my breast with pure Promethean fire,

Would so exalt my mind, that nobly-fraught
With ev'ry great and energetic thought,
That e'er did animate the soul of man,
And in hot eddies through his life's blood ran,
I might do justice to the grateful theme
On which bright glory's rays effulgent beam,
And God-like feelings exquisitely fine,
That in sweet transports round the heart entwine,
The moment when we meditate the good
Resulting from Great Britain's hardyhood,
The moment when the mind in glorious flight,
With eagle eyes beholds the heav'nly light,
Which now illumes all European states,
And with true ardent patriotism waits
The final issue of assembled Kings,
In solemn council met, on the most solemn things.
Then would I try in warlike strains to trace,
What time itself I'm sure will ne'er efface
From British mem'ry, such illustrious deed,
As in its *consequence* doth *far exceed*

The noble trophies won by val'rous toil,
At Poictiers, Cressy, Agincourt, whose soil
Was steep'd with Gallick blood profusely shed,
When Edward and Henry's renown'd troops, led
On by bold Monarchs fam'd for grand exploits,
Bravely supported all their country's rights;
And, as recorded in historic page,
Rais'd England's prowess at that *distant* age,
To a height so glorious, so eminently great,
No lapse of time can e'er obliterate.
Nay, which such brilliant victories record,
That we might almost doubt Historian's word,
Did not these matchless acts by other proof,
(At which we cannot pause, and stand aloof,)
Confirm'd appear, and make us assent yield
To wond'rous British valour in the field,
And warlike plains of Poictiers, Cressy,
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THE

FOLLOWING VALENTINE,

IN IMITATION OF

BUONAPARTE's

Numerous and Pompous Titles,

Was sent by Mr. L— to an elegant and fascinating beauty of high rank and fashion, to show the empty and ridiculous vanity arising from a long list of high sounding words and sham titles strung together, particularly when the recollection of the terrible events that gave rise to them, makes the stoutest heart shudder at the depravity of human nature. With much more reason may the truant School Boy value himself for the string of eggs, stolen from the nests of the harmless feather'd race; when, after having blown out the yolks of them

he innocently decks his little figure with the hollow shells, as an Indian Chief carelessly throws over his shoulders the skin of that wild beast he has just slain in the chase. The unfortunate birds bemoaning the loss of their young in silent anguish, like the inhabitants of the depopulated countries, overrun by Buonaparte's ferocious banditti, who will long bewail the Tyrant's dreadful visitation, in sighs and groans, for the loss of liberty, property, kindred, and every thing that can make life a blessing instead of a curse.

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of five hundred tried and faithful lovers, all ready booted and spurr'd, (l'épee dans les renes, and highly disciplin'd, being drill'd by your August Majesty) to avenge even a look that threatens you with insult. Generalissima and Commandante en Chef of Old Maids and young immaculate Virgins, Grand Knightess of the Order of the Cross, call'd Diana's Silver Bow, Presidentess of the Confederation of beautiful Women, Member of the Illustrious Coterie of Fashionables, Archpresident of the Society of Female wits, Great Autocrat of Aristocrats, envy and detestation of Married Ladies, who have daughters grown up that hang on hand and want husbands; admiration and wonder of noble Petits Maitres, old gouty Peers, and Foreigners of distinction, whether Dukes, Marquises, Counts, Ambassadors, Plenipos, or Chargés d'Affaires, Queen of all Men's Hearts and sole Empress of mine, &c. &c. deign to

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Wilderness Row,
Milk Street, Pudding Lane,
February 14, 1814.

A POETICAL VALENTINE

TO THE

SAME LADY.

A humble vot'ry at the Muses shrine
To Charlotte H——e brings this *Valentine;*
To lovely Charlotte, who, still fond of sway,
Feels such aversion to the word—*obey*,
That tho' her fine form'd limbs, shape, air, and face,
Proclaim a beauty of Imperial race,
A peerless Goddess, form'd in Heav'nly mould,
Without alloy, of *purest virgin* gold,
One swain alone could o'er her heart prevail,
Tho' half a thousand did that heart assail,
Her thoughts to turn towards Hymen's roseate bow'r,
So much she fears a tyrant husband's pow'r.

For strange to say, gay Charlotte, *cold as stone*,
All hearts can *warm*, all hearts except *her own*.
What, tho' a puissant and noble Duke,
To B****t once, the graceful Charlotte took,
And, as it were to try her driving skill,
Gave her the reins to handle at her will;
By this the gallant Duke ne'er meant to say,
Charlotte in ev'ry thing should have her way,
And as she drove his horses, drive him too,
Because, were that the case, full well he knew,
To Gretna Green she'd turn his Grace's steeds,
To Gretna, where the love-sick maid oft' speeds,
Or she, whom mad ambition's zeal inspires,
And lust of pomp and ostentation fires.
Tho' lov'd by hundreds, and admir'd by all
The noblest Cavaliers at rout or ball,
However odd, her conquests she obtains
Without its costing her a moment's pains;
For cool and easy, Charlotte sans one spark
Of vanity, and gay as mountain lark,

Beholds her hundreds to her empire bend,
And pay her adoration without end,
Nor at all cares to what their views may tend.

" Some Nymphs there are too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd;
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds your grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these, that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquets to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau."
Not so sweet Charlotte, who, with firmness blends,
No selfishness to suit her private ends;
No sly coquetry, no time-serving pride,
That shifts and veers its course from side to side,

No hollow principles, no deceptive art,
No birdlime twigs to catch a lover's heart:
Too nobly proud, to use ignoble means,
Tho' a warm friend of fashion's festive scenes,
Gay honest Charlotte's conquests may defy
The most malignant breath of calumny.
Like breathing on some highly polish'd steel,
Envy and scandal would with sorrow feel,
Vain their attempts to blot bright Charlotte's fame,
Whose lustre throwing back on them the shame,
Would send them sneaking to the haunts from
whence they came;
Lustre so brilliant, that, with all their art,
And tho' they try'd to hit the weakest part,
Would quickly prove th'effulgence of her mind,
For nought their pois'nous breath would leave behind:
No; not a speck would on her fame appear,
E'en tho' they dropp'd from grief a scalding tear.
Open her conduct as the British tar,
Who scorns to use the least finesse in war,

he innocently decks his little figure with the hollow shells, as an Indian Chief carelessly throws over his shoulders the skin of that wild beast he has just slain in the chase. The unfortunate birds bemoaning the loss of their young in silent anguish, like the inhabitants of the depopulated countries, overrun by Buonaparte's ferocious banditti, who will long bewail the Tyrant's dreadful visitation, in sighs and groans, for the loss of liberty, property, kindred, and every thing that can make life a blessing instead of a curse.

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And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
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Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau."
Not so sweet Charlotte, who, with firmness blends,
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No sly coquetry, no time-serving pride,
That shifts and veers its course from side to side,

No hollow principles, no deceptive art,
No birdlime twigs to catch a lover's heart:
Too nobly proud, to use ignoble means,
Tho' a warm friend of fashion's festive scenes,
Gay honest Charlotte's conquests may defy
The most malignant breath of calumny.
Like breathing on some highly polish'd steel,
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Whose lustre throwing back on them the shame,
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Lustre so brilliant, that, with all their art,
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Would quickly prove th'effulgence of her mind,
For nought their pois'nous breath would leave behind:
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E'en tho' they dropp'd from grief a scalding tear.
Open her conduct as the British tar,
Who scorns to use the least finesse in war,

She like the Corsair, pounces on her prize,
Conscious like him that real honor lies,
In getting fairly what we chance to win,
And not in poaching with a net or gin.
Whence if some pride to Charlotte's mind adhere,
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Her foes must own, the means she's us'd to gain
The object of her pride, nor us'd in vain,
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Are view'd with candour, noble, just, and good,
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As if they thought the happiest of their arts
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Thou, whose clear intellects denote a mind
Superior to the mass of Woman kind,
Was't made t'improve the servile human race
In mind, in body, honesty and grace.
And surely man may claim to mend his breed,
More care and pains than a Newmarket steed;
More nice attention to his Grandsire's dam,
Than greyhounds, oxen, or a Bakewell ram.
For want of care like this, the human mind
May grow in time as stupid as the hind;
Nay, spite of education, man may pass,
In nature's scale e'en lower than an ass;
Wherefore, dear Charlotte, take this heart of mine,
And let me be thro' life your constant Valentine.

VERSES

To Miss C. H.

On a very Interesting Subject.

Tell me, dear Charlotte, tell me why,
I must for ever hopeless sigh,
And fruitless languish life away,
Doom'd ne'er to see the light of day;
My mind a lonely, gloomy cell,
Where Hope, sweet Hope, must never dwell.
But if my madd'ning soul of love
Must ne'er the joys of pleasure prove,
If Hope be banish'd from my breast,
And thou coy Nymph wilt ne'er be prest
In bliss extatic to my heart,
Then had we best resolve to part.

Tho' in this gloom of sad despair,
However free thy mind from care,
Mine ne'er shall cease, of thee bereft,
To feel that nought to me is left,
Save hopeless love, that nought remains
To pay me for a world of pains,
For sleepless nights, for many years
Of anxious doubts, and joyless fears;
For sacrifices made in youth,
The age of gen'rous manly truth,
For fond respect, that fear'd to press
In poverty's uncomely dress
Its humble suit of sincere love,
Love that the purest passions move,
To her whom fate had rais'd so high,
I only could in secret sigh,
And taste of love's perpetual pain,
Then fondly sigh, but sigh in vain.
Scarce hoping in the brightest hour
Of vivid fancy's magic pow'r

When fairy dreams, with potent spell,
In tangled grove, or mead, or dell
Sooth in soft slumbers with their art,
The amorous tumults of the heart,
That I successful e'er could prove,
However fond and true my love.
Yet fate more kind than I deserve.
And as it were my suit to serve,
Has rais'd me to that happy state
Which gives to love the sterling weight
Of independence; and brings me near
In rank to her my soul holds dear;
To her whom I shall ever prize
Above all other earthly joys.
Since then my stars have been thus kind,
To shew your grateful gen'rous mind,
Accept dear Girl my constant heart,
And let us never——never part.
O taste with me the sweets of love,
And all the joys of pleasure prove;

Joys so seraphic, as will pay
Whole years of ling'ring hopes delay;
Joys such as Poets only give,
Joys too, for which alone true Poets wish to live.

H———D,

Nov. 10th, 1813.

AN EPITAPH

On a Janitor of Pembroke College,

OXFORD.

Here lies old Ben, late Porter of Pem: Coll:
Who dropp'd down dead, singing tit fal der rol.
A man of parts *Superlatively great,*
Yet mark, how *mean*, how *grov'lling* was *Ben's fate;*
For, with parts gifted, Fortune made him drudge
And blacken shoes, who should have been a judge.
Hard *task* indeed, tho' such has been the case
With thousands, myriads of the human race;
Many like him have felt the scourge of fate,
Now crown'd with glory in some happier state.
But sure if merit is to genius due,
This praise, old Stockford, we must give to you;

She like the Corsair, pounces on her prize,
Conscious like him that real honor lies,
In getting fairly what we chance to win,
And not in poaching with a net or gin.
Whence if some pride to Charlotte's mind adhere,
And her grand aim has been to catch a Peer,
Her foes must own, the means she's us'd to gain
The object of her pride, nor us'd in vain,
For various Lords were votaries at her shrine,
Who own'd her beauty, like the sun, divine,
Are view'd with candour, noble, just, and good,
Nor that she loves a Peer from love of blood.
Free from all vanity, she soars above
Such silly prejudice, such childish love,
And wisely deems a noble soul to be,
The only proof of true Nobility.
The first of titles is in Charlotte's mind
Virtue and honor, with good sense combin'd;
Without these brilliant ornaments to deck
The noble Lord, no ribbon round his neck;

No Garter at the knee, no silver Star
Effulgent as the glorious god of war;
No fam'd St. George, appendant at his side,
Tho' Dragon fierce the gallant Knight bestride,
With spear transfixed in the Monster's blood,
A signal proof of manly hardihood,
Charlotte could charm, ennobled in her mind,
No Peer with her can hope success to find,
If to each honor that the man can grace,
United to a pleasing form and face,
He does not also manly virtues shew,
With heart inclin'd to melt at other's woe.
What pity thou, possess'd of such a soul,
Art so averse to lordly man's controul;
What pity thou, with heart so free from guile,
And at whose birth the graces seem'd to smile,
As if they thought the happiest of their arts
Display'd in Charlotte's symmetry of parts,
Should'st feel dispos'd to lead a single life,
Nor dare to stoop to be that thing--a Wife.

AN EPISTLE

FROM

ROBERT LOWNDES, Esq. of Palterton,

To a Friend of his,

IN THE

MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1788.

When Bulls ferocious breathe their morning growl,
Their hungry tale impatient Greyhounds howl,
And Phœbus darting o'er my half-shut eyes
The happy reign of magic sleep denies,
I to my parlour haste, where anxious wait
Two duteous Sons, props of my widow'd state;
Whose chat and laughter crown the sober board,
While gen'rous Cows their frugal meal afford;
Whence, cloth remov'd, we eagerly prepare
With Dart and Smart, to course the nimble Hare,

Towards rosy health with cheerful footsteps bend,
And the gay mind from ev'ry care defend.
Forgetful that poor Puss's cares remain,
How short her thread of life, how deeply felt her pain.
The greatest Gen'rals greatest Coursers make,
For in the field both battle order take,
And by their Aides de Camp along the line,
To various signals, various acts assign,
When to advance in file, or backwards to incline.
With cavalry I form the centre rank,
Whilst lighter infantry compose each flank,
Make waving hands a signal to reprove
Such raw recruits as in disorder move,
For Coursing Science disapproves of sounds
Tho' more the noise, the merrier with hounds.
With diff'rent claims to merit both appear,
This charms the eye, that captivates the ear.
Whilst now with measur'd pace we range the fields,
Try what the fallow, what the stubble yields,

With rapt'rous joy my glancing eye survey'd
Each evolution most correctly made:—
To right, to left, in circle or in line,
All cautious tread, as if they sprung a mine,
Unless by chance a roving Dog to call,
'Tis list'ning fear, and dumb enquiry all.
Some beat the furzy bank, the briar'd ditch,
The winter turnips, and the meadow rich,
Search through the pingles, and the prickly quick
Pierce with insidious probe of hazel stick,
Rush through the copse, retir'd from cattle's browse,
And spare no effort, the scarce game to rouse.
Yet vainly labour, tho', with many a stake
Of holly firm, the inmost brambles shake.
Now first did my Son Milnes request to know
In accents meek, if homeward he should go,
For thrice the hour-glass sands since noon had run,
And many ancient maids had tea begun;
No friend since morn his famish'd mouth to treat
With scraps of conversation, or with meat,

Refus'd to go, Milnes cries, "Lads pass not by
Where old-fed pastures undisturbed lie,
Ten minutes' good sport there would wellrepay
This dull cold loit'ring day's too long delay:
Get o'er the hedge;" his words the men persuade
Anew to action, and each soul pervade;
When lo! a form, where game but lately lay,
Proclaims Puss near, unless she's stole away.
No surly clod-pole now his help denies,
And hunters prick their ears, and ope their sleepy eyes.
Meanwhile a greyhound's youthful optics see
Some thistle's white head, waving on the lea,
Then urges onward, 'till expos'd the cheat,
Backward he makes, instinctive to his beat.
Soho! one cries, each foot obeys the sound,
And ev'ry individual stands his ground;
'Till, as an arrow from the twanging yew,
The tim'rous victim starting full in view,
Both Dart and Smart impetuously pursue.

A. Smart has the heels: B. No. Dart, see Dart,
see Dart!
He passes her: A. Well push'd my little Smart.
B. I'll swear I saw Dart give the Hare a fetch;
A. Smart has the heels of your dog on a stretch.
C. Both dogs are excellent, in vain Puss flies,
Now straight, now circling, lo! she's caught, she dies
Bright Phœbus having run *his* daily *Course*,
Good Oats and Roast Beef gladden Man and Horse.

LINES

WRITTEN AS AN EPITAPH

ON

THOMAS DAY, Esq.

Author of Sandford and Merton, &c. &c.

Mourn, mortals, mourn, here tomb'd untimely lies
God's noblest work, the virtuous and the wise.
One, whose great mind with gen'rous passions
fraught,
Ne'er meanly acted, or e'er meanly thought.
His honor nice, his sense and judgment clear,
Sound in his morals, yet to none severe,
Equal his temper, eloquent his tongue,
His manners lively, and his talents strong.
Bold as the lion, gentle as the dove,
His bosom warm, but delicate his love;

His kindness, fost'ring as Apollo's heat,
Illum'd the child of sorrow's dark retreat,
Dispell'd the gloom that round the negro rose,
Loos'd his strong chains, and eas'd his heavy woes;
Compassion, too, not partially inclin'd,
Boundless his zeal, it shone o'er all mankind;
Beast, bird, fish, insect did its fervor share,
Whose lives he cherish'd with parental care;
By forms unsway'd, though these the world revere,
He stemm'd luxurious fashion's proud career,
Repell'd the influence of her baneful pow'r,
And youth forewarn'd to shun the fatal hour
When their soft minds depriv'd of Reason's light,
A thousand pleasures play before the sight,
And life's gay scenes, enervating their souls,
Vice o'er their hearts with latent force controuls.
The Patriot, stedfast in his Country's cause,
Revering much the majesty of Laws,
When these to strengthen seem'd, and not t' invade
Those Rights of Man, for which all laws were made;

To curb the factious, property secure,
Punish the bad, the good rewards ensure,
And man to patient industry allure;
From hence he deem'd true Government to spring,
The compact this, of Subject and of King.
Such was DAY's life, whose merits crown'd above
Reap their just tribute, his Creator's love.

AN

APOLOGY TO A LADY.

Had I but known by Aikin's tender tale,
  I touch'd the String on which thy Sorrows hung;
Believe me, gentle Nymph of Scarsdale's vale,
  I'd left his lyre, I'd left my own unstrung.

In this world's chequer'd scene, where thorns of woe
  Amid the flow'rs of joy in ambush lie,
Curs'd be that verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,
  Which gives one virtuous girl a hapless sigh.

Tho' the bright tears that to thy eyelids stole,
  Hanging like dew drops on the glist'ning rose,
Display'd a warm, a sympathetic soul,
  A genial soil, where ev'ry virtue grows.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;"
But gems of Sympathy, how seldom seen,
Yet none with these in value can compare!

The precious pearl of sympathetic woe,
Which deck'd the lustre of thy steady eye,
Made my tears, too, in silent sorrow flow,
And waft to thee the tribute of a sigh.

Forgive him, then, in pity to thy fate,
Who touch'd the String on which thy sorrows hung;
Since, from that hour, his sorrows he may date,
Who is, like thee, by Cupid's poison stung.

EXTEMPORE

VERSES UPON A LADY.

Tho' flies may rifle Delia's charms,
And her sweet nectar sip;
Yet nobler I am barr'd the pow'r
To touch fair Delia's lip.

Then why should man behold with scorn
The happier insect race,
When even flies may dare to do
What human forms disgrace.

Oh that I could but change my shape,
And be an insect too,
That I might lovely Delia kiss,
And all her beauties view.

But ah, alas! I cannot hope
  To change this human mien!
For that same God, who form'd my clay,
  Has their Creator been.

But I can quit these once lov'd scenes,
  Since winter's frosts appear;
And hasten to some warmer clime,
  Where cold nor storm I fear.

For now my charming Delia frowns,
  The East wind chills my breast,
Which, till she smiles, no more will feel
  The zephyrs of the west.

VERSES ON THE SAME.

When East was sitting in a coach,
  Fair Delia by his side,
He felt intrusive sleep approach,
  As he her beauties ey'd.

O happy youth, hadst thou not let
  Sweet slumber thus surprise,
Thy death wound thou hadst surely met
  From Delia's brilliant eyes.

Then bless thy near escape, O East,
  And in thy closet pray,
Yearly too keep a sacred feast
  In honor of that day.

Far diff'rent was Solander's fate,
  Asleep by coldness laid,
Although he saw stern Death await,
  Should sleep his limbs invade.

Till wak'd by Banks, he 'scap'd that doom,
  Which all must sometime bear;
While East, by sleep, escap'd his tomb,
  The same could kill or spare.

A POETICAL PORTRAIT

OF A

MARRIED LADY,

If possible, more graceful than the Graces, a Diamond of the first brilliancy.

Caprice, thou idol of the female breast,
At whose sad shrine my mystic vows I pay;
On thee I call to give me ease and rest,
And free my mind from Laura's fickle sway.

Long have I felt love's slow consuming flame,
With thrilling transports vibrate in my heart;
Long have I felt at sound of Laura's name,
My bosom struck with Cupid's poison'd dart.

But when I ask to ease my tortur'd mind,
A portrait of sweet Laura's angel face,
She answers, No! how cruel, how unkind,
Thou fairest, ficklest, of the female race,

Thus to refuse one copy of thy form
To him, who loves thee with so pure a fire;
Thy fair orig'nal, animate and warm,
Has ne'er possess'd him with unchaste desire.

Still to C***'s lawful arms confine thy bust,
Made in luxuriant Nature's sweetest mould;
But e'er that form's consign'd again to dust,
And like the marble, polished, yet cold,

Let art's enchanting pencil snatch a grace,
A Guido's touch preserve each matchless charm,
That time may transmit to the future race,
What e'en on canvass will the bosom warm.

How Nature once, in sportive frolic hour,
The Graces call'd around her magic seat,
And these besought to deck with fairest flow'r,
And perfume with the most luxuriant sweet

One matchless child, whose elegance and taste
The happiest efforts of her genius show'd,
Nature's chef d'œuvre each fair Goddess grac'd,
And to them all Laura her beauty ow'd.

The Graces gave her dignity of air,
A face that sure would make a saint run mad;
Venus pronounc'd her fairest of the fair,
Who many a blithsome heart should render sad.

Minerva lightning to her eyes convey'd,
A melting softness mingled with their fire;
Nature with witching smiles her face array'd,
And made her voice harmonious as the lyre.

Momus gave quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
  Such fascinating pow'r to please the soul,
That all who caught the focus of her smiles,
  Confess'd the magic of her soft controul.

Unable to repress the falling tear,
  Each felt her beauty did his heart ensnare;
Like the poor bird, whom fascinating fear
  Throws in the serpent's mouth, when soaring
    in the air.

STANZAS TO MORPHEUS.

With kind complacence, hear a suppliant's pray'r,
And spread, O sleep, thy pinions o'er his breast;
Him some rich drops from heav'nly Lethe spare,
And hush him slumb'ring to the shades of rest.

Whose soul no evil conscience keeps awake,
That, like a death watch ticking in the ear,
With weak low sound makes ev'ry nerve to shake,
Midst horrid pauses of convulsive fear.

Conscience which, *whisp'ring*, more the soul appals
Than Ætna's sudden bursts of rocky fire;
The dreadful roar when some proud city falls,
Or that loud crash when elements conspire.

O gentle Sleep, who seal'st the ship boy's eyes,
When the white billows with tremendous roar,
Curling their monstrous tops like mountains rise,
And roll impetuous 'gainst the foaming shore,

When perch'd aloft upon the main-topmast,
(His torpid body numb'd by thy sweet charm,)
Wearied he sleeps midst ev'ry shiv'ring blast,
Senseless of fears the watchful breast alarm.

Why o'er a boy thus cradled in a shroud,
Thy magic influence so kindly shed,
And not o'er those of high distinction proud,
Who on a downy pillow lay their head?

If to the rich thy slumbers thou refuse,
And poverty alone thy blessings taste,
Then grant, kind Heav'n, this rich but temp'rate muse,
To some poor cottage may his footsteps haste.

There blest with poverty, if blest with sleep,
  On pillow'd straw repose the throbbing head,
Whilst dark oblivion o'er his eyelids creep,
  As death's dark mantle on the tombstone spread.

With coarsest cloathing, water from the spring,
  Alternate labour, but alternate rest;
Far happier then this wearied muse would sing,
  Than if in all the pomp of splendor drest.

A THEATRICAL ADDRESS.

Oyer, Oyer, Oyer, our most noble lord
Bids you all welcome to his festive board,
And me has sent to greet his honor'd friends,
To whom respectful compliments he sends.
But first ye Belles, whose charms I fondly view
Tho' Cupid's arrows pierce me through and through,
And all the throbbing pains of love renew.

Belles such as Britain only can produce,
Whose rich productions, for their shew or use,
Exceed in beauty those of other states,
Whence Europe envies what my heart elates.
My Lord to-night performs a noble part,
And what all noblemen should learn by heart,
True real honor he displays to view,
Pays his old debts, and then begins anew.

The paying debts he knows is not the passion;
But hopes to-night to set this comely fashion.
Rais'd by a title, which in former times
The Peer ne'er us'd to varnish o'er his crimes,
A noble mind he'll shew, as well as birth,
(Unlike some new made lords, just sprung from earth,)
And try his founder's virtues to inherit,
Who got a peerage by superior merit.
To ease his friends, My Lord's enlarg'd this place,
That none may shew a discontented face,
But all of you enjoy sea-room enough,
E'en the broad crest of honest Captain Bluff.
"To see a Play I've paid most woundy dear
Old Square Toes said, going from hence last year,
So squeez'd and press'd was never man before,
Your W**g***e plays shall never see me more:
The Col'nel too, forsooth, must pinch my corns,
Perhaps create a *harder* substance, *horns*!"
"Alas, what's that, replies his loving wife,
My dear was hurt, my soul, my chick, my life."
Miss Dumpling next complain'd the House was small,
That some rude bear had push'd her 'gainst the wall;

"Besides, papa, a vulgar ill-bred man,
Dar'd to stoop down, and pick me up my fan;
Presumptuous wretch! who ventur'd thus to touch,
The fan presented me by *Count Nonsuch*.
Would my Lord B***y**re enlarge his place,
And let *us quality* have a sep'rate space,
I might perhaps once more adorn his plays,
Make the men's hearts with admiration blaze,
Whilst all transported at my person gaze;
And women e'en, tho' envious of my charms,
Extol the beauty of my face and arms.
Who's that? cries one, Miss Dumpling says another,
And none their praises of my shape can smother;
Earls, Dukes, and Princes swell my conquest roll,
And I, like *Venus*, o'er their hearts controul.
As it now is, some monster I should dread
Might by o'er kindness indispose my head;
For sure the greatest of life's various ills,
What most the heart with spleen and rancour fills,
Is to be pester'd by your awkward clowns,
Whose gauche politeness I return by frowns.

Better kick'd, curs'd, or famish'd by a Lord,
Than by an upstart commoner ador'd."
Lest some tho' elsewhere should still sit on thorns,
While *cuckolds* here have room to spread their *horns*;
By me his Lordship hon'rably declares,
He'll pay his tradesmen their respective shares,
If *these* will send in *honest, clear* accounts,
And fairly state to what each bill amounts.
Thus B******re performs a noble part,
And what some here I hope will learn by heart;
A character displays on W**g***e stage,
But seldom seen in this degen'rate age.

A FAREWELL

THEATRICAL ADDRESS.

To-night, our season ended, give me leave
T' express those thanks with which our bosoms heave:
But chiefly mine, who feel to night that glow,
Which from a grateful mind can only flow.
That debt of Gratitude now fills my heart,
And tho' the whole I cannot, I'll pay part.
Supposing then each here, like me, a Play'r,
For you I offer up this fervent pray'r;
May all you, acting on the stage of life,
As brother, husband, mother, daughter, wife,
So well perform, that at death's awful hour
No poignant sorrow may life's chalice sour;

May you, ye Belles, who Harrowgate adorn,
Gather the flow'r of joy without the *thorn*;
Nor hasty pluck a flow'r, where'er it grows,
For fear you get the *nettle*, not the *rose*.
If then your minds on marriage are intent,
Remember well this word, '*repent, repent*'.
To you, mamas, I give this short advice,
For I have known mamas by much too nice;
Let not ambitious views direct your aim,
And make your daughter wed, to get a name,
Whether she feel or not love's sacred flame.
Let wealth nor title be your only guide,
These of themselves can't make the happy bride.
But hark! some mother says, whence all this knowledge,
Sure that pert Miss was brought up at a College,
A girl so wise she surely ne'er could be,
Unless she added to her name B. D.
You quiz me, madam, but I'll quiz again,
'Tis a fair shot to try to hit the men,
Those lordly men, who thinking us fair game
Shoot at the women's hearts with love's unerring aim.

'Tis now the season too, September time,
Would birds were shot at only in my rhyme.
B. D. implies in that great College, whence
I had my knowledge, a great want of sense.
It means not learning, but a want of that,
A head that's only fit to wear a hat.
B. D. Dunce Bachelor, the first degree,
Next L. L. D. a greater Dunce than he;
Last D. D. Doctor Dunce, with wig and cane,
Of these, and D. D. not a little vain.
Joking apart, should any swell with bile
At the bold freedom of my muse's style,
To them I now, as M. D. give advice,
Probatum est, and cures them in a thrice.
Of this fam'd spring three glasses take, but stop,
M. D. must not *forget* the *bolus shop*.
Yet ah! from those wry faces which I see,
Methinks I've dos'd you well without a fee;
Your vessels plethorick, your stomachs full,
With verses rough, satyrical and dull,

You seem to say, good Doctor do pray cease,
And give your tir'd out muse a little peace;
A hint's enough, so now I'll bid adieu
To mamas, misses, and kind men to you;
Yet to all thankful, when this house I see,
The Doctor must confess, he has his fee.

AD LILLYSTONEM,

DULCE RIDENTEM.

When gentle Lillystone with matchless skill,
  On her chaste canvass some fair form pourtrays,
What secret transports in the bosom thrill,
  How lost in wonder we admiring gaze.

So finely animate her pencil'd bust,
  We, starting, think the canvass teems with life,
In rapt'rous bliss delusive senses trust,
  And claim the lovely image for a wife.

With stretch'd out arms arrest the peerless fair,
To shew our fondness by a close embrace;
When ah! the form untangible as air,
Our grasp eludes, and keeps its destin'd place.

. . . . .

The hapless youth in an enchanting dream,
Thus views with extacy his fair one's charms;
And whilst the playful tints of fancy beam,
Believes he clasps his mistress in his arms.

Till sadly waking, with tumultuous joy
He finds the object of his ardor fled,
Again for lost Eliza heaves a sigh,
And bends with sorrow o'er the silent dead.

Like Lillystone did great Apelles draw,
When he so graceful shap'd the queen of love;
Man strangely felt in spite of Nature's law,
The lifeless canvass could his passions move.

Titian's soft colouring, Guido's graceful air,
  Proclaim an artist of superior kind;
Yet who, that sees her portraits, won't declare,
  In *them* the image of *herself* we find.

Such soft emotions in her bosom reign,
  Such grace and dignity her mind adorn,
As prove that Lillystone, howe'er she feign,
  Is not a mortal but an angel born.

A PROLOGUE TO JANE SHORE.

In that just mirror of the human mind,
Shakespeare's immortal page, this truth we find;
The world's a stage, all men and women play'rs,
Where each variety of acting shares.
And Shakspeare's judgment who'll presume to doubt,
Will any in this house or any out?
If any here should dare our bard t' asperse,
And think that he, like minor sons of verse,
Took not from life those characters he drew,
All how unlike each other, all how true;
With modern novels Shakespeare's plays compare,
Tho' here we see all *truth*, all *fiction* there;
Such sceptic minds no pow'r on earth could move,
Not the fine arguments of *England's Jove;*
Him from whose lips the gentle accents flow,
Soft as the fleeces of descending snow;

Whose arm omnipotent can spread alarms,
Whose gentle voice can rouse the world to arms;
Pitt, the great statesman, whose persuasive voice
Could make a nation in its ills rejoice;
Could make John Bull with taxes blest, a store,
Cry out in extacy, encore, encore;
Could make the budget, (that Pandora's Box,
Once but a Calf, now grown into an Ox,)
So light appear, John Bull was wont to say
He felt no pressure, it so lightly lay;
So small in stature seem, tho' grown so big,
He call'd the budget, Billy's sucking pig.
Yet some then thought, in spite of John's wise head,
Pitt's pig so heavy, 'twas a *pig* of *lead*.
Sure beast so strange was never seen before,
The more it suck'd, it grunting squeak'd for more;
Yet stranger too, tho' that may seem a jest,
Its mother strengthen'd, when it drain'd her breast!
This Pitt affirm'd, and he a Heav'n born man,
Knows more for certain than poor mortals can;

Then thus he prov'd it; Britain, when at war,
Fresh strength acquires from ev'ry wound and scar;
To it doth Heav'n such wond'rous vigour send,
The more it spends, the more it still can spend.

But hence these jokes on patriot god-like Pitt,
Jokes only meant to shew your poet's wit:
Who like some fishermen, his wit once set,
Takes all for fish, that come into his net.
Trust me who thinks not Pitt all good and wise,
Knows not where virtue, where true honor lies!
Or did not bigot hate and party zeal
Lock up his soul in adamantine steel,
Candid he'd own, Pitt's rich capacious mind
Proves him a Premier born to *save mankind:*
Whilst Bonaparte, whom the devil take,
Shews that he's born for whom, his *own* dear sake;
Old Nick's sweet babe, to whom some witch gave suck,
And for his fortune gave the devil's luck.

Gentle Jane Shore to night with meagre looks,
(Her face not much unlike the phiz of Brookes,)
Implores your patronage yet lanker still,
Will be Brookes visage, if her house don't fill.
No cheeks more smooth than hers nor any plumper.
Should she behold this house to-night a bumper;
Should she behold like Lady Faddle's rout,
Her friends unable to get in or out;
Pinion'd and squeez'd like fowls upon a spit,
All parts choak'd up, box, gallery, and pit,
Six inches square to stand on, six to sit;
Then would your Brooks with gratitude run o'er,
As when the rain's in sudden torrents pour,
And in a flood of joy raise up her head,
Dripping like Neptune's on his oozy bed.
Whilst rich old Thames, who *owes* so much to *Brooks*,
Would thank you with his best, his gentlest looks,
Smooth his rough waves, and swelling high his tide,
Enable frigates at Southend to ride.
And *Thames* with *Neptune* in *close friendship join'd*,
A fig for all the Powers on earth combin'd.

At all events to Brookes this praise is due,
To please her friends has been her only view;
Her bill of fare perchance a little odd,
For which don't lash her with the critic's rod.

Did you not think me now a horrid bore,
I'd crave your int'rest for your *native Shore*,
And trespass on your time one moment more.
Close to the sea too shall I plead in vain,
When Southend shore to you is no small gain;
And who so likely to support with spirit
Our *native Shore*, as those who feel its merit.
With Miss Brookes thanks to you, who kindly sit
To see her benefit and hear my wit;
I'll take my leave, and like her thank you too,
Yes, thank sincerely you, and you, and you; *
Trusting that when my motive's understood,
You'll say *he acts* not ill, whose *cause* is good.

* Box, Pit, and Gallery.

A MILITARY ADDRESS.

O fertile Isle, for wealth and beauty fam'd,
A second Paradise or Eden nam'd,
Thou fairest spot of our terrestr'al sphere,
Let only happiness inhabit here.
So said great Jove, when plunging in the waves
He rais'd this Isle, whose sides old Ocean laves,
And smiling on the earth display'd to sight,
Well pleas'd survey'd the pearl he'd brought to light.
No wonder then New France has spread alarms,
And try'd to rouse the Continent to arms.
Envious of England's opulence and pow'r,
Her tyrant trembles for th' approaching hour,
When Britain's conquests, spread from shore to shore,
True Freedom shall extend, and tyrants breathe no more:

How foolish this, t'avert domestic jar,
By madly braving England's youth to war.
Revenge, revenge, the sons of Albion cry,
And all to arms in gath'ring tumults fly;
Each ardent singly to decide the cause,
And shew the justice of his country's laws;
Whilst Bonaparte, frighten'd at the sight
Of British valour, shuns th'unequal fight,
And condescends his bullying wrath t'assuage,
Leaving *invasion* for some future age.
How wise, vain Gauls, for, (driv'n from Africk's shore
By those brave heroes, Hutchinson, and Moore,
Led by Sir Ralph, who, for his country's good,
Seal'd Egypt's glorious vict'ry with his blood,)
Ye, madly boasting to subdue the world,
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ON THE RESTORATION

OF THE BOURBON FAMILY.

When Vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The strongest nation falls an easy prey
To Discord, Rapine, and a stream of ills,
Which flows impetuous from ten thousand rills:
Till Virtue, like the fiery orb of day,
When clouds have veil'd from sight his chearing ray,
When black'ning tempests have o'erhung the land,
And angry Jove has shook his thund'ring hand,
Bursts into view, and with a light serene
Dispels the horrors of the dreary scene;
Dispensing joy and peace to all around
Herself with universal praises crown'd.

VERSES TO Mrs. T***t,

Nearly allied to Venus, from her love-sick Relation Cupid.

The winged messenger of Love,
Follow'd by his billing dove,
This note has penn'd for one fair Dame,
Skill'd to raise or put out a flame.

*From my enchanting Bower in the Wilderness at S******d, my Heart overflowing with Love, like the Sea at a Spring Tide.*

Kind Guardian Angels hover o'er her head,
Whilst gently slumbring on her downy bed.

The God of Love writes in haste, as he has some millions of visits to pay before morning:

For as soon as dawns forth the break of day.
All Spirits like himself must flit away.

As your dear little Cupid with rapt'rous delight,
Is now winging his course on an amorous flight,
He has stop'd at a place call'd by him sweet S****d,
And these lines to his fav'rite has gallantly penn'd;
To my Widow of *thirty*, of a *hundred* I mean,
For where's one in a hundred like her to be seen?
What widow in Britain with T***t can compare?
And most women there are deem'd lovely and fair.
Whence some have imagin'd they plainly can see,
Old England the Isle of Calypso must be,
As all our historians on this point agree;
That he who's in love, must be tied down as fast
As Ulysses so fam'd, when tied to a mast,
If from Britain's fair nymphs he wants to set sail,
Else beauty and love o'er his heart will prevail.
To describe my dear T***t surpasses all pow'r,
No, I've hit off her charms, she's a beautiful flow'r,
Where balm, laylock, and lilly, their fragrance combine,
With pink, jassamine, rose, and the sweet eglantine,
Whence all who behold her declare her divine.

Now tell me what Belle for a moment will dare,
With this sweetest of flow'rs herself to compare.
Openhearted and gay, yet free from all vice,
Tho' some think my Widow by no means too nice,
I'll match her in conduct with any starch dame,
Who thoughtlessly ventures her worth to defame.
For in beauty's fair steps oft stalks like a ghost,
Pale envy and scandal their virtues to boast,
To darken that path spotless beauty has trod,
And raise themselves up, as a species of God;
Who crabbed and ugly, like most evil spirits,
Delight to substract from beauty's just merits.
But Wisdom clear-sighted soon finds out the fraud,
And quickly by her such old cats are outlaw'd,
Doom'd to pass all their lives in obscurity's shade,
O dire curse! each doom'd too, to die an *old maid!*
So cheer up sweet T***t, for when old maiden weed
Like nettles or thistles shall run up to seed,
Thy beauty shall seem as a rich swelling vine,
Whilst round thee in clusters thy fine babes entwine.

Then love, honor, esteem, with affection's fair train
Shall shew thou, like old maids, art not made in vain;
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Mrs. H.—That Widow, *Wood*, it cannot be,
For I have seen her sipping tea,
Have heard her speak, am told she's witty,
And you may see she's very pretty.
How then can such a girl be *Wood?*
No, this I'm sure; she's flesh and blood.

Mr. A.—Madam, to shew that *Wood* can speak,
I English talk, nay sometimes Greek,
Yet I am *Ash*, and *Ash* is *Wood*,
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How foolish this, t'avert domestic jar,
By madly braving England's youth to war.
Revenge, revenge, the sons of Albion cry,
And all to arms in gath'ring tumults fly;
Each ardent singly to decide the cause,
And shew the justice of his country's laws;
Whilst Bonaparte, frighten'd at the sight
Of British valour, shuns th'unequal fight,
And condescends his bullying wrath t'assuage,
Leaving *invasion* for some future age.
How wise, vain Gauls, for, (driv'n from Africk's shore
By those brave heroes, Hutchinson, and Moore,
Led by Sir Ralph, who, for his country's good,
Seal'd Egypt's glorious vict'ry with his blood,)
Ye, madly boasting to subdue the world,
Saw your proud standard for Britannia furl'd,
Heard gallant Sydney thund'ring from afar,
Sydney the fav'rite of the God of War;
Sydney a name to ev'ry *Briton dear*,
And sweetly sounding in Britannia's ear;

But to a Frenchman's, and faith no wonder,
Sounding terrific like the awful thunder;
His name tremendous as the God of Battles,
That 'midst bombs, grape shot, shells, and mortars rattles.
Yes, brave Sir Sydney, thy chivalrick fame
Great and illustrious as thy noble name,
Shall live immortal in th' historic page,
And brighter glow to each succeeding age;
Like a fine Claude, as age to age succeeds,
So bright shall seem thy high heroic deeds,
Fame's col'ring mellow'd down by Truth's bright ray,
Shall shine effulgent as the source of day.
If this bright fame for but *one* Acre too,
Ye Gods for *millions* what won't Sydney do.
He skill'd like brave Nelson, Hawke, Rodney, Howe,
To make proud Gallia's flag to England's bow;
Not French themselves more pliant in the back,
They and their flags a sort of *supple jack;*
Unlike our Jacks, who stiff as British oak
Disdain to bend to any foreign yoke.

Which made Linois squadron so enhance
The unknown merits of our *country Dance,*
That when our tars began their *balls* to play,
So ill they lik'd the Dance, they ran away;
Tho' had it been a French cotillion set,
That on the China seas Linois met,
Active as monkies they'd have join'd the Dance,
Cotillion steps the fav'rite ones in France.
Yes, long has proud Gaul felt with *galling* pain,
Britannia rules the land, Britannia rules the main.
Far diff'rent now from that ill omen'd day,
When England sent her martial sons away,
The sword to tarnish in a brother's blood,
And kinsmen slaughter for the public good:
To quell rebellion 'gainst oppressive acts,
Enforce those laws a British House enacts;
To urge a right which none on earth can claim,
A right t' *oppress,* if mask'd by *friendship's* name.
When stern-ey'd justice arms our valiant bands,
Each foe falls prostrate by their conqu'ring hands;

With wreaths of laurel ev'ry project's crown'd,
And heaps on heaps lie bleeding on the ground.
Not so when dire oppression guides their breast,
Then vain their prowess by divine behest;
Impartial Jove ambitious schemes abhors,
And makes abortive all tyrannic wars.

So with this common truth I'll now conclude,
By a trite maxim, known to ev'ry prude,
To *her, and her alone*, the grape is sour,
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With some fond Dido to relieve my pain,
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Spending my time I trust not quite in vain.
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In this cold cavern, with some pretty lass.
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Then love, honor, esteem, with affection's fair train
Shall shew thou, like old maids, art not made in vain;
Shall strew thy life's path with each sweet smelling flow'r,
And prove thee protected by Love's magic pow'r.

CUPID.

The Wilderness, one o'clock in the morning, Sep. 24, 1804, to mortal reckoning; but no point of time to Spirits like myself, who live for ever. As eternity has no end, time can have no division.

AN

EXTEMPORE JEU D'ESPRIT.

Mr. L.—You shew surprise, so did I too,
At that young Widow, now in view;
But mine has ceas'd, and so your's should,
For you must know, that Widow's, *Wood*.

Mrs. H.—That Widow, *Wood*, it cannot be,
For I have seen her sipping tea,
Have heard her speak, am told she's witty,
And you may see she's very pretty.
How then can such a girl be *Wood?*
No, this I'm sure; she's flesh and blood.

Mr. A.—Madam, to shew that *Wood* can speak,
I English talk, nay sometimes Greek,
Yet I am *Ash*, and *Ash* is *Wood*,
And you'd soon find I'm flesh and blood.

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Shall shew thou, like old maids, art not made in vain;
Shall strew thy life's path with each sweet smelling flow'r,
And prove thee protected by Love's magic pow'r.

CUPID.

The Wilderness, one o'clock in the morning, Sep. 24, 1804, to mortal reckoning; but no point of time to Spirits like myself, who live for ever. As eternity has no end, time can have no division.

AN

EXTEMPORE JEU D'ESPRIT.

Mr. L.—You shew surprise, so did I too,
At that young Widow, now in view;
But mine has ceas'd, and so your's should,
For you must know, that Widow's, *Wood*.

Mrs. H.—That Widow, *Wood*, it cannot be,
For I have seen her sipping tea,
Have heard her speak, am told she's witty,
And you may see she's very pretty.
How then can such a girl be *Wood?*
No, this I'm sure; she's flesh and blood.

Mr. A.—Madam, to shew that *Wood* can speak,
I English talk, nay sometimes Greek,
Yet I am *Ash*, and *Ash* is *Wood*,
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cultural Distress Meetings, not to *relieve* that Distress, as he evidently considers it of *little* or *no* consequence, but (from his launching out on Parliamentary Reform at all such assemblies) to *pick up*, like a true Universal Suffrage Recruiting Serjeant, raw levies for his ragged Regiment of Radicals, by *inveigling* and *enlisting* poor ignorant country Clods into his grand Jacobin Army of *Equality Gulls*, reminds me, (on considering if he be a Freeholder in each of these Counties, it must be to a small annual amount) of the *hoggish greediness* of Jobson in the Entertainment of Nell, or the Devil to pay, where by *shifting his position*, and *poking* his *round impudent* and *vulgar face* between every *two* of his fellow companions, arranged in a row as they are jovially drinking a bowl of Punch, he takes *six draughts* for their *one*, the grubber up of Tom Paine's bones in like manner taking *six swigs* of the National Freeholder's *great cup of Right* for every other Landowner *one*. Scarce any Nobleman or Gentlemen (let his Estate be ever so large) attending more than *two* County Meetings, whereas Cobbett has already visited, and spoken at *five* or *six*, even though perhaps, if a Freeholder, he has only a *few* Pounds a *year* in each County, in short, just enough to give him a legal and *plausible* pretext for attending Agricultural Distress Meetings. And yet, with

THE FOLLOWING STANZAS

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  Who *once* was *Freedom's Glory*.
Ne'er vote again on Tierney's Poll,
  Tho' Alcock stake his honor,
That Tierney's heart is sound and whole,
  Sound, as his *Friend's O'Connor*.

Should Tierney and his friend Alcock,
(Those lovely twins of freedom,)
Still boast their virtues like a rock,
True patriots do not heed them.
Actions not *words* the heart denote,
Professions are a bubble,
Then don't for such mock patriots vote,
Whose eye sight looketh double.

Such Janus's with double face,
You'd soon find to your sorrow,
(If promis'd some rich treasury place,)
Turn courtiers e'er to-morrow.
As proof of this George Tierney see
Who bellow'd loud for Fox,
Now *silent* grown, a *Placeman* he,
Provided with a *snug box*.

Yes *Patriot* Tierney's got *his gag*,
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A house giv'n up by *Patriot Bragge*,
With yearly *four thousand* pound.
Yes, given up, but you must know
Bragge Patriot has in view,
From brother Addington and Co,
A place of that worth *two*.

For like to Tierney, brother Bragge
(Much fam'd for calculation,)
At *figures* is a monstrous *Fag*,
And *figures* for the Nation.
Can men so vers'd in cyphers then,
Forget their *Interest*,
No number *One* is with these men
The *figure* they love *best*.

Says Tierney I can *boast* a plan,
The like ne'er seen before;
Says *Bragge*, that I your scheme do scan,
I'll lay you two to four.

Your plan is this, to *get* my *Place*;
  My plan is better still,
To give it up with a good grace,
  When I a *better* fill.

What use says Bragge to *cast a sum*,
  If I can't make a *figure*,
A *cypher* soon he must become
  Whose fortune don't grow bigger:
For this my cyphering head knows well
  As taxes come upon,
He who don't wish in jail to dwell,
  Must dot and carry one:

When such a juggling farce appears
  In Addington and Co,
What genuine patriot's honest tears
  Won't mourn that things are so;
But if providing for ones clan,
  With *Public wealth* be *just*,

Good Lord what *justice* guides *that* man
  To *whom* the *helm* we *trust*.

Yet with this Co does *Tierney* join,
  Like him right honorable,
And thinks their talents now divine,
  To guide the state most able.
Him too since Int'rest rules his breast,
  And *principal* is fled,
With honor and place those men intrest,
  Who *long have wish'd his head*.

A NEW SONG,

Written for a Gentleman, when he was call'd to the Bar,

TO BE SUNG

To the Tune of "*Moses and the Vicar.*"

Come I'll sing you a Song,
Which I hope won't seem long,
Of a Youth just call'd to the Bar;
William Syr***s his name
A tight lad of some fame,
Tho' on law points unus'd to *spar*.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

More fam'd for his *black nag*
(Whose virtues he may brag,)
Than any he has of his own,
For his horse you must know,

At such a quick rate can go
  True *mettle* up to the *back bone.*
                Derry down, &c.

Out of Westminster Hall
  He'd make lawyers look small,
And beat *Erskine,* who *runs on so fast,*
  In crossing or jostling
Would equal lord Rosling,
  When by Charley Fox he *slipt past.*
                Derry down, &c.

Nay 'twould puzzle shrew'd Garrow
  Or Counsellor Barrow
Or Gibbs, if they got on his back,
  How to stop this black horse
In his mettlesome course,
  For his *hoofs* with their *tongues* would go *clack.*
                Derry down, &c.

So with this common truth I'll now conclude,
By a trite maxim, known to ev'ry prude,
To *her, and her alone,* the grape is sour,
Who to attain the grape's rich juice, has not the *pow'r;*
That men and women *equally* love sway,
One form'd to rule by *night,* and one by *day.*

N. B. The Young Ladies were the Daughters of the late John Fane, Esq. M. P. for Oxfordshire, whose eldest Son now M. P. for Oxfordshire, was then married to Miss Lowndes, of Brightwell, in that County. Miss Moore was the Daughter of Peter Moore, Esq. M. P. for Coventry.

LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE

IN A

GROTTO OF LADY SITWELL's,

At Renishaw, in Derbyshire,

The Family Residence of the late Sir. Sitwell Sitwell, Bart.

Tho' oft a fool, I am not such an ass
To wish in hermit's cell my life to pass,
And, like king Nebby, be turn'd out to grass.
Your roots and herbs and water who would wish,
That was not half a beast, and half a fish.
With some fond Dido to relieve my pain,
I'd gladly enter from a show'r of rain,
Spending my time I trust not quite in vain.
A day, a month, a year could joyful pass
In this cold cavern, with some pretty lass.
Like Sol's bright beams, her *beauty* would dispell
The grossest vapours of the hermit's cell.

Till then with Sitwell I would rather dine,
On his plum pudding, and his fat surloin,
And quaff like gods his nectar, yclep'd wine.
An Emp'ror once, as some historians tell,
A crown abandon'd for a hermit's cell,
But then they tell you, which I think as true,
How *soon* he did the *sorry bargain* rue;
For he no Dido had to ease his pain,
Nor did he enter from a *show'r* of *rain*,
His wiser son, in this unlike the sire,
For roots and herbs had no such fond desire,
And when his father took the silly thought,
Did think a hermit's cell not worth a groat.
Which then was wisest, he who took the crown,
Or he who from it madly tumbled down.
For tho' a bad poet, full well I know,
I'd rather shoot a *pigeon* than a *crow*.

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Mr. T. Ball, a name most dear
To ev'ry pretty female's ear,
A name, which makes girls dance and sing,
As Balls to them much pleasure bring,
(For young or old, little or tall
One way or other like a Ball)
Thus publish'd his *mock Auction Sale*;
Christie ne'er told a better tale.
"An *Officer*, his *name* not said,
Or if to *land or sea he's bred*,
Just gone abroad intends to sell
The goods and house, where he did dwell."
Which made a cunning wight declare,
He thought the Sale, a *Sale unfair*
Brokers *old refuse* stock to sell,
Else sure the Auctioneer would tell
The *great man's name*, but this *conceal'd*,
The myst'ry of his Sale reveal'd.
Now officers in time of war,
(Fearing their goods *unus'd* should mar,)

Oft sell their household goods, and chattle,
Thinking should they be kill'd in battle,
'Twould save Executors much trouble,
But Ball's grand Sale was all a *bubble*,
Brokers *old vamp'd up* stock to sell,
As this my story soon will tell.
The Sale an *Officer's* 'tis true,
But, as the wily Ball well knew
Soldier nor *Sailor*, yet was *he*
An officer most certainly,
A *Civil* one much us'd to *Courts*,
As beldame Gossip now reports.
He was it seems, a *Sheriff's Man*,
At whose command this Sale began
To pay some debts from Brokers due,
Which put those Brokers in a stew,
And made them all look deadly pale,
Fearing they should be sent to jail.
Yet 'tis affirm'd, they might with ease,
Have pay'd their debts, and sheriff's fees,

But being near to Lady Day,
They thought it best this game to play,
To *sell* the *refuse* of their *Shops*,
At least such hints dame Gossip drops.
The Sale day come, the women flock
To see the officers *unique* stock;
Among the rest, to *buy* a *bed*,
A lady takes into her head
Miss *Puff* by name, a *Broker's Daughter*,
Whose father surely should have taught her,
(Whenever *cheated* in her life)
Of *Beds* to judge, like a good housewife.
A bed she bids for, thinks it *cheap*,
And out of her skin does almost leap,
Because to her the bed is knock'd down,
(No Monarch happier with his crown,)
To her own house this rich bed come,
She finds the whole a *hoax*, a *hum*.
This bed so grand, so cheap, so good,
Made of *Mahogany's fine black wood*,

A Broker tells her is *stain'd Beech,*
And if she will a penknife reach,
He'll *scrape* the wood, to shew the *cheat,*
To her no very charming treat.
Too true says she, I see I'm *bit,*
And in my father's trade am *hit.*
Wherefore henceforth I'll leave to heads
(More knowing in the price of beds)
Cheap lots to bid for at a Sale,
Which wise resolution ends my Tale

A VALENTINE

TO MASTER H. BULWER,

He and Tommy Lowndes being born, the one the day before, the other the day after Valentine's Day.

As Henry and Tommy both dropp'd from the sky,
Near the *fortunate* day, when valentines fly,
They gratefully should, but never with *spite*,
On each their birth days, a *Valentine* write;
Some sweet pretty verses, their kind stars to thank,
Or verses too written, (an innocent prank,)
Some folly to laugh at, but to sneer at defects
Proceeding from nature, good nature rejects.
As my dear little Henry's such a good boy
The pride of his mother, his grandmama's Joy,
His friend Tommy Lowndes has bought him a book
In which all good boys are delighted to look.

'Tis Sandford and Merton, a book of great fame,
Which, like Henry Bulwer, has got a *good name;*
So full of nice stories, that, like a plum cake
He'll love it I'm sure, for its own sweet sake.
Tho' Tommy he loves so, I'll bet a few pounds,
He'll love it much more for the sake of old Lowndes.
And now tell me Henry, whate'er is my beauty,
If you don't esteem it a part of your duty
To say Tommy Lowndes has the sweetest of faces,
In which are pourtray'd a thousand fair graces,
Eyes brighter than stars, and his skin 's manly hue
If shrivell'd like parchment, in colour as true,
As fix'd and unchang'd, as the friendship he bears
For dear mama Bulwer, and her three sweet heirs.

EXTEMPORE LINES

On a group of Young Ladies

AT

Wingerworth in Derbyshire the Residence of Sir Henry Hunloke Bart.

In Charlotte Hunloke, Alma Mater lies
On that *red Clapper* twixt her chin and eyes,
In Jenny Slater, as her *Swain* will know,
It nestles some where twixt her *chin* and *Toe.*
In Anne and Harriet, Alma here and there,
Is no where to be found, or every where.
In Mam'selle Hunloke Alma's charms I view
In such *bright colors* as Apelles drew,
When he so *graceful* shap'd the queen of love,
Her *form,* though *lifeless,* could the *passions move;*

What *tumults* then must now my *breast alarm,*
Who see such *beauty, animate, and warm.*
In Joyce's heart it fix'd and steady lies,
And thus from thence in rapt'rous language cries.
The timber's *good* and *season'd,* fit to *splice,*
'Twould suit substantial builders to a trice,
This Joyce now *boarded* would most useful be
To strengthen failures in a pedigree.

UPON Mr. CHRISTIAN

Being taken up and tried for a Spy, and the French pluming themselves on not hanging him, though tried and acquitted.

Their *Honor* now proud Frenchmen vainly *boast,*
Tho' but one instance they can count at most;
This honor too *mere justice* at the best,
Justice to call high honor, what a jest.
Christian acquitted, who was not a spy,
The French in honor all the world defy.
But when their *justice* they to *honor* raise,
French laws they libel, and old England's praise
Whose sunlike equity shines forth so bright,
French justice seems, a twinkling farthing rushlight

THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAMS

On Mr. Addington, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, are founded upon a fact in Mr. A——s Political Career, that seems to indicate a very uncommon degree of Avarice. For it is a usual observation, (whatever charges may be laid against Prime Ministers,) they are seldom *accus'd of Avarice, the* love of Power *swallowing up that base* Ignoble Passion.

Good Addington, in rage, cries out—odd's zounds,
When offer'd as a *bribe* two thousand pounds,
Shall I for *Gold* my *conscience*, honor, sell,
No, no, such story shan't against me tell.
For when my honor's gone, I've nought beside
To make me Pop'lar, or I'm much belied;
Therefore, I'll trounce the knave in courts of law,
Who dares suppose in me so great a flaw.

Yet, after this, he gives unto a boy,
His little Son at school, his darling joy,
A *sinecure* for *life*, a place per ann
Six thousand yielding, don't that shew the man,
As tho' he said, I know this *golden* rule,
If I'm a——I won't be thought a *fool*.

ADDINGTON's CONSOLATION.

My Son, says Addington, tho' but a boy,
I can declare with *conscientious* joy,
The Clerkship he has got most *justly* fills,
Ex stirpe M. D. born a *Judge of pills*.
For *pills* not *Pells* I hold that place to be,
And now I'm sure all men my honor see.
How diff'rent too this *Clerkship* story *tells*,
My Son at school, *Clerk* of the *pills*, not *Pells*.

On a friend of Mr. A——s asserting that a School Boy could fulfill the duties of a Sinecure place as well as Colonel Barre', who was blind *and almost superanuated, but to whom the place had been given by Mr. Pitt, (when Mr. P. was Premier,) to enable him to abolish the Colonel's Pension of £2000 a year. A most noble proof of disinterested Patriotism on the part of that truly great man, as he might very honestly have appropriated the place to his own benefit, by putting himself into it.*

The place which did not suit the parts of Pitt,
On little school boys may most neatly sit,
Old men and boys *all Sinecures* befit.

A word of advice to the moral Prime Minister Mr. Addington, after his fruitless attempt to make a permanent Peace with the French Government.

Great moralist, you see *one Peace* won't do,
So, like the late Lord Sandwich, now try *two*.

VERSES
ADDRESSED to Mrs. CUMMING,
Of old Matlock Bath,

On the aforesaid Mrs. C. indignantly drawing back *in her chair, when Mr. L, on the wrong side of Fifty, offered to salute her, after a few days absence in* 1824.

I properly got the following smart fillip
When trying from Mary a sweet kiss to steal,
For no *drones* she exclaims shall my *nectar* sip,
But I'll bottle it up for the National weal.

The bee, that's industrious, when he comes to my *hive*,
Will *add* to my stock, *not take it away;*
And 'tis by those *Lovers* only I wish to *thrive*,
Who *lay honey up* for a *hard winter's day*.

Besides, while I'm *Cumming*, perhaps you are *going*,
  How then can we *opposites* ever *agree*;
So you see, like yourself, I'm one of the *knowing*,
  And mean not to *leap*, till my *way* I well *see*.

Without ways and means too, to *levy* a *Tax*
  Appeareth to me neither *honest* nor *wise*,
For a good Statesman's brain, I'm told, never *lacks*
  To *provide* for the *Int'rest before the Supplies*.

On this bridling up her pretty grave face
  With such proud disdain, as made the chair crack,
I hope, my good friend, she said with a *grace*,
  My *duties* having *paid*, you'll allow *the draw back*.

THE FOLLOWING

THEATRICAL ADDRESS,

With a double *allusion to the* Times, *was written expressly by Thomas Lowndes Esq for Mrs. M——s Benefit at the Dover Theatre, Febrary 9th* 1825, *and was recited by her to an overflowing House with* considerable *applause.*

In this enlighten'd age of *steam* and *gas,*
When ev'ry *wild* goose scheme, *to make it pass,*
Assumes the shape of an *Association*
Not for the *Directors good,* but for the *Nation;*
While mines, railways, baths, and joint stock dairy,
With *Premiums* to *gudgeon* the most wary
Of eight, ten, twelve, and ninety-six per cent
For *shares,* (on which *no ready* has been lent)
Take in the Flats, and poets fare so well
By *this rash novel taste,* who us'd to dwell

In *Garrets,* that they in their *Chariots ride,*
Deck'd out with ev'ry sort of worldly pride,
Old England's money'd spirit you must own,
Like Jack's fam'd *bean stalk,* has most *quickly* grown.
Especially, if I to days of old
Refer, when Milton's copyright was sold
Of his sublime poem, Paradise Lost,
(Thus on *life's ocean* are poor poets *tost*)
For the *disgraceful* sum of fifteen pounds.
A fact, howe'er incredible it sounds,
Which is too true, shall then the Country Player
Partake not of the improv'd poets fare,
By sometimes taking in her *spendthrift* head
To substitute a *chop,* for *cheese and bread,*
And deeming brown stout, when her turn to sing,
Much more *refreshing,* than the *pump* or *spring.*
Lux'ries, *however great,* no lib'ral mind
Will think extravagant, if e'er so blind
By prejudice, e'en tho' the London stage,
Infected by the vices of the age

(Vices we hope, that, by the *yard or foot*,
Those most *Keen* to *blame* will not on us put)
Has lately set afloat the Public spleen
Against *all* Players, therefore *'gainst us* I ween.
The greatest proof of which you may have seen
In the old Times, that, in its *moral zeal*
For what *relateth* to the common weal,
Has all *at once* become so very *pure*,
No *Prostitute Repentant* could *sham* more *demure*,
When, conscience stung, she, with *artful* grievings
Gives, in *loud* groans to God, the *Devil's leavings*.
Yes, *Tempora mutantur*, and so quick,
These *Times-serving* new morals make one sick.
For its choice old friends being forgotten
And on dunghills thrown, as fruit that's rotten,
The honest Rads, of whom it made such brags,
Are now call'd by it skum, and rogues in rags.
Who then can wonder, if Othello Kean,
(Like Desdemona *smother'd* with its *spleen*,)

Is only fit for *Pillories* or *Stocks,*
When *hot press'd* by the old Times *printing blocks.*
Rejoic'd that I your *sympathy* obtain,
Conscious, whate'er you give, will be my gain,
Permit me now to thank you for my mite
Of your *protection,* on this *joint* Stock *Night.*
Assuring you my heart is so replete
With grateful feelings, that it cannot meet
My wishes, (copious as *our Language be)*
In diction strong enough to set it free
From debt, wherefore I hope you'll let me pay
My loan *of Gratitude,* on some future day.

A PROLOGUE

For Miss Vernon's Benefit at Dover, 5th February, 1825, (her Play being, The Way to keep him, written by Mr. Murphy,) but not spoken, as intended, from Miss V. being too much engag'd to recite it from memory.

The Dramatist in this corrupted age,
Making his plays *subservient* to the *Stage*,
And, like Procrustes bed, *shaping* his *wit*
The Actor's talent for *grimace* to *fit*,
Fills ev'ry act, in spite of wisdom's laws,
(To gain a vulgar gallery's coarse applause)
With such stale clap traps, that each monkey trick
Probes the old school of critics to the quick;
Not so our bard, who, heedless of the pence,
Has shap'd his play to please a world of sense;

Deeming *fair fame* more precious than *fine gold*,
That pow'r, by which great Poets now controul'd
Are led to *sacrifice* Dramatic pride,
And basely set all honest fame aside.
Wherefore I doubt not most of you will say,
(When you have seen my fav'rite Irish play)
The way to keep him, is a *better* way
Than what our corps last night to *practise deign'd*,
When *ev'ry* sort of *mimickry* was *feign'd*,
That could a *horse-laugh* raise in Dover *Fair*,
To make the country gawky *gape* and *stare*.
This dish Plebeian having bolted down
Like *gobs* of *bacon* by some *Lincoln clown*,
Permit me now to put before your eyes
Beef and plum pudding for to night's *supplies*
With *Murphy's* boil'd and bak'd, hoping this treat
(Drest in the *modern* way) *all* hearts will *greet*.
I say the modern way, for *Steam's* the *go*,
As by the Public Papers you must know.

If then our comedy you're pleas'd t' approve,
And by your *vocal assent* shew your love;
The *Steam*, that issues from such *loud applause*,
When *each* his *vital breath exhausted* draws,
Will, as I've promis'd, *cook* our *fav'rite play*
In the fam'd modern *fashionable* way.
Having thus said, I'll finish with my thanks
To all, according to their sev'ral Ranks;
Assuring you, Miss Foot, with all her fears,
When try'd to night by her assembled Peers,
Cannot more *terror* shew, than I now feel
(Stimulated by proud Theatric zeal)
Your *applause* to *merit*, the which t' obtain
I deem my *noblest, greatest, happiest gain*,
And when given by you Box, Gallery, and Pit
May Miss Vernon also *learn*, the *way to keep it*.

A POETICAL LETTER

To Miss Hunloke being Mr. L——s first attempt at Epistolary Poetry.

Dear Miss H——e,

Afraid you might think with me its *all over,*
I've the honor to pen a few lines from Dover,
Most happy to tell an old Friend by letter,
That, tho' lately ill, I'm now so much better,
As to have just written a Female Address
For a poor country player, whom that heav'n may bless
With a good benefit, I most ardently wish,
As she then will have *victuals* for her *empty* dish.
But I've a reason for writing, which is *still stronger,*
So to keep you in doubt not one moment longer,
Know, that having been *kill'd* by a wag in this Town,
And in a fit said to have suddenly dropp'd down,

I thought it would please Miss H*****e ifshe knew,
Like many *such* rumours it was *most untrue.*
Yet, how it arose, is to me very plain,
Tho' the *cause* of a rumour we oft *seek* in *vain.*
Having built then a *Vault*, and made my *Epitaph*,
(A thing that might make even *grave* folks to *laugh*)
How natural for some to take into their head
Poor Lowndes was for cartain, as Pat says, *gone dead.*
As nat'ral as it would be t'express *no surprise*
In these wonderful days, if a *dead man* should *rise.*
For with steam and gas to assist in the bubble,
By galvanism aided, 'twould be no great trouble
To *raise* from the *grave* by a sort of reaction
A body to life, if *before putrifaction.*
Being certain besides with the *Macbeth witch* boon
Of travelling by *steam*, that, to *visit* the *moon*
Will be quite as *common* a *hundred* years hence,
And a fact as convincing to ev'ry one's sense,
As riding from this place to London or York,
Or sailing by steam to sweet Dublin or Cork.

But that I may not *trespass* too long on your time
By such Rodomantade, attempted in rhyme,
I'll finish my letter directed to Quidenham
(Tho' no feeler of pulses like Garth or Sydenham)
By hoping you are well, and the Countess also,
For to tell you the truth, I should like to know
As I have been *kill'd*, if you're *both alive*,
This being the *what for*, at which I now drive.
Quidnam being English'd, to shew that I'm *pat in*
(Tho' long since at school,) the *translation* of *Latin*,
Permit me to send my good wishes to both
The married and single, yet feeling much loath
T'intrude on you ladies, for fear you should say
That, since I have made my dark mansion of clay,
My letter is penn'd in a *less civil* way.
As if the idea of quitting this earth,
Had made me drop the respect paid to high birth.
Having deem'd the above apology due,
I need not here say, that an answer from you
Will give great delight, when you're most at leisure,

Whether sent in *bad* verse, as *measure* for *measure*,
Or in elegant prose, for no one *writes better*,
So well, your's may truly be call'd a *Belle Letter*.
Having *fait le galant*, I respectfully close
This first essay in verse, by a few lines in prose;
Only let me observe, my enthusiasm fir'd
By the person thus wrote to, as if 'twere inspir'd,
So quickly off hand made the bad lines here penn'd,
Which therefore most humbly I venture to send;
My Clerk could scarce credit by me they were written
A proof how the *Bard* with his *Subject was smitten*.

THE FOLLOWING

IS THE

EPITAPH ALLUDED TO,

Written by Mr. L. for his own

Monumental Inscription.

What signifies the greatest wealth,
Or many years of vig'rous health,
What too avails high birth or station,
With all the pleasures in Creation,
When into *dust* the body turns,
And Man's bright lamp no longer burns.
Learn then from Lowndes, who here doth lie,
The *loss* of *life's* scarce worth a *Sigh*,
For weak must he be, and strangely err,
Who does not *Heav'n* to *Earth* prefer.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

A POETICAL EPITAPH

FOR

THE MONUMENT

INTENDED TO BE ERECTED

BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION

TO THE LATE

John Trevanion, Esq.

Who represented Dover in several Parliaments, and, (true to the last) fought under his old Election colours, while there was a Mast *standing, or a bit of* Canvass *remaining to catch the* Fleeting Popular Applause. *In short, as long as there was a breath of Air to waft him into Port.*

Here lies Trevanion, the *Poor Freeman's Friend,*
Whom Dover *oft* to Parliament did send,
Till *poor* himself, and *thereby* thought *unfit*
Their *honest* M. P. in the House to sit,

He was turn'd out, and for no *other fault*
But being deem'd by some not *worth a groat.*
Yet tho' thus *cut*, and when advis'd to *run*,
Kept firing to his Friends the *Signal Gun*;
Till he, their *gallant Captain, last* on *deck*,
Beheld his sinking Ship, a complete wreck,
And waving her proud Flag, (the Sea breast high,)
Sunk in th'Election Storm, *crying out "Liberty."*

MORAL:

Learn hence ye thoughtless, *vain*, and spendthrift youth
From good Trevanion this oft *dear-bought* truth,
You spend Peace, Money, Health, and Time in vain
Sly mercenary Freemen's Votes to gain.
While *they* no *honor* from their *purchas'd voice*
On you *confer*, as you're (at best) *Corruption's choice.*

SENT TO A

MOST CHARMING FRIEND

WITH

An empty Purse.

This purse, a present from a *real* friend,
To you with heartfelt sorrow he does send,
To you, whose fate deserv'd a happier lot,
Than to be yoked with a *brutal Sot*,
To waste your *sweetness* on the *desert air*,
With one, who if a man, is much more like a bear.
But bear not with him, till he drop the brute,
And his *rough* manners to your *mild* ones suit,
Till gentle, gen'rous, he feels your merit,
And you your rights assert with a becoming *spirit*.
Tell him, what's true, the sacrifice you made,
When you, with Hymeneal pomp array'd,

Approach'd the Altar to accept his hand,
Not for his *charms*, but for his *charming* land.
Not by superior worth of heart and head
Nor yet by youthful beauty captive led.
He old, and ugly, at whose hideous sight
Sly cupid try'd t'extinguish Hymen's light,
As ye your mutual vows of love did plight.
Oh that arch *Cupid* had not tried in vain,
Then thou, dear friend, hadst 'scap'd a world of pain,
Yet not in *age* alone *unlike*, but where,
No *common* Sentiment unites the pair.
My charming friend, when women wed for gold,
And like poor beasts are suffer'd to be *sold*,
When girls are driv'n to Hymen's Smithfield mart,
Like *calves* from Essex in a farmer's cart,
How well do some deserve that greatest curse,
A *brutal husband*, and an *empty purse*.
Yet think not, dear Clarissa, I suppose
Thou didst deserve thy dire unheard of woes,
Relentless fate compell'd thy sad decree,
Cruel to thee, more cruel far to me;

For thou twice resolutely answerd'st *No;*
When Hymen wish'd thee to his fane to go,
Twice didst cry out, I will not give my hand
Tho' fate itself the sacrifice command.
But the *third* frantick cry'dst, I must obey,
Bear me curs'd Hymen to your fane away,
No more of *bliss* to taste, from this *detested day.*
Too Too *prophetic* of thy future state,
Thy mind did thence a load of ills await,
But hence these phantoms of a heated brain,
Sufficient to the day the load of real pain,
And with light fingers brush from fancy's wings
Those ills thy dark imagination brings.
From this blest hour on hope's bright pinions fly,
See, see, she wafts her gilded plumes on high,
See see the *rainbow hope* thy mind t'invest
(With gaudiest colours of her plumage drest)
To heav'n has flown, this *bliss* on thee to *rain,*
Roses without a *thorn, pleasures* without a *pain.*

A SHORT CONFAB

BETWEEN

The Poet and Reader.

R.—Who can administer to a mind diseas'd?

P.—I can.

R.—You can.

P.—Yes, I can; read and you'll see how.

The Greek words Eureek, Eureek, *as Doctor Bolus supposes them to be, may be called Dog Greek. The Poet intending by the following Tale to expose only to ridicule the pompous, coxcomical, and superficial Quack, who tries to impose on the ignorant multitude by an affectation of Classical Learning, when perhaps his Medical Education has never gone begond sweeping the Shop, or handling the Pestle and Mortar. Having the highest possible respect for the regular Physician or Surgeon, (as they may justly be called the most learned and liberal body of men in the kingdom,) this apology has been deemed proper and necessary.*

A TALE,

CALLED

ELIZA AND THE CAPTAIN.

Can Goblets of Falernian wine,
The Graces or the Muses nine,
Can mirth's fantastic jocund train
(Job's comforters in mortal pain,)
With all the Æsculapean skill
In powder, draught, or potent pill,
Administer to the mind's disease,
Its agonizing pains t' appease;
When Cupid, with his magic art,
Usurps the empire of the heart,
And for a human sacrifice,
The wounded lover captive lies,

An off'ring at his fair one's shrine,
Like *bulls* presented to the *Pow'rs Divine.*
No, not that greatest blessing, health,
Or the rich Miser's hoard of wealth,
No, not exalted rank or station,
With *all* the *pleasures* in creation,
Can *sooth* the *anguish* of the breast,
If *love* deprive the mind of *rest.*
So felt Eliza; for in vain
Was art applied to ease her pain;
No Doctor, with his cane and wig,
But the *young* Captain in his gig
Was what she wanted: she, poor soul,
True as the needle to the pole,
Had pin'd away by day and night,
For that extatic charming sight.
At length he comes. Who now can trace
The beauties in Eliza's face?
When crimson tints of hectic heat
(At *sound* of her dear Captain's *feet,*)

Had ting'd the cheek with roseate hue,
While to her eye Love's light'ning flew,
And gave soft lustre to impart
The secret transports of the heart.
Lustre, so brilliant, as might vie
With Planets in the starry sky,
Her bosom heaving like the sea,
And throbbing with sweet extacy.
  Four days elaps'd, since these so true
Enjoy'd their happy interview,
The Doctor comes from market town,
Some five or six miles lower down;
He feels her pulse, and shakes his head:
Then, rising from Eliza's bed,
Struts up and down with bloated pride,
Pacing the room from side to side;
Till, bursting forth with big conceit,
Permit me now your hopes to greet,
Says Doctor Bolus to the mother,
Then turning to Eliza's brother,

Young man, says he, as you learn Greek,
You know this word, *Eureek, Eureek.*
So, Archimedes, when his brain
Had ponder'd o'er with racking pain
That famous problem, which at schools
Is called the stumbling block of fools,
(Alias, in classic lore more sly,
The *Highgate Arch, pons asini,*)
Running stark naked from the bath,
By study, lean as any lath,
Exclaim'd *Eureeka,* I this *bout*
Have *found* it *out,* have *found* it *out.*
Yes, says the Doctor, by *my skill,*
My powder, draught, and *potent pill,*
The sweet Eliza, o'er whom death,
(Eager to catch her parting breath,)
Stood threat'ning, O tyrannic foe,
With dart erect to strike the blow,
Lives to repay a mother's cares,
And bless her fond her anxious prayers;

For the *pulse* proves the *crisis* past,
And that *I've conquer'd Death* at last.
You, says the mother, no, I'm sure
'Tis *Captain Dash* perform'd the *cure*;
For, tho' she'd taken all the pills
That e'er were made for human ills,
But for her *tête a tête* with Dash,
My poor dear girl had gone to smash,
And broken, like the potter's clay,
Ne'er seen perhaps this blessed day.
A *tête* a *tête* old Bolus cries
(His voice denoting great surprise)
Then, howe'er *fam'd my skill*, tis plain
You thought your daughter took *in vain*
My draughts to mitigate her pain.
Wherefore *gay Dash* was told to drop
In, from arch Cupid's female shop,
Eliza to present by *stealth*
With his *sweet self* to give her *health*;
Such *magic* a smart Captain brings,
Who comes with *healing* in his *wings*.

MORAL.

Sly corn Doctors, with your plaister
Ready for ev'ry disaster;
Old Nurses, fond of snuff and gin,
With stomachs lin'd with lead or tin;
Van Buchell's, of that race call'd *Quacks*,
Ye horse Doctors, who physic hacks;
Ye Chymists, Druggists, and so forth,
With hungry students from the north,
Learn from this tale, ye try *in vain*,
To *ease* the Virgin's love-sick pain;
For, if fond *love* be the *disease*,
Her dear *alone* can give her *ease*.
As fire cures fire, so love cures love,
A truth too mad dogs* livers prove;
Therefore in future *change* your *plan*,
And, with your physic, give the man.

* In the famous Ormskirk Medicine, given for the bite of a mad dog, the calcined liver of a mad dog is said to be one of the principal ingredients.

"At *Sound* of her dear Captain's *feet*."

To understand the meaning of this line, I will inform those young female readers, who, from their *too recluse* retirement in the Country, have not seen much of the world, and particularly the Military part of it, that the word *sound* refers to the *firm tread* of a cavalry *Officer*, whose *boot heels*, like his *horse's hoofs*, are shod with *iron;* only from the smallness of the semicircular piece of iron or copper, it is in shape and size like an *Ass's shoe* instead of a horse's; not, that I mean to say, cavalry officers have any thing of the *Ass* in their *composition*, except *patience* in *suffering*, a most essential *virtue* in a soldier; but particularly when fighting, as in the last glorious war, pro Aris et Focis.

For fear of *appearing* to encourage *silly love matches* by the above Tale of Eliza and the Captain, I will observe, I do not intend to make young ladies more *imprudent* than they are *naturally* disposed to be; but to make Mother and Daughter, like good husbands and wives, meet *each other* in *love affairs half way*,

by splicing the *romantic love* of the daughter with the sensible and *prudent experience* of the Mother; being thoroughly convinced from forty years knowledge of the world, that there must be *money* on *one side*, and a *tolerable share* of it, to live *comfortably*. In other words, the object of the above Tale, and the preceding verses to Clarissa *(both founded on fact,)* is to enable *rash young* lovers, and their *worldly minded* Parents to *weather* the *storm* of love by steering midway between the *too prudent avarice* of age, and the *high flown sentimental folly* of youth.

Had the above liberal minded, and rational principle been adhered to in *match* making for the last twenty years, how many foolish romantic girls (so *infatuated* by novel reading, as to imagine *Men, Angels*, till *woeful experience, after marriage*, shewed their *lovers* in their *true colours*) would have escaped the *inexpressible miseries* of *wealth* without *love*, and *love* without *wealth*. For when poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window.

STANZAS

Written on the Centinary Commemoration throughout Great Britain, of the glorious Revolution, but particularly alluding to a magnificent Celebration of that event at Chesterfield in Derbyshire.

When Freedom's cause the British breast expands,
  And makes it glow with ardor scarce its own,
Let not the rapt'rous flame forsake those bands,
  Which grac'd the triumph of great Nassau's throne.

What tho' the Clarion's sound no longer's heard,
  Or loud huzzas re-echo through the air,
No flags are seen, or orange zone begir'd
  The tap'ring waist of Britain's peerless fair!

Yet shall imagination paint the day
  In brightest colors that her pow'rs can give;
And ev'ry Britain sincere homage pay
  To the mild Monarch under whom we live.

To George the Third, our virtuous, patriot, King!
  Who loves to see his people happy, free;
For which each grateful muse with truth shall sing,
  For ever may good George, Great Britain's Sov'reign be.

When vain parade, and revelling are o'er,
  Shall ye forget the cause from whence they flow,
Consid'ring that gay festive scene no more,
  Than the mock image of a Lord May'rs show.

If such your childish joy, your French-like taste,
  Pleas'd only with the pageantry of dress;
With Gauls admire th' Imperial crown of paste,
  The mantle, sceptre, royal apishness.

But moral, precepts, which the play conveys,
  T' assist weak minds the snares of vice to shun;
Think these like them, too trivial for your praise,
  Nor let your hearts by ought but pomp be won.

AN ACCOUNT OF MATLOCK BATH,

In Derbyshire,

And the Picturesque Scenery of the Country around it.

Oh! that my pencil could those charms pourtray,
Which Matlock's variegated scenes display;
Where gliding thro' her rich romantic vale
The Derwent circulates her healthful gale,
Gently Meanders by the rocks above
Bathing their feet in token of his love,
Or, dashing, rolls along his murky waves
Thro' thick groves hanging from the cliffs he laves.
Where hills, and vallies, woods, and plains appear
In all those charms, that Nature's fav'rites wear;
The woodlands sloping, and the vallies green,
Bold rocks with here and there a tree between,

Whose roots surprise the wond'ring stranger's eye,
Shooting on spots where earth can scarcely lie,
And such huge crags o'erhang the mountain's base,
(Seeming prepar'd to quit their destin'd place,)
As threat'n to crush whole Townships in their fall,
And in one moment overwhelm them all.
Yet where are seen to climb the cliff's rough steep,
The Shepherd's Boy, and still more daring Sheep,
Browsing 'twixt fragments of misshapen rocks,
A view so frightful as the boldest shocks,
While noisy Jackdaws, rushing from their nest,
Wonder that these should dare disturb their rest;
Where lonely cots adorn the mountain's side
Like those of Gades, Britain's glorious pride,
With but one path the Peasant's steps to guide.
Nor think, O Matlock, I'll forget to praise
Thy min'ral waters, in these humble lays;
That healing spring, which Heav'n has caus'd to flow,
To ease the sad varieties of woe,

To raise the drooping, and dejected Maid,
When fell consumption, seem'd her lungs t'invade,
And hov'ring o'er a dark untimely grave
No med'cine else her precious life could save;
Restor'd to all the pleasing cares of life,
The happy honors of a virtuous wife;
Restor'd her Parents latter years t'assuage,
And rock the cradle of reposing age;
Restor'd a Mother's anxious joys to feel,
And raise up Children to the Common Weal.
What grateful tide the lover's bosom warms,
When now he clasps his Mistress in his arms;
What grateful tide the Parent's heart o'erflows,
When now his Daughter's freed from sick bed woes
None but a Parent or a Lover knows.
O bounteous Heaven, whose goodness to mankind
In nought more plainly than in this we find,
Diseases few our tender frames molest,
With which we are not with the *remède* blest.

On Matlock's spring I'll one more praise bestow,
Myself to it my present spirits owe;
But its great virtues now from few conceal'd,
Will be in time to all the World reveal'd.
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As tho' some magic spell our eyes assail,
There bursts upon them Cromford's stately mills,
Rising majestic midst encircling hills.
Here Nature kindly o'er an Arkwright show'rs
To swell our commerce, the mechanic powers;
Whose wond'rous aid to poor weak manual skill,
With vast conceptions our ideas fill,
With mute submission, teaching us still more
The great Mechanic of this World t'adore.

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Besides how odd it is, that in a place
(Whose various *new neat Chapels* prove *God's grace*,)
Two old small Churches only, for a *Town*
Which at *twelve* thousand Souls is now set down,
Should have so long satisfied the piety
Of such, as not coveting variety,
Are contented with a mild religion
That (instead of stirring up division)
Makes them rest happy with the form of prayers
Transmitted by our Fathers to their Heirs,
And, to the heart appealing, leaves the head
Unmuddled by the jargon it has read,
Of some new Schismaticks, whose Heav'n consists,
In making converts, that their ragged lists
Of lying, canting, hypocritic rogues,
Who have not means to buy a *pair of Brogues*,

May, at some future period, cause a rumpus,
And in one mass of *Jacobinism* lump us.
Adopting Horne Tooke's Revolution toast,
A pull, a strong pull, till the devil's host
By his and their joint strength have toppled down
The firm supporters of the Church and Crown.
After this evil then from many sects,
Whenever Man a conventicle erects,
We nat'rally think of cynical De Foe,
Who, to crush the Sectarists by one *fell blow*,
Thus says "Where *God erects* a *House of Prayer*
The *Devil* is sure to *build* a *Chapel there*.

PROBATIONARY LINES

In Praise of Harmony.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
"To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

'Mid War's alarms, and foul domestic strife,
And the dire conflicts of a toilsome life,
How do Cecilia's soft mellifluous strains
Soothe the keen anguish of our mortal pains.
What healing balsam to a wounded mind
From heav'nly Harmony th' afflicted find.
Who then would not prefer in hours of leisure,
This inexhaustible seraphic treasure,

To the vain joys Ambition's Vot'ries feel,
Or those who covet fickle Fortune's Wheel?
But how much more does this rich store of bliss
Contribute to Man's worldly happiness,
Where mad Election zeal asunder rends
The bonds of social life, and makes staunch Friends
More inimical than the deadliest Foe,
Wild Nettles springing up, where Roses us'd to grow.
Hail then divine heart soothing Harmony,
And, with thy softest sweetest melody,
Tranquilize the happy Sons of Dover
From the rich Merchant to the thoughtless Rover,
Honest Jack Tar, for where has Man on Earth
More reason to be grateful for his birth
Than charming Dover's independent Race,
Since here kind Nature has with bounteous grace
So lavished its beauties, that this theme
Of wond'rous praise transcends the Poet's dream.
Yes, thy grand Castle and romantic Heights
Outvie in Picturesque the boldest flights

Of magic Fancy's brightest Sons, save him,
Who maketh the most brilliant Stars look dim
In Lit'rature's bespangled Hemisphere,
Briton's immortal Bard, sweet heav'nly Shakspeare.

N. B. "Wild Nettles springing up, where Roses us'd to grow," is a line alluding to the untenanted Houses in Borough Towns that send Members to Parliament, the quondam occupiers of which have been turned out of their Tenements, because, instead of submitting to the tyrannical mandate of their oppressive Landlord, they honestly voted according to their conscience.

THE LAWYER & THE PEDLAR,

Or, the Retort Courteous.

Oh what a bit, a Lawyer bit,
A Lawyer, say you, oh the Devil!

While a Pedlar was trav'ling along the high road,
An Attorney was riding to his snug abode;
When sly Qui Tam's desire to be handling the pelf,
Made him turn an Informer from—love to himself.
Says this Jew Attorney to our Man of the Pack,
What have you, old Sawney, strap'd down on your back?
Muckle goods, says the Man, I have here to sell,
Silks, linens, and cloths, from a Yard to an Ell.
An Ell, replies Red Tape, dear me, how I quake!
But I'm not the *first Lawyer* whom *Hell* has made shake.
I've also, says the Pedlar, at sixpence per pair,
Good braces to sell, if such cheap things you wear.

Cheap braces do you say, and a pair for sixpence,
Tho' Attornies *chage high*, by my troth we've more sense
Than to spurn a cheap thing, but where is your licence?
The money being paid, which was all he desir'd,
For with a thirst for revenge the Pedlar was fir'd,
Sawney, seeing his aim, said hesitatingly, yes,
And shew'd him the licence, when Qui Tam cried, a miss.
All is right, I now see, so old friend of the Pack,
For *half* price you may take your *new* Braces back:
For three pence, says the Scot; why that's cent. per cent.,
Good int'rest for braces for five minutes lent;
Your offer I take, so count o'er your halfpence,
And for once own a Lawyer deficient in sense.
But that such Jew Informers may rue this sad day,
Know from me Mr. Blue-bag much more shalt thou pay,
For 'ere to-morrow's proud sun doth set in the west,
My lucky hit grown a blot, shall make thee a jest;
When rogues, too, turn Pedlars, 'tis good for the trade,
That to pay for their footing they quickly be made.

So sly Pedlar Lawyer, pray please to remember,
The fine you must pay before next November
Will be more nor less, than the same thou didst wish
From Sawny Barebones' poor back, to garnish thy dish;
For without Licence having the braces re-sold,
Like a wolf thou art caught in the Pedlar's sheep-fold,
Yes, in that very trap, where, thou miserly elf,
Didst hope to catch me, thou hast caught thy dear self,
While the King and old Sawney by claiming the prize,
Prove some *Lawyers*, like *Clients*, are not *over wise!*

Blackheath, Sep. 7, 1822.

N. B. The penalty for selling goods without a Hawker's Licence is ten pounds, half of which goes to the King, or, in other words, to the Country, and half to the Informer.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Were written almost instantaneously *on reading the account in Yesterday's Paper to which the Verses allude, being made by* THOMAS LOWNDES, ESQ. *more from the sudden indignant impulse of true Patriotism, than a Poetic inspiration.*

Fam'd Bolivar farewell, for now I see
Another *Iturbide* rise up in thee.
Wherefore the Partizans of *Oliver*
No more shall own thee, Traitor Bolivar,
If *true* the story, that at a great feast
To honor thee, their once illustrious Guest,
A Spaniard rose, and with a treach'rous glass
This toast propos'd, while thou a *stupid Ass*

Quietly didst sit, tho' in it was combin'd
Thine, and thy Country's fate together join'd.
"Here's a health to Bolivar, and may *he*
The *New Republic's future Emp'ror be*,
If, from Republicans we change our note,
And for a *Monarchy* hereafter *vote*."
Till proud *Paris rose* with *blood* and thunder,
(Tho' had *not Paris risen*, had been the *wonder*,)
To crush this ill-tim'd toast, and thus did swear
An oath, which made their fav'rite Gen'ral stare.
"May Bolivar's heart's blood, as in this glass
The gen'rous wine, that to my mouth doth pass,
Flow in a torrent by my *patriot steel*,
If he *turn Traitor* to the Public Weal,
For this by Heav'n I vow, with zeal most hearty,
Never shall Paris see, a second Bonaparte."

N. B. Oliver of course means Oliver Cromwell.

As the above toast was given at a feast, (where most probably Bolivar was eating away as furiously

as he fights,) the two following lines may be well applied to him for remaining *silent* while a toast was drinking, that branded him with being a *Traitor*, by the old proverb, "*Silence gives consent.*"

Henceforth *Cramwell*, not *Cromwell* be thy *name*,
Let this be known to thy *eternal shame*.

With poetic license I have put Senor Paris's glass to his mouth, and a dagger in his hand, to have a better Stage effect.

Dover, April 25, 1825.

VERSES

On the late Reduction of the Malt Tax.

It were better, says Jones, had the tax upon Salt
Been reduc'd in this House, than the one upon Malt.
But had Salt been reduc'd, opposition had said,
We propose that for Salt the word Malt shall be read.
I therefore aver 'twill be best for the nation,
If both be reduc'd, to prevent botheration;
But let Government first to the lawful heirs pay,
In honor or cash as seems to them the best way,
The seventy year's debt due on Lowndes's Bay Salt,
For, if they dont pay in *Meal*, they should pay in *Malt*.

LINES

Sent with a present of a Brooch to a Tradesman's Motherless *and* giddy *Daughter, who was fond of* flirting *with* Officers.

That you a Fathers' judgment may respect,
Nor his wise precepts foolishly reject,
This Brooch accept, on which you'll see emboss'd
How one young mad adventurer was lost.
Poor Phæton, a rash aspiring Youth,
Like many, heedless of the voice of truth,
Madly would guide the Chariot of the Sun,
But soon alas! his mortal race was run.
For his proud Coursers, snorting flakes of fire,
With golden manes and crests of burning ire,

Contemptuous dash'd him down with headlong force,
In the true spirit of a heav'n born Horse;
His fate t' avoid, may you not soar too high,
And on ambition's plumes attempt to fly,
Least, like the Son of Dædalus, you feel
The bold cement, that joins your wings of Steel,
Melting like wax before Apollo's rays,
Your lofty love dissolve in one consuming blaze.

Extract from a Manuscript Poem of Mr. L's. and here printed, to shew the likeness *of the late Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart. to Addison's character of Sir Roger de Coverley.*

"Yes, good Miss Prim, and if ourselves we view,
We shall all find we've got our foibles too.
I well remember, when a Boy at school,
I was sometimes so difficult to rule,
So very wicked in a harmless way,
And always running from my book to play,
My Master, when his precepts he'd infuse,
His best birch rod was oft obliged to use.
Thus does Sir Henry try by some such tale,
(Should sharp detraction's envious tongue assail)
The shafts of ridicule to turn aside,
And 'gainst himself the laugh of triumph guide,

Pleads for the absent and the present aids
To ward the rumours of old croaking maids,
Or, like the Psylli, if the wound be given,
Sucks out the *poison* where the *shaft* was *driven*.
Preserving characters, when scandal's bite,
Wishes all parts to hurt, both wrong and right,
Would others follow'd this good natur'd plan,
Or did not only human foibles scan.
Then Ostentatio, with high swollen crest,
Would cease to turn his neighbours into jest,
And this I'm sure, if he'd but look at home,
He ne'er abroad for meanness need to roam.
There might he see, at least most others can,
A pompous, artful, vain, and empty Man,
One, who with *openness* can *art* combine,
And seldom acts or speaks but from design,
Whose board so festive few Men ever saw,
But amply paid their *dinner's cost* in *law*."

THREE POETICAL MOTTO'S

To Three of Mr. L's. Printed Pamphlets.—Motto to that addressed to Messrs. Coke, Curwan, & Co.

Cobbett's way to pay debts in Liberty Hall,
By robbing of *Peter* to bolster up *Paul,*
While Merchants and Stockholders going to pot,
Like *soft* Norfolk dumplings are dished up hot,
Shews Jacobin justice, pride, folly, and wrath,
And that too many *Cooks* will spoil the *best broth.*

Ditto to the Two Letters addressed to the Morning Chronicle and Times.

When *Fools* attack, how easy for a Man
To turn the Tables, and reverse their Plan,
Whilst he, like Shuttlecocks, with quick rebound,
His disappointed Foes turns round and round,
Till sick and tir'd they inwardly declare,
Henceforth for other Game we'll set our Snare.

Ditto to the Letter addressed to Joseph Hume, M. P.

For my own drinking, I care not a pin
For Porter or Whiskey, Claret or Gin;
Not thus patriot Hume, who most nobly cries,
(At which I ope wide my wonderstruck eyes,)
"Give me Caledonian cheap smuggled Whiskey,
"It makes mine auld Scotch hairt so muckle frisky."

A DIALOGUE

Between a Modern Whig and a Modern Tory.

Says a Whig to a Tory, tho' in these strange times,
To be *Independent's* the *greatest* of *crimes*,
Why should you and I think so ill of each other,
Who ought to be *friendly*, as Brother to Brother?
For this plainest of reasons the Tory replies,
We to *truth* adhere only, your *Party* to *lies*,

It being apparent, since the grand union made
With the Jacobin faction, your *honesty's laid*;
Yes, buried as deep in this *new Hell* on Earth,
As chaos in *darkness* 'ere the World had its birth;
Therefore to recover your proud pristine glory,
Let a Whig be a Whig, as a Tory's a Tory.
For your most staunch friends have said the *dark bottle green*
Is a colour 'twere better some Whigs had ne'er seen.
Return then in time to a more *aristocrat* hue,
Whether honest pea green, or Foxite true blue.
Besides, if you think that the Jacobin rabble,
With their false palaver, and Radical gabble,
Your Party can strengthen, you lean on a sharp reed,
That's a Thorn in the side, and will make your heart bleed.
I also much doubt, if with Brougham's elocution,
Should this new *Firm* produce a new *Revolution*,
Himself or the *Whigs* will get *ought* by the *change*,
Whatever fine Plans they may help to *arrange*.
For Cobbett, Hone, Hunt, with wicked Carlisle and Co.
Like French sham patriots *reaping* what *others* did sow,

Would illustrate the fable to *Lawyers* well *known*,
And that Providence lately to *warn* us has shewn,
By *swallowing* the *Oyster*, for which we *dispute*,
And *deserting* the Tree, when they've *gather'd* the *Fruit*.

Perhaps the most glaring inconsistency that ever was seen in Political History, was the absurd admiration of some of the violent Whigs to the greatest Tyrant that ever existed; for Caligula or Nero compared to Bonaparté as a Tyrant, is like placing a farthing rushlight by a blazing torch. Yet, from the sole desire of turning out Ministers, and succeeding to their places, the bottle green Whigs advocated the cause of Boney, *alias* Slavery, from the beginning to the end of the chapter, not changing as he changed, but like a fixed Star, immoveable. Whether he poisoned his Prisoners at Jaffa, and shot his Troops there, or governed his good People at Paris with a rod of iron, or the sword of Justice; whether he imitated a Washington in moderation, or Nadir Shaw in cruelty, was a Republican Consul, or a high flying Emperor being all alike to them. For as a Tallow Chandler from his stinking Business is said to loose the power of *smelling*, the spleen and resentment of the Jacobin Whigs against the Pittites so completely hoodwinked their judgment, that they lost the power of distinguishing Liberty from Slavery, Purity from Corruption, or Virtue from Vice.

VERSES

Addressed to the Illustrious Prince Regent,

By a humble Admirer of those enlightened and energetic Councils, that rescued *Europe from the* Fangs *of* Despotism, *the Prince himself being the* chief *brilliant adviser of those* firm *and* decisive *Measures.*

Health to the Prince, Britannia's fav'rite Son,
Who nobly finish'd what great Pitt begun;
Th' immortal Regent of fair Freedom's Isles,
Who *spurn'd* to *truckle* to the *Tyrant's wiles,*
And with rebound proportion'd to the weight,
Elastic sprung to Glory's proudest height;
Majestic rising, like the God of day,
When on the mountain's top he kens the way

To some lost Traveller, o'ercome with toil,
That sinks succumbent on the clay-cold soil.
Hail to thy princely form, thy hallow'd name!
For high enrolled on the lists of Fame;
When *Lying Jacobins,** to *vent* their *rage,*
Shall strive to stain thy bright historic page,
Her trump's loud blast great *Wellington* shall sound,
Till Earth re-echoes with a mighty bound.
While vict'ry, 'mid th' effulgent blaze of light,
That rescu'd Europe from the shades of night,
Shines with mild lustre, like the Milky Way,
Wrapping thy councils in *a flood of day.*
And meek-ey'd Mercy, with a trembling hand!
Holding the records of our happy land,

---

* By the term Jacobin, I mean a disciple of Beelzebub, one who had rather reign in Hell than serve in Heaven, and consequently would be discontented with a Government of Angels.

Points to the Felon's black and num'rous scroll,
To mark the *goodness* of the Regent's *soul*:
Till soften'd by the fine seraphic beams
Of heav'nly light, that round his errors gleams,
Sweet *Gratitude* distills a *tear divine*,
To blot out ev'ry stain from Brunswick's Royal Line.

A NOTE to PAGE 160.

In the commendation of Mr. Maule in the Verses on the two Dover Churches, no reflection was intended by Mr. L. to the discredit of *Mr. Dayman*, who officiates at St. James's, he being also a good and *enlightened* Preacher.

W. Bonython, Printer, Dover.

TWO LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO THE

MORNING CHRONICLE & TIMES,

BEING INTENDED FOR INSERTION IN THOSE PAPERS,
BUT NOW PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC IN
A MORE INDEPENDENT MANNER.

When fools attack, how easy for a man
To turn the tables and reverse their plan;
Whilst he, like shuttle-cocks, with quick rebound,
His disappointed foes turns round and round:
Till, sick and tir'd, they inwardly declare,
Henceforth for other game we'll set our snare.

Tempora mutantur.

ALSO THREE OTHER LETTERS;

AND

SOME EXTRACTS FROM CLARENDON'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION,

CONCERNING

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

BY THOMAS LOWNDES, Esq.

OF BLACKHEATH AND HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1822.

London: Printed by C. Reworth,
Bell-Yard, Temple-Bar.

PREFACE

It was my intention to publish the two following Letters in the Chronicle and Times, (as the language of them will show,) and which language I thought best not to alter when I gave up the expectation of seeing them printed in any of the daily papers. But, on mature deliberation, I have been deterred from that plan by the mortifying reflection, that I should see both of them garbled and made nonsense of, to serve party or factious purposes, or to gratify individual malignity, even if any public journals were so *independent* as to insert them, saving and except the Morning Post, and there, from the pressure of public business, they could not be inserted for some time. I therefore (apologising to the respectable short-hand writers, forming by far the most numerous class of Reporters, for my *severe* but natural remarks on the Jacobin part of them) made up my mind to print the two Letters, addressed to the Chronicle and Times, with extracts from Clarendon's Rebellion, at my own expense. For, *Qui cito dat, bis dat*, is a Latin adage, alike ap-

plicable to *giving* a *good dressing*, or to a gift of a more agreeable nature. Whether what I have done has been done *well*, is another question, of which the public are the best judges. But this I must crave leave to observe, that if I had not thought, in serving myself I served the public, (particularly after Mr. Martin's proper indignation at some of the Jacobin London newspapers, and his cutting rebuke,) I should have passed over their late and frequent previous attempts to turn me into ridicule with my usual *silent contempt*. Since I spoke to Mr. Perry, I must do the Morning Chronicle the justice to say it has very honourably kept the promise he made before my friend, Mr. Fuller, whom I took with me, that his paper should not again *manufacture nonsense* for me, alluding to a paragraph of what I never said at the India House, equally disgraceful to myself and to his paper, namely, "if bishops were sent to India, that, by God, all ideas of religion were at an end." In consequence of this paragraph, and other interpolations foisted into the old and New Times, but not so bad, my late father requested I would give up speaking at the India House. Therefore, to the *nonsense* of newspaper reporters, manufactured and put by them in my mouth, to make me appear ridiculous, was, I verily believe, in part owing the extraordinary and unnatural Will he made, disinheriting me, his only Son. For a rich

old man will always have hangers-on ready to take advantage of every opportunity to *feed* his prejudices against his Heir at Law, that, instead of dying intestate, he may be tempted to make his Will in a splenetic moment of parental indignation, and think of them while he is making it. But, had Mr. Perry been living, I am convinced, from the great regret he very properly expressed at the time I called upon him in consequence of the paragraph abovementioned, he would, like all other papers, except the Times, the Courier, and the Morning Herald, have erased my lapsus linguæ from his paper, because, though he had only promised that what I had *not* said should *not* be inserted, he would have deemed it very *unfair* to *excite* the *public laughter* for an *error of speech corrected* as soon as *uttered.*

TWO LETTERS,

&c. &c.

EXTRACT from THE TIMES *Paper of Tuesday, July 23d, exactly as it is printed in that Paper.*

"IT will be seen by our Parliamentary Report, that an abuse which has prevailed to a shameful extent in Ireland, and which, like some other peculiarities of Irish administration, has been lately imported into this country, was last night noticed and exposed in the House of Commons. The abuse to which we allude is that of sending Government Advertisements for insertion in Papers of very limited circulation and excluding them from others which, being more generally read, are capable of spreading more widely the information required to be communicated; thus converting the Public Money into a source of corrupt patronage, instead of employing it to promote the public interest. If Ministers, however, are thus prodigal of the national purse, they have at least this plea, that

they disinterestedly lavish it upon those who are least capable of promoting their views, of defending their measures, or extending their popularity. To prove this, we need do no more than refer to some of the papers mentioned in the report as the chief objects of their bounty."

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle, &c.

SIRS,

Seeing in your East India House Report of the Proceedings of Wednesday last you were so kind to *me*, as to inform the public, Mr. Lowndes *heard* with his *eyes*, I naturally suppose you will have the candour to enclose, for the benefit of the Public, an extract from THE TIMES Paper of to-day, only substituting the *abuse* alluded to by *Mr. Martin*, instead of that Journal's *allusion* to the Irish Newspapers, and which I hope will convince you, that for abuse in newspapers as well as blunders, we need not cross over to the quondam Land of Potatoes.

Extract from THE TIMES *of to-day, as paraphrased by me.*

It will be seen by our Parliamentary Report, that an abuse, which prevailed for many years in France to a shameful extent, while the Jacobins

were in power, and which, like some other peculiarities of the French Revolution, where Freedom consisted in abusing every one who differed from them in opinion on the subject of Liberty, has been of late years imported into this country, was last night noticed in the Gallery of the House of Commons by Mr. Martin. The abuse, to which we allude, is that of misrepresenting the speeches of Loyal and Independent Men, and not unfrequently putting words into their mouths which they never uttered, for the purpose of making them appear ridiculous, and of stultifying thereby any public observations they chance to make, which may cut up and render abortive our favourite political but absurd theory of liberty and equality, alias annual parliaments and universal suffrage, or any rash assertions we may make, like the number of killed and wounded in the Manchester massacre, and which from our paper being more generally read, is capable of spreading more widely the information required to be communicated; thus converting the talent and popularity of our journal into a source of corrupt patronage, by feeding and protecting the errors of the populace, instead of employing it to promote the public interest. If The Times Paper however be thus prodigal of its political spleen and Jacobin enthusiasm, it has at least this plea, that it selfishly lavishes its encomiums upon those who are most

capable of promoting its views, of defending its faults, or extending its popularity. To prove this, we need do no more than refer to some of those *Radical Patriots* eulogized in our paper, on whom alone THE TIMES reporters lavish their praises, as if these, and these only, were the chief objects of their bounty.

You will also, I hope, have the impartiality, with the above paraphrase, to insert the following letter to the Times Editor and Co.; for when I am by a *lapsus linguæ*, very *different* from a *deliberate assertion*, made the object of laughter by the two leading papers of administration and opposition, the Courier and the Chronicle, (a proof of my political *independence,)* you cannot do otherwise than insert it, if you wish your paper to be respected by its sacred regard for truth and consistency; though, at the same time, I cannot help observing it was no small degree of regret and surprize to me, who am a warm advocate for Whig and Tory opposition, (when it is confined to *measures* instead of men,) to find, on comparing your two reports of the India House proceedings of Wednesday last, that your account and the Courier's agreed, word for word, and which I believe was not the case with any other *two* papers. Thus apparently confirming a prevailing idea that, though the Courier and Chronicle

can sometimes abuse each other like pickpockets, the principals often eat from the same dish, and, (hail, fellow, well met!) crack a bottle together, after they have mutually cracked their jokes at the expense of each other's political friends, singing (as may be supposed from the above conduct)

How happy should I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away,
As I care a *baubee* for neither
Provided I *finger* the *pay*.
Wae wants me?
Wae wants me?

I am, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

Blackheath,
July 23d, 1822.

The following Letter is addressed to the Editor and Co. of the Times newspaper, containing *a Roland for their—Oliver*, and requesting them to inform the Public how old Louis the Fourteenth was in 1625, when his daughter married Charles the First, and what age he was in 1706, when, to save the French capital from the triumphant entry of Marlborough and the Allies, he made peace with the Tories, who had just succeeded the Whigs. For the above marriage see the Catholic Debates in the old Times paper one little month since, namely, June 22d, 1822. Louis the Fourteenth died September 1st, 1715, and therefore, to have a daughter married so *young* even as *eighteen*, must have been (supposing him twenty-one when he married) 130 years of age!

SIRS;

As this Letter contains an incredible historical blunder of yours in the Times paper on the day above stated, I take leave to trouble you with it, by way of a set-off for the high honour you, Mr. Editor and Co. of the old Times, have done me in your paper of to-day, by mentioning a hasty expression of mine in Leadenhall Street,

where frequently (as many stupid writers for the Jacobin newspapers can inform us, and as the name indicates) *Bœotian clouds hover o'er the head.* In which singular and unusual mode of expression I also plead guilty of having there jumbled two ideas into one, though certain it is, as the Proprietors were hurrying out of the room, (the East India Court being over,) I could not have conveyed those two ideas in any other way *equally brief*—at least so that the retiring company might instantaneously know I not only heard of many tea-dealers having raised the price of their tea 1*s*. per lb., but that I had also seen it so raised. To show, too, the justice of my observation respecting the advantage taken by some tea-dealers on the London rumour of a quarrel with China, several gentlemen at the India House acknowledged the price of tea had been raised by the shopkeeper; and by way of making me convinced it was only according to the custom of trade, they very naturally said, " And if you had been a tea-dealer, Mr. Lowndes, would not you have done the same thing?" Only therefore insert after I heard it, " and saw it too" with my own eyes, and then the cause of laughter is at an end. From what I have just said, it is also evident that it was quite enough for Mr. Twining to *answer* for *his own* house; at the same time, to show the artful way in which some London tea-dealers raised

the price of their tea upon the fracas with China, and its supposed consequences, it may not be useless to the Public to mention what several persons have told me, that some shops (instead of raising the price) gave an inferior article—a most ingenious method of charging *more* for their tea without *appearing to do so;* and the latter circumstance might occasion Mr. Twining's assertion, that the price of tea had not been raised, the great scale of business and long established connections and character of Twining and Sons setting them above such a *Jewish fraud.*

So much for T; and now, in return for your wishing to excite the public laugh against me, we will see whether you are always perfect in your P's and Q's. But first let me recommend that my expression of "*hearing* with my *eyes*" (which I have candidly said I did make use of on the occasion you mention, because, for once, in speaking of me, you have stuck entirely to fact) may sink deep in your memory; and would to Heaven, Mr. Times Editor, yourself and Co. had upon *some occasions* heard with your own *eyes,* and seen with your own *ears,* instead of *seeing* with *other people's eyes,* and *hearing* with *other* people's ears, as we should not in that case, perhaps, have seen so much *wilful blindness,* and the upper and lower orders of the British empire so long set by the *ears.* However, gentlemen, as I always wish to

act honestly, and have been long in your debt for little Jacobinical attempts to raise the *public laugh* against me, I will, in this Letter, not only pay you the debt in *principal*, and with principle, by not saying more than I can prove, but will pay you with simple and compound interest; for, if one simple fact which I shall now state, don't excite *secret smiles*, as well as *public laughter*, against the old Times paper through all Europe, if it still circulate *so widely*, I know nothing of mankind, with all my late various advantages, from family circumstances, of fathoming and sifting the *human heart*. Let me tell you too, any person who, in these times of agricultural distress, can raise a laugh at the Times, has gone a considerable way towards making the landholders and farmers bear their late losses with manly fortitude and quaker-like patience, by putting some of them into good *humour with the Times*. Know also, though no one can detest the present political principles of this paper more than I do, I still continue to take your daily journal, which ought to convince you how little I care for all your misrepresentation, or for the apparent wish of your own and a few other papers to make *nonsense* of every thing I say in public, merely because I am an Anti-Jacobin; and know too, I take your journal from the best of all motives, namely,

that, in my humble opinion, there is, generally speaking, a fuller and more impartial account of the Parliamentary Debates in it than in most other newspapers; and being not only an independent and loyal man, but thinking for myself, I have no fear of being tainted with the Jacobin poison for which the old Times has lately, whether justly or not I leave the Public to judge, been *singularly distinguished.* It is also very fortunate for me that I do daily take it in, since, to convince you of my sovereign contempt for all those who seize such an unfair advantage as the hurry of the press or hurry of speech afford, I never noticed, through the medium of the numerous publications, (for and against the administration,) one of the greatest literary blunders in the Times (considering when and where it happened) that ever was seen in any newspaper, and particularly a paper self-styled the Journal of Europe. Yes, I never noticed it, even though the day it was published I said to a friend of mine, as soon as I had glanced my eye over the paragraph, "Here's a fine nut for John Bull to crack, not a Spanish nut, but a French one, and we shall see the critique upon it not only in my next Sunday's John Bull, but (being as big as a cocoa-nut) we may expect to see it in different shapes for many successive Sundays." You must therefore excuse me, Mr. Editor and Co., if, for

your politeness in the great Port of London, by occasionally giving your own account of the *Articles* imported by me to the India House and other Political Meetings, (adding them to your cargo of wit and Jacobin spleen in ridicule of loyalty and independence,) I send you to *Liverpool;* for if you turn back to the Earl of Liverpool's able Speech, June the 22d, 1822, on the second reading of the Catholic Bill, you will see the foregoing almost incredible blunder in a paragraph of your own paper. "No event could be more unfortunate for the kingdom than the marriage of Charles the First with the *daughter* of *Louis the Fourteenth;* he mentioned this circumstance to show that the question of the connection between Church and State had never been fairly examined." Perhaps, Mr. Editor and Co., when you read this, you may wish you had taken the trouble of *examining* your paper, and had looked into the Times more *minutely,* bad as they are. Since, considering how long that Journal was devoted to the Bourbons, (and for which great and patriotic services you have my grateful thanks,) it is utterly impossible many of you belonging to the Times paper, should be ignorant, that, unfortunately for Great Britain, the poor persecuted Charles the First married the daughter of Henri Quatre, commonly denominated Henri le Grand. And, as this Catholic

Princess was an artful high-spirited dame, who governed an excellent husband, that, from his many good qualities, deserved a milder fate than to be *murdered*, even with all his faults, and by riveting on him those ideas of arbitrary power in which both had been *nurtured*, endeavoured to make him a Grand French Monarque on English protestant ground, I cordially agree with Lord Liverpool, that no event could have been more unfortunate for the kingdom than the marriage of Charles the First with Henrietta, daughter of the French King Henry the Fourth, even though he were a good King, as his daughter was a zealous catholic, and (which has sometimes happened to other princesses,) did not, with his spirit, inherit all her father's *virtues*. But, unlike my expression of *hearing* with my *eyes*, and which has been such a happy source of ridicule to your newspaper, that you thought fit (in order to make room for the laughter against me) to *leave out the Vote of Thanks* unanimously given by the Court of Proprietors to the Court of Directors, (moved by Mr. Tucker and *seconded* by me,) for the able manner in which the long running account for near thirty years, between the Government and the Company, was brought to a happy conclusion by the payment of one million three hundred thousand pounds, &c. this historical blunder of Charles the First's marriage is of such magnitude and

national importance, that I can say, without hesitation, had his Lordship really committed the error alluded to, a thing totally impossible for him to do, unless as a mere lapsus linguæ, (and then it would have been instantaneously corrected,) certain people, who shall be nameless, would have made it the foundation-stone of a parliamentary impeachment against the noble Earl, to prove Lord Liverpool's total incapacity, after such an historical blunder, from *lack* of *talent*, to continue at the head of our able and brilliant Administration, the prime mover of its councils, the arbiter of its deliberations, and a representative of the King.

When therefore you again touch me up in your paper, do, Mr. Editor and Co. consider the Times, —consider also, that if you play at bowls you must expect rubbers, a Roland for *your Oliver;* consider too, that man is prone to err, as the sparks fly upwards, and that only the Pope and the *Jacobins* are *infallible*, saving and *except* when Charles the First is married to the daughter of Louis the Fourteenth; and Mr. Lowndes knows so little of architecture as to call Joseph Hume a *Corinthian pillar*, for, considering Hume's line of politics, and that, like myself, he is a plain *spoken man*, if not a plain man, he can belong to no other order but the plainest—the *Doric*. I therefore did not call Mr. Jackson *another* Corinthian pillar, but

the *India House* Corinthian pillar, as opposed to *Hume*. Though, when your paper advocated the cause of the Bourbons, the Times and its very able Editor might (in Mr. Burke's figurative language) very properly be called the European *Corinthian pillar;* and particularly happy should I be to see your *good old Times return*, did not every day prove, by the cheapness of provisions, a metallic currency, increased trade and commerce, and the great circulation of a loyal Fleet-street paper, that the *New Times* and the *good* old Times are almost the *same*, or at least every year are becoming *more* and *more* alike.

I am, yours, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

P. S. I have been told by a knowing one, the reason of my being touched up in some public papers is not from the loyalty and independence of my politics, but my *aversion* to *bribery*, none of these gentlemen having ever touched my *money;* so much for commendation of individual wit, talent, and eloquence *in* Parliament and *out* of it. My answer was—

> If to get wisdom thus be now the *fashion*,
> I'll not *so* buy it, but let them dash on.

The Morning Herald may look at their own blunders, (instead of putting Mr. Lowndes heard with his own eyes, in large italics,) for this learned paper says, *Charles the First married Louis the Thirteenth's daughter;* which, considering the high respectability of that journal, and the large sums given for foreign and domestic information, is very surprizing. Some public speech Reporters seem to think, because reports are often lies, that they must also frequently be liars.

I have said less of the Morning Herald than the other newspapers, though, having (besides frequent previous attempts to turn me into ridicule) put this *mighty blunder* of hearing with my eyes in *large italics,* it deserves a more severe retaliation, because, shining like the daw with borrowed feathers, by being in the daily habit of copying from other journals, the paragraph alluded to can fairly be considered only a *spiteful plagiarism.*

We shall not be surprized if the Reporters of the four papers mentioned in this little publication, from converting a mole-hill into a mountain, by supposing my English bull a mistake of such *vast consequence,* and *making such a noise* about it, are in future distinguished from their fraternity by the appellation of the *India House See Gulls.*

To show that the same evil genius of Jacobinism darkens my political path, whether I speak in the open air or within doors, I have added a Letter addressed to the Surrey Freeholders, and also two other Letters on the subject of Porter, to prove my zeal for the poorer orders of both sexes.

THE LATE SURREY MEETING.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Blackheath, Feb. 6, 1822.

SIR,

THE unjust and illiberal treatment I met with at Epsom at the late Surrey County Meeting of the Freeholders, Copyholders, and Farmers, has occasioned my troubling you with the present Letter. But before I proceed any farther, it will perhaps be proper to observe, that though this County *Meeting* was for the very useful and humane purpose of considering the most effectual method to relieve the present Agricultural Distress, yet, to the great surprise and disappointment of the major part of the Surrey Landed In-

terest then assembled, this distress in the wide field of Parliamentary Reform (though Reform was a subject not mentioned in the advertisement) was soon lost sight of, and as completely forgotten as if it had never been thought of; such is the fascinating charm of that Jacobin cordial or patriotic *eau de dix millions fleurs*, a full representation of the people, alias annual parliaments and universal suffrage, but which I always call, as I consider this sort of representation a *perpetual* blister upon the *head* of the body politic, *universal suffering*. By what right in the great code of human nature (commonly called the rights of man), the Radicals thought fit to deprive me of the distinguishing faculty of man, the *power of speech*, is another question; though perfectly consistent with their own favourite idea that every thing *they* and their co-partners do is *right*, every thing that *others* do is *wrong*. But what makes the conduct of these orators of the human race, those proud despotic Sovereigns of the People, the more impudent and ridiculous, arises from the reflection, that *many* of these Jacobin interlopers (who *prevented* me, a *Freeholder*, from speaking at my own County Meeting, well knowing my political sentiments to be diametrically opposite to theirs) were not only *without* an inch of *land*, either in that county, or any other, but were not even *Inhabitants* of the *county of Surrey*, con-

sequently could not, on that account, have even the shadow of a right to stop the mouth of a Surrey Landholder, and prevent him from delivering his sentiments, as free from interruption as their own partizans. When we consider, too, the uproar and senseless clamour that was raised at the time certain bills were passed in Parliament, (nick-named gagging bills by these Epsom champions of the rights of man,) who can help laughing at the inconsistency of such patriots, who are so fond of liberty and prize it so highly, that they avariciously want to keep this treasure for their own *use only*, occasionally turning it out like a *bag fox* for the amusement of *themselves* and their *friends?* and who can wonder that *modern patriotism*, as BRUTUS said of *public virtue*, is an *empty name?* Though that it may long continue such, is my fervent prayer: as I would certainly much rather have *empty* patriotism than see the *vacuum filled up* by every *species* of *assassination*, and *public* and *private plunder;* for whoever imagines a revolution here would be a *mild despotism*, unsullied by those horrid scenes that for many years made France the dread and terror of all Europe, knows very little of the present degraded state of the British character, or of human nature, and has little profited by that experience during the last two years which must have opened the eyes of all but *those* who will not *see*, *hear*, or *think;* it being properly

observed, none are so *blind* as those who *won't see.* May this deterioration of the British character among the lower orders of people serve as a *warning* to the *Whigs* not to irritate the minds of the people too much against the present Administration, for fear it may produce an *impatience* of all *restraint*, and, like the galled horse, render them incapable of going in harness under any species of government, thereby producing all the horrors and devastation of *licentious anarchy.* But to proceed with the unjust and illiberal conduct of the Epsom patriots, when I inform you, that without putting into practice one of the usual Jacobin stratagems *(an artful lie)*, which from my name had some appearance of probability, they would not, even with all their senseless clamour, have prevented me from being heard, for I was damned with the whistling of a name by a blackguard in the crowd calling out, " Never mind what *Lowndes* says, who lives on the public taxes, upon which he and his family have fattened for the last century;" you will, I am convinced, think the charge I make against some of the Jacobin Whigs not only *natural* but justifiable, and particularly when you are told that not one of those zealous advocates for the rights of man had the candour to step forward and request I might exercise my legitimate rights as a freeholder, though they and their political partizans can talk so *eloquently* on the liberty of speech, and the

liberty of the press, when their own particular *friends* and *allies* are to profit by it. For mark, in all their writings and speeches for some years past, (strange to say) very little jealousy or interest for the liberty of the subject has been expressed or manifested by these patriotic champions of the public good, saving and except when the licentiousness of Jacobin vice and folly was going to be laid under a *proper* and *wholesome* restraint. Now instead of me or my family living on the public taxes, the public have for the last seventy years been living in a small degree upon us; and neither they nor I have directly or indirectly received one half-penny of the public money, unless these blind accusers

(———— who can with ease
Twist words and meanings as they please)

call the fundholders persons who live upon the public taxes. What then must the low blackguard Jacobins say?—for it is this description of ignorant, prejudiced, and self-conceited gentry that are so fond of levelling their satire at me, when I tell those obstinate fools, and their club-penny newspaper writers, and journeymen orators, that the British government (as I can satisfactorily prove from family documents) owes Mrs. Drax Grosvenor, of Charbro' Park, Dorsetshire, William Churchill, of Henbury, of the same county, and myself, three of the nearest lawful heirs to

Thomas Lowndes, the inventor of the Bay Salt, called *Lowndes's Bay Salt*, no less a sum than 120,000*l.* reckoning the same at only three per cent. compound interest, without taking into consideration the immense advantages arising to the British empire from the millions of money that have for the last seventy years accrued to the Exchequer from the above invention. It is therefore no little source of honourable pride to me—on addressing an English mob, that I can not only look them in the face like an honest independent man, and one who will zealously support their just rights and liberties, though I will never cringe to them in their delusion, but that, instead of my being obliged to the public purse, the public purse is obliged to me. Yes, ye Jacobin *Perry*-patettic revolutionists, ye travelling political tinkers, who in mending *one hole* in the state make a *dozen*, and ye sovereign representatives of the majesty of the people, who, wherever the multitude are gathered together, assemble like carrion crows about a dead horse to prey upon the vitals of the British constitution, I can say with pride and heartfelt satisfaction, there is not a bit of salt cod, pork, butter, or cheese, aye, there is not a red herring you have for your supper, but will now give the lie to your Epsom accusation, that I and my family live on the public taxes, by whispering to the consciences of those that have any,

not only the injustice and folly of the charge, (for to fix it on my family was a most egregious blunder,) but the uncommon liberality to the British nation of the unrewarded inventor of Lowndes's Bay Salt, an inventor, who, in a printed pamphlet of his own in 1748, says, to his inexpressible honour, and to the disgrace of some modern *unfeeling monopolizers* of land and grain—

"Notwithstanding I have been two years in trying various experiments in France, Holland, and England, at a vast expense of time and money, I do not ask for a patent for my Bay Salt invention, though it will be attended with considerable improvement in every species of salt, because I consider it contrary to the best feelings of the human heart to ask for a patent for an improvement in one of the *indispensable necessaries of life.*"

To the above unexaggerated representation of what passed at Epsom, I shall add a few lines of poetry, not doubting but from this *motley assemblage*, when coupled with the singular coincidence that other County Meetings appointed for the discussion of Agricultural Distress, also *forgot* the object for which they were called, (a pretty good proof this public calamity is not so great as is generally imagined,) and employed three-fourths of their time in debating on parliamentary reform, the candid and unprejudiced

part of the kingdom will naturally suppose Agricultural Distress was only the stalking horse to *catch game*, by being the most ingenious method that could be devised of collecting together a large meeting of those independent and respectable inhabitants of a county, who would not have attended at the *Jacobin roll-call of radical reform.* My object in composing the verses being to show the folly and danger of political coalitions between parties and factions; though I must confess I should have thought the Foxite Whigs could not have so soon forgotten that celebrated union with Lord North, which, even when it was a coalition between the leaders of two *honourable parties*, sank Mr. Fox so much in the public opinion of some of his independent friends, that he might be said never to have recovered the effects of it to the day of his death. I trust the good intention of the writer will apologize for any defect in style or sentiment, and that any reader who does me the honour to peruse this letter, will, after he has read the letter and my verses, say to himself, what no honest man can say of the impious and Jacobinical publications and speeches of Messrs. Carlile, Hone, Hunt, and Cobbett, *honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Says a Whig to a Tory, tho' in these strange times
To be *independent*'s the *greatest* of *crimes*,

Why should you and I think so ill of each other,
Who ought to be *friendly*, as brother to brother?
For this plainest of reasons the Tory replies,
We to *truth* adhere only, your *party* to *lies*.
It being apparent, since the grand union made
With the Jacobin faction, your honesty's laid,
Yes, buried as deep in this *new hell* on earth
As chaos in *darkness* ere the world had its birth;
Therefore to recover your proud pristine glory,
Let a Whig be a Whig, as a Tory's a Tory.
For your most staunch friends have said, the dark bottle green
Is a colour 'twere better some Whigs had ne'er seen.
Return then in time to a more *aristocrat* hue,
Whether honest pea-green, or Foxite true blue.
Besides, if you think that the Jacobin rabble,
With their false palaver, and radical gabble,
Your party can strengthen, you lean on a sharp reed,
That's a thorn in the side, and will make your heart bleed.
I also much doubt, if, with Brougham's elocution,
Should this *new firm* produce a *new revolution*,
Himself or the *Whigs* will get *ought* by the *change*,
Whatever fine plans they may help to *arrange*.
For Cobbett, Hone, Hunt, with wicked Carlile and Co.
Like French sham patriots *reaping* what *others* did sow,
Would illustrate the fable to *lawyers* well *known*,
And that Providence lately to *warn* us has shown,
By *swallowing* the *oyster* for *which* we *dispute*,
And *deserting* the *tree* when they've *gather'd* the *fruit*.

The tree alluded to at the bottom of these verses is of course the *tree of liberty*, which is so very different from every other species of tree, that to bring it to its full growth and maturity, it requires to be *watered* with *human blood*, from which

diabolical circumstance we may naturally suppose it is a slip of that tree which grew in Paradise, and brought death into the world and all our woes, with *loss* of *Eden.* Hoping I have now stript the ass of his lion's skin, by convincing the independent Freeholders all through the kingdom, that the late County Agricultural Distress Meetings were only an artful method of beating up for universal suffrage recruits and annual parliaments,

I am your obedient humble servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

P.S. I call the preceding Letter a dose of *Lowndes's Epsom Salts* for the purification and cure of the greatest of all national curses—Whig Jacobinism;—and present it for the benefit of those in parliament or out of parliament who advocate that most absurd of all political theories—*Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage.*

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,

I WRITE these few lines, addressing them to the public, to say that, if I am supported in my good intentions to serve my fellow-citizens, and no man possesses more zeal for their welfare, I have formed a simple but effectual plan by which complete justice may be done to the Brewers and Publicans by paying them half a million as an indemnity for the money advanced in premiums upon public-houses. This accomplished, (which will be by Christmas next,) the public-houses might be immediately set free, security being given that the half million shall be all paid by New Year's Day. The only difficulty that will then occur will be the division of this half million in a way proportioned to the supposed loss by the dissolution of the monopolizing system between the public-houses and the brewers. I know some of the most sensible men in this kingdom think that, as the premiums for public-houses have been given for a gross abuse unsanctioned by Parliament, the Brewers and Publicans ought to abide by the loss. However, with all due respect for persons so thinking, I must say, the abuse having been so long permitted or

winked at, entitles those (who, I grant, have for some time acted most unjustly to the public by giving a bad article and charging a high price for it) to a *moderate* remuneration in some shape or other; and when I inform the public that this remuneration will come from the Brewers themselves, they cannot hesitate for a moment in recommending to Government to adopt my plan.

To convince my fellow-citizens that the state of thraldom by which the Publican is so unjustly yoked to the tyrannical Brewers has long occupied my mind, I believe I may claim the merit many years ago of suggesting the plan of an Independent Brewery, having intended at the time to put £10,000 into it by taking one hundred £100 shares; but, on consulting a lawyer, I found, as I suspected, in case the Brewery became a bankrupt concern, that, they not being a *chartered* company, I might, as in other commercial partnerships, be involved to the amount of all my fortune, therefore I gave up the idea of even taking a single share in it. * * * * It is unnecessary for me to state, what is so self-evident, namely, that till this most flagrant abuse of the Brewers, the monopolizing of public-houses, is done away with, it is impossible the citizens of London can have good and wholesome beer. It is also equally impossible that barley and hops, if the monopoly be suffered to exist, can rise to a fair

remunerating price, so that the well-being of all the different classes of society is involved in this one simple question—Shall the Porter Brewers, in defiance of common sense, justice, mercy, and every tender, social, and God-like feeling of the human heart, continue their present practices? * * * * As facts are stubborn things, who can wonder at the present lamentable difference between the Farmer and the Brewer, the grower of the article, and the manufacturer of it, when I inform my fellow-countrymen, that in a tour I made this autumn through the county of Kent, I saw waggon loads of good hops growing on the bine, that were then carrying to the farmer's dunghill, not because they were mouldy and unfit for use, but because, from the low price the Brewers gave, they would not pay for gathering? That such a destructive monopoly may no longer exist, a monopoly as disgraceful to the laws, as it is hurtful to the people, forbid it, Heaven, and (as divine instruments of God's vengeance and mercy) —forbid it, Wellington, Castlereagh, and all you noble-minded Administration, to whom Europe, in spite of Jacobin malice and envy, is at this moment indebted for the mild liberty she enjoys. For to me, the greatest of all pleasures will be to see you honest and brilliant Statesmen, with your merciful, magnanimous, and immortal King George the Fourth, subduing envy, hatred, and

malice, the most glorious of all victories, by returning good for evil, in obtaining for those wretches, some of whom would gladly have poisoned you, if it lay in their power, a cheap, wholesome, and nutricious beverage, instead of the present dear, unhealthy, black quassia beer, strongly resembling in taste and quality what medical men call the black dose, and which, if the British Government by any law obliged the poor of this country to swallow once every year, would create a rebellion; as the *Jacobins* would then say, Government, not contented with *starving* the people, wanted to *poison* them, that there might be the fewer to feed. And yet, so far from using any wrathful language against the Brewers, with the meekness of lambs, and the patience of asses, these same Jacobins submit to a beverage all must naturally nauseate at the time they are drinking it, because the Brewers are patriots, enemies to oppression; and Administration are a parcel of tyrants, disciples of Nero and Caligula; but *condemning* themselves at the very time they are calumniating the Government by putting the porter-pot to their mouth; and of all abuses, private or public, opening their jaws as wide as possible to *swallow down the greatest abuse* in the kingdom. Wherefore it may well be observed that no pike or gudgeon, cod-fish, or any other odd fish, has half so wide a swallow as a modern

John Bull, when he is guzzling bad porter, and listening to political cock-and-bull stories of Government oppression from those heads and tails of ideas, those half-formed insects of the mud of Nile, that are wickedly generated in the empty self-conceited noddles and hearts of the tap-room club-penny orators, readers, and interpreters of the impious and jacobinical trash of Hone, Carlile, Hunt, and Co. who, not writing for fame, but for bread, accommodate their publications to the taste and pockets of the Jacobins, that, as Dr. Johnson said, if every blackguard can't afford to have a belly-full, he may have a mouth-full, and just enough to wet his appetite for more, like young greyhounds, flesh'd with the blood of the hare they catch, in order to stimulate them to acts of fresh carnage.

But when I consider the nauseous taste of modern porter, and the jealousy of the Apothecary's Company if a poor half-starved *Romeo* practitioner sets up in business, I am much surprized that these sons of Galen, and the Druggists, have not clubbed their purses to indict the Brewers for selling drugs and purgative medicines in a clandestine shape; for that an action would lie against them there is little doubt: nay, indeed, I myself would come forward as a witness, that a pint of the black quassia beer, when I drink it, has a similar effect upon me to the Apothecary's black,

dose. But, when I say this, to show I am perfectly disinterested as to the main subject of this letter, and for my own individual self care not a straw whether the porter be good or bad, I should undeceive my fellow-citizens by informing them, that I don't drink a pint of porter in six months, nor drink fermented liquors of any kind, my beverage being simple water, commonly called Adam's ale, a liquor which I get from the pump, pure and unadulterated.

I will now conclude, after a proper apology for the length of my letter, and which I only meant to be a few lines, by stating, that since the last six years, when I have left off wine and malt liquor, (for I never drank spirits,) I have much better health and spirits than many who do drink them. My fellow-citizens will, therefore, I hope, be convinced that no *selfish* motive has influenced me in writing this letter; and though I will not *cringe* to the populace in their *delusions*, by adopting all their headstrong and foolish political sentiments about the modern rights of man, that I possess now, as I ever have done, where their real welfare and vital interests are concerned, a firm and philanthropic resolution to support all their just rights, one of which is, that they shall have their pennyworth for their penny, and, as the great Lord Chief Justice Mansfield said, in the warranty of horses, that they shall have a

sound article for a sound price. For I never will palaver the poor with words of half-a-crown an ounce, and fill their minds with nonsensical ideas of their superior consequence and utility in society, or assume to myself the sacred character of Patriot, the noblest of all earthly titles, though a word for the last twenty years most terribly *prostituted*, that the poor may buy a bad article of me at a dear price, and, whilst swallowing my soot and water porter, they may drink it with the more glee, and, stupid fools, call it delicious, because, as they suppose, it is made by a squad of honest incorruptible patriots, inspired with a holy zeal to support all the rights and privileges of the lower orders of society, saving and except in that case, which of all rights is the most important, as it involves their existence, comfort, and happiness, the selling them a good, cheap, and wholesome malt liquor.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

Blackheath,
May 1st, 1822.

To the Licensed Victuallers.

SIRS,

IN a Letter written by me May the 1st, and printed in the Morning Post, May the 24th, I endeavoured to show, from the general complaint of the badness and high price of Porter, the absolute necessity, as well as justice and humanity, of *ameliorating* the Brewer's and Publican's beer, (for I won't pretend to say which of the two is most in fault,) and of *reducing* the price of it. Nor does it signify to the *consumer* whether it be adulterated by the Beer Manufacturers or the Publican, only, if those throw the blame on the Licensed Victualler, he being a sort of servant or agent to the Brewers, what is said of masters on all other occasions will apply on this; qui facit per *alium*, facit per se. Whether, in addition to other Public Letters and Speeches on the same national grievance, mine, sent four days before the last reduction of Porter, has had any influence in reducing or ameliorating it,—for, strange to say, both happened at the same time, and the people not only got *cheaper*, but *better* Beer,—is a matter of little consequence, as I wrote it purely from *patriotic motives* to serve the poorer classes of my countrymen, and not as an *object* of *vanity*. Having, therefore, contributed my widow's mite

upon that occasion, I should feel a culpable remissness if I did not write this short Letter to show that the Speech delivered at the Meeting of Licensed Victuallers, on the 10th of July, at the Eagle Tavern, City Road, to petition Parliament against the Bill brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Brougham, to amend the laws regarding the sale of Ale and Beer, is, however *plausible* and *well drawn up*, by no means a correct statement of the point at issue between the Brewers, Licensed Victuallers, and the Public, inasmuch as, in stating the retail price of Porter forty years ago, not a word is said of the *quantity* and *quality* of malt and hops used *then* and used *now;* because, it appears to me, if we had an exact statement of the above particulars, there would be no necessity for Government to give the relief proposed by a still greater reduction of the duty upon malt, at least till the Brewer or Publican could satisfactorily prove that the quantity and quality of barley and hops used in brewing are as nearly as possible similar to what they were forty years ago. As to breaking faith with the Brewer, the Publican, or any other individual who embarks his property under the sanction of an Act of Parliament, I have too good an opinion of the present administration to think for one moment they would set so baneful an example, in a great commercial kingdom, (where public prosperity is supported entirely by public credit,) as to

be themselves the violators of it. For which reason, Mr. nameless Licensed Victualler, for, stat nominis umbra, when you answer that part of this Letter touching the quantity and quality of the ingredients of which modern Beer is made, will you have the goodness to inform the nation, where that government *shield*, called an Act of Parliament, allowing Brewers to buy up public-houses, or Publicans to purchase the good-will of them, and protecting each in so doing, is to be found? as also why Publicans and Brewers are to expect greater indulgence from the people of this country than Bakers, Millers, or Flour-factors? because I well remember the Albion mills being set fire to, as is generally supposed, from the then prevalent idea, grounded on *report* only, that the company of proprietors who belonged to those mills, had it in contemplation to turn *Bakers*, as well as *Millers* and *Flour-factors*, by buying up the London *bakehouses*. Now mark, Mr. Licensed Victualler,—for the Albion mills were generally conceived to be set fire to by some mad hot-headed miscreant upon the *mere suspicion* of the above *unpopular* rumour,—the actual *monopoly* of public-houses by the Brewers, and the *purchase* of the *good-will* of them by the Publican, is not a matter of *conjecture* only, but is universally admitted both by Publicans and Brewers, nay, has even been tacitly suffered for

years without, I believe, *any petition* to Parliament to redress the grievance, by the same *inconsistent public*, who showed such a lawless and unjust prejudice against the Albion mills.—Having stated this undeniable fact, at the same time confessing how sorry I should be were a similar villainous attack made to burn the breweries of London, even those that are known to brew the worst malt liquors, (a thing though not very possible, if all the beer were as dead and spiritless as some that is sold in the public-houses,) yet, *Porter* having now become a *necessary* of *life* like *bread*, whence (as Swift says in a national dispute respecting the professional merits of two public musical practitioners)—

> "Should all this *difference* be
> 'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*?"

For which reason, previous to a further reduction of taxes on malt and hops, would it not be better to enforce the Act of Parliament, for I think such an Act is in existence, though almost forgotten from long disuse, that regulates the *quantity* and *quality* of malt and hops in beer of a stated price? and if, after this *statement* fairly and impartially drawn out, it shall appear to the public, that the Brewer and Publican cannot *afford* to *sell* their beer according to the stipulated quantity and quality mentioned in the Act, you,

Licensed Victuallers and your Brewers, might, in that case, very properly appeal to Parliament for a greater reduction of the duty on malt liquor, and your petition, I have no doubt, would be properly respected and attended to. But till then, it is unjust, unreasonable, and unprecedented, to expect parliamentary aid directly or indirectly. And would it not be equally necessary, to give due effect to your application for government relief, to petition the Magistrates, or (if they can't give you redress) the two Houses of Parliament, to enforce the penalties, on legal and satisfactory information of the adulteration of Beer by cheap substitutes for malt and hops? because, if Porter be *twenty-five per cent. stronger* than it was forty years ago, as Mr. Buxton asserts, it does not follow that this improved strength proceeds from malt and hops, as, instead of its arising from the wholesome virtue of those vegetables, it may be occasioned by what are called Brewer's drugs.

I am,

Yours, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

Blackheath,
July 16th, 1822.

ADDENDA.

My comments on the *inaccuracy* of Newspaper Reporters (and which, as it regards me, I have every reason to think wilful) apply also to that Oriental Magazine, published in London, containing the East India House Debates. But as Mr. Randle Jackson, as well as myself, complained some time since of the misrepresentations in that prolix publication, I shall only observe, though the late Sir Richard Arkwright improved cotton twist by spinning it very fine, it does not follow that *spinning-out* the public *speeches* of any description of men in Parliament or out of Parliament, by the Reporter sometimes foisting in his own ideas, and fathering them on the orator, is either beneficial to the public speaker, or to the work in which it is reported. To show that the false statement of Reporters is a frequent complaint, among other *late* accusations of this nature I shall quote the Times of to-day, July 31st. "Mr. Hume rose for the purpose of correcting a misrepresentation which had appeared in an Irish paper with regard to something that had fallen from him in that house. In the paper to which he alluded, he was represented to have said, that

he considered Mr. Plunkett *unfit* to hold the *Office* of Commissioner of the *Courts* of *Justice* in Ireland, owing to his *deficiency* in professional attainments. Now he appealed to any gentleman who heard him upon the occasion when he was supposed to have made this assertion, whether *he ever uttered such words.* He only objected to Mr. Plunkett on account of his youth, and made no allusion whatever to his professional qualifications." What Mr. Hume said was corroborated by Mr. Wetherell. Surely such Reporters, even if what they do be done only from thoughtlessness, ought to be severely punished; but how much *more* do they deserve to be punished, if it be done *wilfully?*

The Morning Advertiser is such an insignificant paper, if not a stupid one, (but *charity* covers a multitude of sins,) that I have said nothing of its former misrepresentations; for I must do it the justice to say, my East India House English Bull was not mentioned in the Morning Advertiser. Nor have I made the slightest allusion to the *inaccuracies* of the Sunday Observer; a newspaper which (though priding itself on its superior law intelligence upon all occasions) gave a most erroneous account of a short conversation that took place between the Vice-Chancellor and myself respecting my late father's extraordinary will, even though that conversation passed in public court, when so many lawyers were present, who

could contradict the truth of it. But in speaking of a misrepresentation like that referred to by Mr. Hume, the grave thinking man will naturally look to those fatal consequences such an inaccurate statement might be attended with to one if not both the parties, were not sufficient time allowed to make a satisfactory explanation by proving from respectable witnesses, or in some other way equally convincing, that the expression *recorded* was never uttered. Therefore, Mr. Reporters, do *reflect* how many young and rash hot-headed M.P.'s you may *unintentionally* involve in a serious quarrel, a quarrel, perhaps, that may end in the death of one of them, or, by chance, of both, and let me prevail upon you for the sake of humanity, good fellowship, and every social and God-like feeling of the human heart to *note down* amongst the other numerous speeches you are in the daily habit of reporting, that short, pithy, but unanswerable *speech* of the Frogs in the Fable to the *mischievous* Boys who were thoughtlessly throwing stones at them in a pond: Pray, my little Masters, consider, though this be *sport* to you, 'tis *death* to us.

To-day, August the 1st, the Times paper contains an accusation of Mr. de Crespigny, M.P. similar to Mr. Hume's; for in a letter to the Times paper, dated yesterday, Mr. Crespigny says,—

"SIR,

Your Reporter, I presume from not attending to what I said last night in the House of Commons respecting Ireland, has so completely misstated my remarks, that it is absolutely necessary for me to *re-state them.*"

I leave the Reader to form his own conclusion as to the Times Reporter's thoughtless inaccuracy.

As *Nemo repente turpissimus fuit*, I have, in order to serve as a political caution to the modern Whig-Jacobins, published word for word the following Extracts from Clarendon's Trial of Charles the First, that the rational independent public who think for themselves, may see the immense difference between a Sidney, or a Russell, a Pym, or a Hampden, (for none of these I think would have signed Charles's death-warrant after such a mock trial,) and the hot-headed radical disciples of Hone, Hunt, Carlisle, and Cobbett. The latter of which Universal Suffrage Chieftains having certainly superior abilities, would, were his principles those of a man firm and honest, be a very useful member of civilized society. And yet this good

arises from his political fickleness, that in consequence of Cobbett's wavering disposition his Ultra-jacobinism is neutralized by a want of *faith* in his *politics*. For all Europe knows, and America too, that this Proteus time-serving patriot has rung the changes from G sharp to B flat, and past, within the last thirty years, through every point of the political compass, from Ultra-royalism to Ultra-jacobinism.

EXTRACTS *from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion respecting the* TRIAL *of* CHARLES I. *to illustrate the Iniquity of that Trial.*

HAVING made use of the word *murdered* in speaking of the infamous decapitation of Charles the First, I now, for the benefit of my readers, brush up their memories respecting that national blot, a blot much fouler than the spot on Macbeth's blood-stained dagger, by making a short quotation from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. After stating that a Committee was appointed to confer with Cromwell respecting the Trial of Charles the First, Clarendon says, " And the next morning after this interview between the Committee and the General, there was a guard of musqueteers placed at the entry into and door of the House of Commons, and the officers thereof;

having a list of the names of those who should be restrained from going into the House, all those were *stopped*, one by one, as they came, and sent into the Court of Wards, where they were kept together for many hours, under a *guard*, to the number of near *one hundred*. Those gentlemen, who for some hours had been restrained in the Court of Wards, were afterwards led *in triumph* through Westminster Hall (except some few who were suffered, for affection, or by negligence, to go away) by a *strong guard*, to that place under the Exchequer which is commonly called *Hell;* where they might eat and drink, at their own charge, what they pleased. And here they were kept in one room, till after twelve o'clock in the night; after which hour, in respect of the extreme cold weather, and the age of many of the Members, they were carried to several inns; where they were suffered to lodge as *prisoners*, and remained under that confinement for two or three days. In which time they published a Protestation in print against the proceedings of the House of Commons, declaring 'the *force* and *violence* that had been used against them'; and then the House, with the remaining Members, having determined what they thought fit, most of the other were at liberty to do what they pleased. Nobody *owned* this act of violence in the exclusion of so many Members. There was no *Order* made for it by

the House. Fairfax, the General, knew nothing of it, and the guards themselves, being asked, 'What authority they had,' gave no other answer 'But that they had orders.' But, afterwards, there was a full and clear Order of the House, (without taking *notice* of any *exclusion,*) 'That *none* of them, who had not been present that day when the negative vote prevailed, should sit any more in the House, before they had first subscribed the *same vote,* as agreeable to their judgments'; which, if they subscribed, they were as well qualified Members as before. Many of those *excluded* Members, out of conscience or indignation, forbore coming any more to the House for many years; some, not before the Revolution; others, sooner or later, returned to their old seats, that they might not be idle when so much business was to be done."

Clarendon also, in the same page, says, "The *Protestation* that the secluded Members had published and caused to be printed, with the narration of the violence that had been exercised upon them, and their declaring all acts to be void which from that time had been done in the House of Commons, made a great noise over the kingdom, and no less incensed those who remained and sat in the House, than it did the officers of the army; and, therefore, to lessen the credit of it, the House likewise made a *Declaration* against that

Protestation; and declared it 'to be *false, scandalous* and *seditious,* and tending to the destruction of the visible and fundamental government of the kingdom:' and to this wonderful Declaration they obtained the concurrence of the *small* House of Peers, and jointly ordained, 'That that Protestation should be suppressed, and that no man should presume to *sell,* or *buy,* or *to read* the same.' When they had in this manner mastered all contradiction and opposition, they began more directly to consult what they were to do, as well as what they were not to do." In the following page the noble Historian says,—" When the Committee had prepared their charge, which they called, 'An Impeachment of High Treason against Charles Stuart, King of England,' digested into several articles, which contained all those calumnies they had formerly heaped up in that declaration of no more addresses to be made to him, with some additional reproaches, it was read in the House; and, after it was approved there, they sent it to the House of Peers for their concurrence. But, *contrary to expectation,* when this impeachment was brought up to the peers, it was so ill received, that there was not *one* person who concurred with them. And when they had with some warmth rejected it, they adjourned for a week; but when the day came to which the Lords were to return to their House, they found their doors all *locked,*

and fastened with padlocks, that there should then be no more entrance for them; nor did any of them ever after sit in that House as Peers, above twice or thrice at most, till *Cromwell*, long after, endeavoured in vain to have erected a *House of Peers* of his *own creation*. The charge and accusation upon which they resolved to proceed against the King, being thus settled and agreed upon, they began to consider in what manner and form to proceed, that there might be some *appearance of justice*. Nothing could be found in the common or statute-law which could direct or warrant them; nor could the precedent of deposing Richard the Second (the sole precedent of that kind) be applied to their purpose. They were therefore to make a new form to warrant their proceedings, and a new form they did erect, never before heard of. They constituted and erected a Court that should be called, 'The *High Court of Justice*, to consist of so many Judges, who should have authority to try the King, whether he was guilty of what he was accused of, or no; and, in order thereunto, to examine such witnesses as should be produced.' The number of the Judges named was about one hundred and fifty, whereof the major part might proceed. They could not have found such a number yet amongst themselves, after so many barbarities and impieties, upon whom they might depend in this last

tragical act. Wherefore they resolved that the Judges should be nominated promiscuously, as well of Members of the House, as of such other of their good and *godly men* in the kingdom. Whosoever would not be one himself when named, (as there were yet many amongst them who, out of conscience or of fear, utterly protest against it,) should take upon him to name another man; which sure he could not but think was equally unlawful; so that few took upon them to nominate others, who would reject the province themselves. All the chief officers of the army were named, and divers accepted the office; and such Aldermen and Citizens of *London* as had been most *violent* against peace, [that is, against Charles I.] and some few country gentlemen whose *zeal* had been taken notice of *for the cause*, and who were like to take such a preferment as a testimony of the Parliament's confidence in them, and would thereupon embrace it."

"When Bradshaw was first nominated Lord High President of this high court, he seemed," says Clarendon, "much surprised, and very resolute to refuse it; which he did in such a manner, and so much enlarging upon his own want of abilities to undergo so important a charge, that it was evident he had expected to be put to that apology. This Lord President of the above high court was to manage and govern all the proceed-

ings there, ask the witnesses all proper questions; and answer what the prisoner should propose. But when Bradshaw was pressed with more importunity than could have been used by chance, he required 'time to consider of it;' and said, 'he would then give his final answer;' which he did the next day; and with great humility accepted the office, which he administered with all the pride, impudence, and superciliousness imaginable. He was presently invested in great state, and many officers and a *guard* assigned for the security of his person, and the *Dean's house* at Westminster given to him *for ever* for his residence and habitation, and a good sum of money (about £5000) was appointed to be presently paid to him, to put himself in such an equipage and way of living as the dignity of the office which he held would require. And now the Lord President of the High Court of Justice seemed to be the greatest magistrate in England; and though it was not thought seasonable to make any such declaration, yet some of those whose opinions grew quickly into ordinances upon several occasions, declared 'that they believed that office was not to be looked upon as necessary pro hac vice only, but for continuance; and that he who executed it deserved to have an *ample and liberal estate* conferred upon him *for ever*."

In p. 568 Lord Clarendon says, "There was an accident happened that first day which may be fit to be remembered. When all those who were Commissioners had taken their places, and the King was brought in, the first ceremony was to read their commission, which was the ordinance of Parliament for the trial; and then the Judges were all called, every man answering to his name as he was called; and the President being first called and making answer, the next who was called being the General, Lord Fairfax, and no answer being made, the officer called him the second time, when there was a voice heard that said '*he had more wit than to be there,*' which put the Court into some disorder; and somebody asking who it was, there was no other answer but a little murmuring. But presently, when the impeachment was read, and that expression used, of '*All the good people of England,*' the same voice in a louder tone answered, '*No, nor the hundredth part of them:*' upon which one of the officers bid the soldiers *give fire* into that box whence those presumptuous words were uttered. But it was quickly discerned that it was the General's wife, the *Lady Fairfax,* who had uttered both those sharp sayings; who was presently persuaded or forced to leave the place, to prevent any new disorder."

EXTRACT from the same work, giving Lord Clarendon's Character of CHARLES I.

"HE (Charles I.) was," as our noble historian says, and he knew him well, "the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best christian, that the age in which he lived produced; and, if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice." After the above description of his excellent private character, "It is most certain," says Clarendon, "that in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the Sun," (but, as the illustrious historian might have observed, without getting a *sight* of his executioner, for, ashamed to show his face, the rascal wore a mask,) "the King had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. This unparalleled murder and parricide was committed upon the 30th of January, in the year, according to the account used in England, 1648, in the forty and ninth year of his age."

London: Printed by C. Keworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

It is with the most *poignant regret* I am here reminded by the *unfortunate name* of Stewart, and by the acuteness of my feelings for an indefatigable, patriotic, but *much abused*, public character, to pay a humble tribute of respect and gratitude to the late Marquis of Londonderry, his Lordship being an *honour* to the royal House of Stewart, of which his family were a younger branch, an *honour* to the British empire, and an *honour* to human nature. Wherefore this great and illustrious minister's unexpected and most melancholy death (he having died, like that immortal statesman, Mr. Pitt, a martyr to his country) has given such a tremendous shock to the *best interests* of all civilized society, as Great Britain, aye, and all Europe too, will be a long time in recovering from. Thus occasioning a hiatus in the political world, not only maximè deflendus, and a severer loss than any the British isles have sustained since the death of Mr. Pitt, but a vacuum almost impossible to fill up, unless we can find (what is not very probable) the counterpart of our late much-lamented Marquis, or of the present truly celebrated and highly respected French Ambassador Le Marquis de Chateaubriand. To show how difficult it will be to select a secretary for foreign affairs and an occasional foreign minister, like either of

the above brilliant and able statesmen, I will quote an extract from a philanthropic appeal of mine, (upon the Marquis de Chateaubriand being announced as the Ambassador from France to this country,) and which was addressed to the *candour*, *loyalty* and *good sense* of the unprejudiced and independent inhabitants of Dover, being written last Christmas, and pasted up in the most conspicuous part of the different streets. But perhaps to do *justice* to the cause of loyalty, as also to the noble-minded and humane Marquis de Chateaubriand, and to the address itself, it not being a very *long* one, the best way will be to give the whole of it. That part of the public too, who approve of my politics, will, by so doing, enter with more spirit into the address, and more fully comprehend the *justness* and *propriety* of my *eulogium* of the present loyal, literary, and philanthropic French Ambassador, than by a naked insulated extract.

AN APPEAL TO THE INHABITANTS OF DOVER.

It having been announced in the daily Newspapers that one of the most *luminous*, *patriotic*, and *eloquent* French *statesmen* is coming over to this country, in the splendid and dignified capacity of Ambassador from France, an office, which, in the present enlightened and pacific state of that monarchy, is the most honourable

that can be conferred on a French subject; surely the romantic and delightful town of Dover (which both nature and art seem to have vied in protecting from foreign enemies) ought not to lose so glorious an opportunity of recovering its proper station in the public opinion of friends and foes, foreign or domestic, on the score of British gratitude, good sense, and loyalty.

For besides the *jacobinism* of this neat and beautiful town (the houses of which represent Horace's *simplex munditiis*) having been *wilfully* or *unintentionally exaggerated*, it cannot be deemed acting fairly towards its inhabitants, for twenty or thirty hot-headed fools, of the diabolical order of jacobins, followed by a young mob of noisy ill-educated boys, to reflect disgrace on a community of ten thousand souls; and particularly so well behaved, industrious, and rational a body of men. Wherefore these respectable citizens of Dover, in order to wash out the foul stain of disloyalty, are recommended not only to receive *most kindly* that philanthropic orator of *true liberty* his illustrious excellency *Viscount de Chateaubriand*, whose independent and brilliant eloquence contributed to the *general peace* of Europe, by captivating and *electrifying* the wise, brave and virtuous; but to receive him in such a way, as is best

calculated to prove the *high respect* all unprejudiced men must feel for *humane* sentiments, transcendant abilities, and real honour; especially when these noble and rare French virtues (at least virtues seldom seen during their revolution) are founded on a discreet and temperate loyalty, grafted on an ardent zeal for the due support of the just rights and liberties of all civilized society.

The writer of this is well aware that governments must act impartially, and therefore that the British administration should show no difference between one monarchical French Ambassador and another, but not so the inhabitants of a free country, like Great Britain; and it is by the private admiration and respect of such men, *publicly displayed,* that great and illustrious characters are stimulated to exert themselves for the public good. Far different the sensation from this *pure* incense of praise, and that proceeding from the gross vapour of a hired, *clamorous,* and *unthinking* mob; such a *patriotic* mob as hailed Cromwell when he was riding in his carriage down St. James's Street, London; upon which Oliver observed to his cousin Waller, " If you call *these* the *people* of England, believe me, I receive no *pleasure* or *satisfaction* from their *thoughtless acclamations,* for *these fellows* would make the *same noise* were I going to be *hanged.*"

Believing that the life of the late Marquis of Londonderry, now so *justly* and *universally* lamented, was embittered and shortened by a *teazing* whig opposition to *men* instead of *measures*, and by the *malicious obloquy* of the Jacobins, so undeservedly heaped upon a man as honourable and humane as ever lived; for being one of the main pillars of administration, the high-minded Marquis of Londonderry, like an electric rod upon a noble edifice, while protecting the building beneath, drew all the vengeance of the storm upon himself; I shall print, to *illustrate* what I have asserted, a short *epigram* of mine upon the reduction of the malt tax, with an allusion to Mr. Jones's speech in the House of Commons. At the same time observing, that by taking off a *visible tax*, like the *window tax*, ministers would, from its coming *entire* into the pockets of the public, have been more serviceable to the *poor* than by reducing such invisible taxes as malt or salt; and for the plainest of all reasons, that this unprofitable but popular measure relieves the *manufacturer* of those articles *much more* than the *nation;* whereas the window tax abolition, by tempting gentlemen to *re-open* their mansion houses, would give a stimulus to rural industry, and *re-animate* the *caput mortuum* of old English hospitality.

VERSES ON THE LATE REDUCTION OF THE MALT TAX.

It were *better*, says Jones, had the *tax* upon *salt*
Been reduced in this House, than the *one* upon *malt*.
But had salt been reduced, opposition had said,
We propose that for *salt* the word *malt* shall be read.
I therefore aver, 'twill be best for the nation,
If *both* be reduced, to prevent botheration;
But let government first to the *lawful heirs* pay,
In *honour* or *cash*, as seems to them the best way,
The seventy years' *debt* due on Lowndes's *bay salt*,
For, if they don't pay in *meal*, they must pay in *malt*.

NOTES.

I.

By a *Roland for their Oliver*, is intended a cut at the Times paper, for saying so much at the time of the *witness Oliver* (nicknamed by the editor *Oliver the Spy*); and upon which occasion this popular Jacobin journal in its puerile criticisms, frequently degenerated into a degrading petty malice concerning him, unbecoming any liberal and enlightened paper.

II.

When the word *artful* is used as an epithet to Henrietta, wife of Charles I., allusion is made to a Journal in manuscript belonging to the late Walsh Porter, Esq. who being descended from Sir Endymion Porter, Chamberlain to James I., became possessor of it through heirship. It appears from this valuable manuscript, (some part of which has been printed in one of the magazines,) that Prince Charles (generally called by James, *Baby Charles*) travelled to Spain during his father's life-time, and with his privity and consent, under the feigned name of *Colonel Johnson*, accompanied by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Sir Endymion Porter. In passing through Paris, Henrietta, finding that Colonel Johnson was heir apparent to the British throne, and on his travels to Spain for the purpose of paying his addresses to the Infanta, *bribed* Buckingham to use all his influence to break off the intended match, by *disgusting* the Prince with the *Infanta*, and then *to advocate her cause*. This he promised to do, and did it so *effectually*, that Charles soon gave up all idea of marrying the

Spanish Princess, and, shortening his stay at Madrid by the persuasion of Buckingham, hastened back to Paris, taking the circuitous route of France in his way home. Here in the French capital, the Prince, being bewildered by a fortnight's gaieties, consisting of balls, masquerades, plays, public dinners, &c. became so enamoured with Henrietta, that he *determined* to *marry* her. I think, therefore, after this anecdote, the *truth* of which I have not the least doubt of, Henrietta was entitled to be called an *artful* woman.

III.

HAVING *disinterestedly* advocated the *cause* of the *bakers*, I must observe that the *imposition* of *pastry cooks*, and particularly many of the minor order, (these being left by the laws to act according to their conscience) is as great as that of the brewers and publicans; and I feel the more right to find fault with individual extortion, as I have *lowered* my rents to a *corn* rent instead of a *monied* one, therefore cannot be charged with inconsistency from my practice and doctrine not being in *unison*. For though flour, sugar, and all the other materials are so much *cheaper*,* butter, eggs, &c. having fallen one-fourth, pastry of every kind, in London at least, is, at most shops, neither *better* nor *larger* than it was during the dearest period of the late war; and yet some of these unconscionable knights of the patty-pan are the greatest jacobins in the kingdom, and delight to undermine the government of the country by crying down all public taxes, when in the same hour they lay on 100 per

* Flour is now only 2*l.* per sack—during the late war it was 7*l.* 10*s.* per sack. Sugars, loaf and moist, are 100 per cent. cheaper than during the war.

cent. where the government levy 20. Though, as some of the great *Jacobin Whig* land-owners, who *rack rent* their *tenants*, are *also* perpetually *inveighing* against the *taxes*, we cannot wonder that many avaricious tradesmen follow their baneful example and do the same thing. But who can help laughing when such *unfeeling* mercenary patriots talk about *government oppression*, or avoid thinking of the old fable of the kettle and the pot? After the above observations taken from life, all candid unprejudiced persons must acknowledge that loyal men are generally less *disposed* to *grind* and *oppress* the *poor* than their patriotic Jacobinical *friends*, who *pretend* to be so tremblingly alive to whatever may contribute in the smallest degree to the poor cottager's comfort and happiness; and that the humanity of the Jacobins (by vapouring so much about it) issues from their mouths like fixed air bursting from a bottle of soda water when the cork flies out with a loud explosion, leaving nothing but a *dead vapid principle* behind it. Wherefore I most approve of the late Mr. Coutts's state reform, who used to say, *let every family reform itself*, and then, a *whole* being made up of *parts*, *national* reform must follow of course. And most certainly as to any public reform, that man must have studied the character of the Jacobins to little purpose, who is not convinced, from their diabolical conduct in every nation where they have got into power, that these blood-thirsty and mercenary wretches, thinking it

'Better to *reign* in hell than *serve* in heaven,'

would be discontented even with a government of *angels* —or indeed, in their spirit of rebellion, with *any government*.

London: Printed by C. Roworth,
Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

A LETTER

TO

Messrs. COKE, CURWAN, AND Co.

WITH

A POSTSCRIPT AND NOTES

ON THEIR INJUSTICE,

In expecting the Reduction of National Interest,

TO KEEP UP

WAR RENTS:

WITH AN ALLUSION TO RABELAIS' FACETIOUS AND APPLICABLE STORY OF THE AGRICULTURAL PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN A FRENCH FARMER AND THE DEVIL:

AND ALSO

With a proof positive that, if Cobbett has not *Music* in his *Soul*, no Man is more qualified by Nature and long practice to *play* the *thorough Base;*

BEING A CANDID APPEAL

TO THE

Justice and common Sense of those *Foster* Brothers,

THE

STOCKHOLDER AND LANDHOLDER.

Cobbett's way to pay debts in Liberty Hall,
By robbing of Peter to bolster up PAUL,
While Merchants and Stockholders going to pot,
Like soft Norfolk dumplings are dished up hot,
Shews Jacobin justice, pride, folly, and wrath,
And that too many Cooks will spoil the best broth.

DOVER:

PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RUTLEY.

1823.

LETTER,

&c. &c.

To Mr. Coke, Mr. Curwan, &c.

SIRS,

HAVING unfortunately a large Tract of wild barren Surrey Land, the virtue of which, from the experience of 30 Years, I am pretty well acquainted with, I most cordially agree with Mr. Bell, the Editor of the Weekly Messenger, to whom the Public are so much indebted, and, the more indebted, as, except the Manchester unfortunate Business, and the late Queen's, never was there so much Political spleen, wilful blindness, and absurdity displayed in so short a time, that *one Remedy* and *one only* can be effectually *applied* to the present Agricultural Distress, namely lowering *War Rents*. Any other method of curing the Evil is only stopping up the crevices in a flood Gate, when the Water is flowing over the Banks of the

Reservoir in every *direction*; which proves that Mr Bell's Remedy is safe and rational, and entitles him to the appellation of a regular bred Physician, and not a State Quack, the *abundance of whom* we have much more reason to complain of than the *large Crops* of Corn; for these Political Empiricks, (with their secret machinations,) over run the Country like Twitch. As long then as the *superabundance of Produce*, and the other causes for low prices alluded to in this Letter continue, so long Corn will remain at a *low price*. How often has Cotton, Sugar, Coffee, and other Colonial Produce fallen £50. *per Cent* from a glut in these Articles, by the arrival of many Ships with more Cotton, &c., than the Manufacturers and Merchants wanted. Must not Landowners be subject to the same sort of distress from a fluctuation in the Market, as Merchants and Manufacturers; and yet this distress, perhaps because they are used to it, these Gentlemen bear with the utmost fortitude, making the profit of one Adventure, a set off against the *loss* of *another*. Or do these great M. P. Landowners in the House of Lords and House of Commons suppose, because their Persons are free from *arrest*, therefore that their Estates must be free from all the *changes* and *chances* of this Mortal World. Believe me upon this occasion, like some others, too many Cooks

contribute to spoil the broth, and if you, Mr. Coke, were to turn your large Farms into smaller ones, though it might not answer Electioneering purposes so well, or flatter your Baronial Pride, you would certainly experience less Agricultural Distress; because, independent of a small Farm being better looked after than a large one, a *small Rent* is easier paid than a great Rent. Is it not also very extraordinary that Mr. Curwan, yourself, and so many other great Opposition Landowners should be perpetually harping on one string, the Public Taxes, and should not only never once allude to high Rents, but should never have touched upon increased Law charges for the last 30 years, and increased Repairs; the latter of which, in conjunction with Tythe, and Poor Rates, falls so heavily upon poor *light* Land, that I candidly confess from my own experience, when all Expences are paid, there is in some barren Tracts of light Land little or no Rent left for the Landlord. But am I to diminish the comforts of *Widows and Orphans*, Soldiers and Sailors, Artizans and Servants, not forgetting those useful Institutons the Philanthropic Societies, by giving the Death blow to Public Credit, the great support of our Manufactures and Commerce, from an *unfair reduction of the Public Interest* Nolens Volens, and for no other purpose, than that some absurd

vanity of the great Landowners may be gratified by their luxurious Tenants living like Gentlemen in large Houses with Sash Windows, drinking Claret and Port Wine instead of Ale, and riding a Fox hunting on blood Horses; to say nothing of their *Wives* and *Daughters* dressed out finer than the 'Squire's Lady and his Daughters. I would live and let live, but what advantage will the Public get by those born in the higher Spheres of Life dressing in Stuff Gowns, as Farmer's Wives used to do, and old Plough Shares' Wives and Daughters dressing like Ladies. For this change of Dress and Manners in Farmer's families and this only has produced much of the present Agricultural distress, coupled with Tradesmen and others not brought up to that kind of Life turning Farmers; it being natural to suppose where a real Farmer could get a handsome livelihood (from understanding his business and knowing how to do every thing in the cheapest and best way) a Tradesman Farmer would starve. But the present Agricultural Distress will I fear soon cure that *evil* by bringing all such Men to the Gazette, and convincing the Landholders of this Country that they had better have a *small real Rent* than a *large nominal one* and that *two and two* do not always make *four* but oftener two, therefore that they had better have £300. a year for their Land

from a *real Farmer*, than £400. a year from a Tradesman. Had we, the Stockholders, participated in the *profits* of the *Landowners* and *Farmers*, common Justice says that *we* should also share in their *losses*. If also it should happen to be a Gentleman's fancy to cultivate a large Tract of *barren* Land not *worth cultivating*, I am so stupid as to think the sooner such Land is given back again to Dame Nature the better: except he cultivate it for his pleasure or his health; and to shew that I am not so unreasonable as to expect the Public to pay me for bad Land, I have at this moment in the Parish of Egham, 240 Acres of Bagshot Heath Land, which cost me a *few years ago* (when the 3 *per Cents* were at *Sixty*,) *four thousand Pounds* in money, and which £200. a year I mean to make a present of to my present Tenant, by letting him have the Land from Year to Year for nothing. For I do not approve of the modern fashionable System among my avaricious and unreasonable Brother Landowners of expecting the *Public purse* to pay for my *foolish speculation* by robbing Peter to pay *Paul*. But I hope the dawn of Reason will soon throw a blessed light on the present *mysterious darkness* of *Agricultural* Distress, because when Reason and Justice triumphantly unite, then and then only, will Agricultural Distress be effectually and permanently relieved. For all Temporal Remedies for this

value Mr. Coke, of your great *Norfolk Estate* of 52,000 Acres, if it had not been for the speculative monied men and Fundholders yearly increasing the wealth of the country by bringing honey from every part of the world to the British *European Hive.* But, as a proof that land without money, however good, is of no *value,* I had twenty years ago 14000 acres of Land left me in North America, picked lands on the banks of rivers, equal to Mr. Birkbeck's Illinois meadows, the earth four or five feet in depth, such land as in this country would let for *five pounds* an acre; and yet, as there is more land than money in America, though I have been trying for the last ten years to sell it, I have not been able to get *five pounds* for the whole. However, as you Mr. Coke are so fond of a nation with *few taxes,* and the American Government is more adapted to your taste than *our own,* I publicly offer to you *fourteen thousand* acres of land, that have been in my family near one hundred years, for *one* of your Norfolk Farms from which you say you can get no rental, it not being worth cultivating at the present low price of grain, and with the present multiplicity of taxes. With your account too, Sir, of the wretched state of some of your farms in Norfolk, it will be acknowledged also to be a very fair proposal, for if I get *nothing* for my American land, you only exchange with

me for a farm that *produces* you *nothing*; but yours is *light barren* land, mine *rich* and *luxuriant;* yours perhaps an estate of only *five hundred* acres, mine an estate of *fourteen thousand,* though I must confess not in a ring fence like your great Norfolk property, my American lands being scattered over a large tract of country in allotments from five hundred acres to a thousand as being more convenient for sale, and better land. However, joking apart, as my American Freehold is within seventy miles of the Sea coast and on the banks of a fine navigable River, five thousand acres also within four or five miles of a considerable town, this will convince you Mr. Coke, that with all its *Taxes, Government Swindling, and Parliamentary corruption,* a Jacobinical phraseology that would horrify persons of weak nerves, and not used to such strong language, there is nothing like Old England after all. For which reason whenever I hear modern patriots inveighing against the abuses of Government, and creating a Mountain out of a Mole Hill to answer party purposes by making the people discontented with the men in power, that they or their *political friends* may succeed to their places, all the harm I have ever wished them and their brother Jacobins is, that this *dishonest, disloyal, discordant,* and *discontented* family of gloomy *Dis,* may

return to their father's mansion, for having been long used to see through a glass darkly, the glass of faction, Pandemonium must be more adapted to the *ken* of their *eye*, than the light of our *British Heaven*, so that the sooner those quit old England who don't like it the better for them and the better for us. But it is the nature of man to grumble, and particularly *Radical Whigs*, for in this they are consistent, and yet methinks, if there be no consistency in the politics of these hot-headed party zealots, except in grumbling, there ought to be a consistency in all other parts of their conduct for fear their understandings may be called in question, and they may be considered non compos; in that case not only the Rental going away from them but the Land itself; for there is something strongly resembling *insanity* in the Landowners expecting a Lottery *all prizes* and *no blanks*, though the poor Fundholder is to put into a Lottery *all blanks* and *no prizes*. For when during the war, Agricultural produce was selling very *high*, though the Funds were very *low*, persons, who were obliged from family circumstances to sell out of the Three per Cents at Fifty, though they or their ancestors had perhaps bought in this stock at Ninety six, never threw out the slightest hint at the time they were selling it, that you Mr. Coke, whose estates

were bought in the reign of Queen Elizabeth or James I. for four or five years of the present Rental, should in equity, with other Landowners whose estates were bought at the same time, lay by a part of the high war price for which the produce of your *Land* was selling, to pay the difference between *Fifty* and *Ninety six*, and if any intimation of that sort had been given, he or she would have been laughed at as a fool. Nay not even I 'll venture to say were the slightest hints thrown out that the deficiency of principal between *Fifty* and *Ninety six* ought to be made good by the high war prices paid for the produce of land, that had been formerly (Grants of the Crown) *stolen* from the public, and given away by some of our despotic Monarchs three or four hundred years ago to their Court *favorites*, not to their *Court sycophants*, because it is only within the last *thirty* years that we have had Court sycophants, and I am sure I can say I never expected such remuneration when about eighteen months since I sold out £1500. Three per Cents at Seventy five, that had been bought in one hundred years ago by an ancestor of mine at One Hundred and two. Besides if I had said that the £1500. was bought into a Fund created for the express purpose of paying the army and navy and other incidental expenses in fixing the Prince of Orange and his successors

on the throne of Great Britain, the revolutionary Nobles and Gentry ought to pay me the difference, neither yourself, the Cavendishes, or the Bentincks would have allowed I had any claim upon your or their purses; nay not even the patriotic and revolutionary house of Russell. But, besides this unanswerable defence to prove the public creditor's sacred right to his property in the Funds, is a right *more sacred* than that of many great Land proprietors to their estates, the Peace Ordeal, some landowners and farmers are now passing through and which is only a counterpart of the one that has occasioned so many bankruptcies among the Manufacturers and Merchants, is not only what might be expected, but is also the natural consequence of their own rashness, and is much less than what the commercial world has gone through with so much exemplary loyalty and patience, though at the same time with this most material difference, that the Landed interest have brought their ordeal upon themselves by their own folly. For, who that has not minutely observed the most extraordinary political *inconsistency*, which has for the last thirty years been the characteristic of the Bottle Green alias Jacobin Whigs, could have supposed it possible that the same men who two or three years ago for months together were *teazing Administration* in every possible

way, and goading them like forest flies to return to a metallic currency, and do away with that most *infernal* bill as they called it, the Bank restriction Bill, repeating over and over, and night after night, the nation would be ruined, unless we returned to the wholesome currency of Gold and Silver, should now they see Mr. Peel's Bill in lieu of knocking down the Funds, and making a one pound bank note worth only ten shillings instead of twenty, has contributed to lower the price of Landed produce, and has raised Government and Bank of England Securities, deliberately assert they *foresaw* the *ruinous tendency* of this destructive bill. And yet these are the very patriots, who not only occasioned Mr. Peel's obnoxious bill, but *predicted* that from the time of its passing, we, by the diminution of paper money and the return of the *golden age*, might, in spite of the Taxes, see the nation go on in comparative prosperity. When let me ask then was a more bare faced contradiction to the public professed opinion of a political party ever before seen, except in Fox's coalition? and yet I have lived above half a Century, and, as an independent Whig of the old school of Whiggism, have seen such inconsistencies in some modern Whigs, as would appear incredible to the late Marquis of Rockingham, or any other worthy independent

character of the same school, if they were to rise up from their graves.

As you Mr. Coke, with all your Hog knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the Swinish multitude, may not perhaps have heard of the origin of the Public Funds, or, if you have heard, may not choose to remember, I will endeavour to brush up your memory, for when you are told it was for the purpose of supporting the house of Orange on the Throne of Great Britain, that the public Funds were first instituted, you will feel perhaps a little more respect for the public Creditor. Know then the foundation stone in this instance, as in many others requiring the masonic trowel of the Revolutionist to bury not a little Silver or Gold with it, but a great deal, if it had not been for the *expedient* of *mortgaging* the *public taxes*, which was suggested by a namesake of mine, Mr. Lowndes the then Secretary of the Treasury, there would have been no ways and means of paying the Naval, Military, and Civil Establishment of the new Monarch. This Grease (so necessary to keep the wheels of the then Government in motion) being furnished by a set of men, you Landed Gentlemen are not a little prejudiced against, because you think, by their *splendid* style of living, they *lessen* the importance of

the great Landowners, namely, the Monied or Mercantile interest, but without whose necessary support the Whigs, who called in the Prince of Orange, were afraid, and not without reason, the fresh earth might sink under him, and his new Throne fall to the ground. Wherefore the novel and politic expedient was hit upon of borrowing a sum of money from private individuals to maintain the new Whig Monarch in Regal and Military splendour, and at the same time strengthen the Revolution by making it the *interest* of these money lenders to support the House of Orange, in order to get *repaid* the *money* they had lent. And be it remembered, the Stewarts still continuing to have considerable influence in the kingdom, it was no small point gained to secure a considerable part of the monied interest. Now who would suppose from the violent hatred of many of the modern Whigs to the British Fundholder, that the very foundation stone of those Funds, as I have already stated, was laid originally, Gentlemen, by your own Party, and that (strange to say) no small degree of resentment has arisen among the Jacobin Whigs from a similar monied interest causing the overthrow of one of the greatest Tyrants that ever existed, and of which I need give no other proof, than that if during the period Bonaparte domineered

over all Europe except the British Isles, you or your *political partizans*, Hone, Hunt, Cobbett, Carlisle, and Co., had said in France one-tenth part as much against that champion of Liberty and Whig Angel of Light, the late French Emperor, as they have at different times for the last twenty years said against the British Government, their triumphant career would soon have been cut short, and their thirst for Reform extinguished, as they would have been put out of the way, if not by the *Bow String*, by as powerful an instrument of Imperial vengance; so much for French Liberty at the period alluded to. But we have only to look into the history of England to be convinced that *money* not *land* is the *sun* of liberty, and as *Pat* would say, the father of it too, for, till the Alienation act in Henry the seventh's Reign, when the lands were first let loose from the thraldom of the Feudal system, there was but a glimmering of liberty, and that very twilight itself the consequence of King John's incorporating Towns and Cities to resist the Barons and their Clods of dependents; who as to any liberty they enjoyed, were not a bit better off than the Cattle and other Brute *Animals* of their great Lord, nor, if we can judge from the history of those times, would the subjects of this Realm under the Government of the famous

Barons have enjoyed more liberty than under the British Kings; for no one, with the least penetration, and at all conversant with that dark period of the English History or with human nature, can honestly say, it was the original intention of those Barons to give us Magna Charta, if it had not been that they saw no chance of resisting King John's tyranny any other way. For if they could have successfully resisted him, they would, after getting rid of King John, have most probably divided the Regal Power amongst themselves, and by founding an Oligarchy instead of a Monarchy, have given us a *dozen Tyrant Kings* instead of *one*, till some Individual great Baron, Lording it over the rest, had made himself Sovereign of the whole. For man is as naturally prone to *abuse* power by getting it all to himself, as the sparks fly upwards. In other words, public Virtue, commonly called Patriotism, is an empty name, and I wish to God I could persuade my Countrymen to think so, and then they would not give such implicit credit to every selfish pretender to Patriotism, every Empiric or Quack who professes to cure national diseases *gratis*, without having before shewn any superior political skill, or that most genuine and only proof of real Patriotism, a magnanimous disinterestedness of conduct, whenever his own

interest has come in competition with that of the public. But, if Mr. Peel's Bill, as your party have lately discovered, has had a considerable share in contributing to the present Agricultural distress, I again repeat you have only to blame yourselves for it, as it was your party who occasioned the *premature* passing of that bill. Strongly impressed with the old school boy copy, "Delays are dangerous," your political friends lost sight of another Golden rule, namely, that sudden transitions from one extreme to another are also fraught with danger, whether applied to the mechanism of Man collectively or individually, to suddenly stopping the wheels of a Watch or the wheels of a Government, to the animal Constitution or the Constitution of a Kingdom. In recommending the *reduction* of *Rents*, a variety of circumstances must of course be taken into consideration of which the owner of the Land is alone best acquainted, such as being burdened with *little* or no Poor Rates, contiguity to the Sea or contiguity to London, a short distance to Market or a long distance, and whether those Markets be great or small, high or low Wages, good turnpike Roads or bad bye Roads, whether too the Toll be high or moderate, or good roads without any Toll, and last of all whether it be a fine, dry, and nutritious Garden Loom, or a wet,

clayey, cold, and stiff Soil; for all which advantages, like a Tythe free farm, an additional Rent may then reasonably be expected, both because the tenant can afford it, and because, if bought within the last half century, when the value of land has been reduced to a science, these advantages and conveniences were most probably paid for in the purchase money of the estate, either by the owner or his predecessors. But, I repeat Gentlemen, that the low prices of Agricultural produce arise *principally* from *superabundance* occasioned by the extensive new Enclosures from 1800 to 1812, which are now brought to the highest *state* of cultivation, a circumstance never once *touched* upon by *you* and other great *Landholders*, (though in Lincolnshire alone 300,000 Acres of Land have been brought into tillage from a state of nature within the last thirty years,) and observe, if abundance of food for man and beast be called a national evil, I hope to God it will be a *growing evil*, and grow every year *more and more abundantly*. For I never can be so wicked as to suppose that *God Almighty* does not know what is better for the human race than Man himself, even Jacobin Man, who by skimming over the various impious publications in this enlightened age, and licking the *cream* of knowledge out of the Devil's milk-pan, has *suddenly* become so

much *wiser* than all the generations of men that have lived before him: his political and *divine* wisdom having grown faster than a Mushroom or Jack's Bean Stalk, indeed so fast, as not merely to cope with the Angels themselves in the sublime efforts of the mind, but who, thanks to the new French Philosophers, has for the last thirty years dug so *deep* in the ore of knowledge, as impiously to suppose his mental powers are equal if not superior to the Almighty's; else when speaking of an abundant Harvest he would not try to mend what God has done by calling such harvest a Curse instead of a Blessing. These extensive enclosures in Great Britain and Ireland, amounting perhaps in their maiden produce to half as much as the old enclosed land, united to the great improvements in Agriculture by improved cultivation and a discovery of new Manures, from the great progress made during the last twenty years in that branch of science, Chemistry, a science so useful to farming and by which means the old Enclosures as well as the new are brought to the highest possible state of human cultivation, will (even upon supposing, as Sir Francis Burdett has stated, the crops of 1820 and 1821 were only average crops,) if coupled with the return from a Paper currency to a Metallic one, and a diminution of the annual War circulating me-

dium to a great extent naturally account for the present cheapness of cattle, timber, grain, and every other production of Land, without taking into account the great *waste* and *consumption* in time of *war* of all the above articles. When, besides the circumstances herein stated, we contemplate the large capital drawn from Trade, and other sources of wealth, and laid out in land during the high war prices from the great encouragement thus held out, an encouragement which made many unused to the country or to farming, avariciously give up the *Loom* for the *Plough*, the *Shop* for the *Dairy*, no man in his senses can be *surprised* that the *farming Lottery once* all *prizes* is now *all blanks*, and that corn, cattle, timber. &c., are selling at a *low price*. But the evil will cure itself, for the Tradesmen farmers, as I have said, must give up their high-rented farms or go to prison, and the Landlords must then adapt their *rent* to the circumstances of the times, but, with this most material advantage to themselves, their tenantry, and their country, they will have a real farmer, who *understands his business*, and will *improve the land*, instead of a *sham farmer*, who, if he could give them a *high rent* would make it a *loosing bargain* to his Landlord at the end of his lease, by leaving his farm covered with *twitch, briars, and weeds* instead of corn and grass, a slovenly wil-

derness, and a barren soil, instead of a highly cultivated and luxuriant farm, *pleasing to the eye* and *beneficial to the Pocket.* Now, is it not very extraordinary, that in the multiplicity of speeches made in and out of Parliament and the multiplicity of Pamphlets upon the present Agricultural distress by monied men not swayed by interest in what they say, no public speaker or writer, at least to my knowledge, has once touched upon these important points? Why the landed man should not touch upon some of them is self-evident, for no one, that has property, likes to make it a *glut* by telling you there is so much of the article he deals in, that he can get no one *to buy it.* All this feeling is interwoven with our very existence; and when we live by it, may be called self preservation, implanted in us for the best and wisest of purposes. But I am astonished that others who, like myself, have only one-third of their property in Land, the rest being in Water, the public Funds, &c., and consequently have other means of living, have never mentioned the great number of Enclosure bills (which past the House of Commons from 1800 to 1812) united to the improvement of the old Enclosures, as operating in a similar manner to the new *Sugar* and *Cotton Plantations,* which have lowered the price of those articles much in the same way as the produce of Land.

But yet, like the story of the cook maid and the skinned Eel, from being *used* to the *thing*, the Planters and Merchants have borne this difference of price with a philosophic fortitude our country gentlemen in and out of Parliament would *do well* to *imitate*. They would then learn and which I again repeat, that none but a madman would have the unreasonableness to expect a Lottery *all prizes* and *no blanks*. No wonder therefore, if a great confusion appear in the minds of such mercenary Landholders in speaking of Agricultural Distress, where different remedies are pointed out by them according to the selfish feeling of the party, either as *politicians* or land *proprietors*. What better reason can be given for the incredible nonsense that has deluged the Press touching the *low price* of farming produce, than that much of the *contradictory remedies* proposed in pointing out a cure for this *evil* to *farmers* and *landlords* (an evil that to the country at large proves a blessing, as from the low price of the raw material all our Looms are at work by enabling the Manufacturer to undersell foreign goods in foreign Markets) have arisen from the party feeling, avarice, pride, and selfishness of many of the great landholders and farmers. Avarice in the one wishing to keep up *high* rents, and in the other high produce to pay those rents; pride

which alike prevents both from reducing their family expences to a level with their income; and selfishness and party feeling, by leading the great landowners to suppose it fair and just to shift the burden from themselves to others, as though they were the only subjects for whom the British Constitution was formed, and the days of villanage were again returned, when those liberty boys of landholders under our Henrys and Edwards, the too *much admired* Barons, who had the good luck to get a great deal of praise, where little or no praise was due, kept the *lower orders* in a state of *slavery* as subservient to their *tyrannical mandate* as the people in *Russia*, who are frequently sold by the great Nobles with their estates, and considered as a part of the live stock. For I will tell these monopolizing land proprietors who are so fond of talking of the patriotism of their Baronial Ancestors and Magna Charta, or rather I will remind them, (as I am ready to confess their superiority to me in historical knowledge, saving and except where it is convenient to their political wisdom to forget particular events,) that it is not to their *clodhoppers* of ancestors, but to the monied interest of its inhabitants we owe the *liberties* of Great Britain. Nay I may go still further and say, it is to the British *monied interest all Europe* is indebted for the

liberty she now enjoys, and therefore the large *landholders* of this country, who are so fond of *nibbling at* and *undermining the* public Funds, act as *ungratefully* as the viper to the countryman, which first shewed its restoration to life by stinging the bosom of its benefactor, or the young Hottentot, who first shews he has attained the age of virility by *beating* his mother. Yes, had it not been for the cities and towns incorporated by King John, we should probably be as uncivilized as the Russian peasantry. For some people, when speaking of the Monarchs of Europe, choose to forget, that there are unfortunately for mankind *little tyrants* as well as *great ones*. Witness the Polish, Russian, and some of the German Nobility, not forgetting the highminded Nobles of Venice, and the late Jacobin French Republicans; but with this difference, that the little tyrant having more power to shew his tyranny from the *obscurity* of the spot where he lives, making him *less observed*, exercises his despotic sway without *fear of* punishment, and with the narrow minded malignity of a West Indian boy I was once at school with, who every time he was flogged, used to say, I will be revenged for this whipping when I return to Jamaica, for some of my *mother's negroes* shall have *two floggings* for every *one I have* here. I trust therefore, if what I now say

produces no other good, it will shew, Gentlemen, there may be tyrant Squires, tyrant Baronets, and tyrant Lords, as well as tyrant Kings. For really to hear some of you landed Gentry talk, one can't help thinking of the refined Lady of fashion, who said the *common people* were nature's Crockery, herself and the Nobility nature's China Ware, as, in like manner, if we were to swallow all the jargon we hear from some of the Agricultural Distress Gentlemen we might define a Fundholder or public Creditor a man born to pay a nation's expences in time of war in order to enable the Landed man to sell his produce at a *high price*, and *provide* for his younger children in the army and navy, instead of providing for them himself by laying up every year a part of that *high surplus* price for the produce of his land, that all country gentlemen in time of war, notwithstanding the additional taxes, have an opportunity of doing, as well as the *merchant*, if his *pride* and vanity did not get the better of his prudence. And indeed, it is as I have said before, but which cannot be too often repeated, this want of proper foresight and prudence in not looking *forward* to the peace price of landed produce, for no man in his senses could suppose we were always to be at war, which has occasioned a great deal of the present agricultural distress,

it having arisen in a great measure, from landed Gentlemen not laying by the surplus price they got during the late but necessary war for their grain, hay, cattle, timber, &c. They had too a better opportunity of increasing their capital than the Funded man, because they not only got back their *own taxes* by the *increased* charge for *landed produce*, but they also got a great part of the taxes that *monied men* pay. I will instance only the Income tax to shew on whom the war taxes pressed the *heaviest*. A Fundholder in the *short annuities* paid upon an income arising from a capital worth only seventeen years purchase, as much as the Landholder upon a capital worth thirty years purchase with minerals and timber to help him out in his Income tax; so that what was an eighth to this Fundholder, was actually nothing upon the capital of the Landed man even without their aid. But, if he had also minerals and timber, he not only paid no income tax, but he doubled or trebled his Rental by those advantages in minerals and timber which the Funded man had not, besides selling the produce of his land such as hay, corn, cattle, &c., at *double* the price he could in time of peace. I will suppose by way of argument the five per cents at par, a man with £1,000. five per cent. per annum at a ten per cent. Income tax paid £100. a year to the

state, but a man with £1,000. a year in Land, even without timber or minerals, as during the war he paid nothing, being allowed a drawback on repairs, and getting three times more for his corn than he gets in time of peace, not only paid *no income tax* to Government, but by receiving from army and navy contractors a great part, if not the *whole* of the *Fundholder's income tax* was, instead of being impoverished by the state, *enriching* himself at the expence of those, he wants now the tables are turned to *empoverish* still more, when, (except contractors for the army and navy, Government agents, &c.) every other member of the british community suffered more or less from the pressure of war taxes. And therefore when, in addition to this undeniable fact, I state, hoping at the same time it is almost a solitary instance, that though £1800. has been paid to Government from my late Father's personal property for the Stamp duty upon it, I, his only *son* and *heir* have not yet received *a shilling*, (and he has been dead above three years,) and that not a sixpence would have been *claimed* by Government for *stamps*, if this money, nine-tenths of which are in the British Funds, had been laid out in *Land before his death*, you Mr. Curwan and other unreasonable advocates for taxing the Public Funds will see, if you don't shut your eyes against the truth, for

none are so blind as those who wo'n't see, that the stamp and legacy duties are as heavy a charge upon Government securities of every description as well as on every other species of personal property, as the English Poor Rates are to English and Welsh Landholders. At least, if, which is a fair way, we take all the landed property in the British Empire, for in Scotland and Ireland there are *no poor rates*. Unless indeed, by way of making the Irish and Scotch pay their quota of poor rates in proportion to the land they posses in Scotland and Ireland, Mr. Curwan or some of his political coadjutors were to move in the House that every Scotch and Irish Landholder, who bought into the Irish and English Funds, should pay a certain poundage towards the reduction of English poor rates, and which would be about as equitable and feasible Mr. Curwan as any of your other poor, unjust, and Quixotic plans, which you have been so long labouring to bring about. For this could only be done by administering an oath every time money was laid out in Government Securities, that the person so investing his property was neither a Scotchman or an Irishman to prevent the claim being made upon you Mr. Curwan, your friend Coke, and other great English Landholders. But at the same time with this material difference between the

stamp duties upon Funded property and the poor rates upon Land, and which cannot be too often and too deeply impressed on Mr. Curwan and the Coke company, (if that body can be called Coke which, at the age of seventy, and with so much political *heartburning* for fifty years, Mr. Coke having been in the House of Commons all that time, has not yet lost any of its phlogiston) that the Fundholder pays the Legacy stamp duty of ten per cent. even if it be left him by his nearest and dearest friend without any chance of getting it back in any shape, if he happen to have *no other* property but what is in the *Funds*. Whereas if it were a Legacy of Land (where, to shew how well the Landholder has protected himself from taxes, though he was so ready to tax all personalty, no stamp duty will be required) he or she might repay themselves the tax by an *additional* rental on the Land thus bequeathed, while the Fundholder must be contented, if in *the three per cents*, with the *moderate interest* of the money so left him, that was paid by Government for more than a *century* before his friend's death, at a time too when the produce of Land was *two hundred* per cent. cheaper than it is at present. I think I have now given an unanswerable reason why the *Fundholder*, as a Fundholder, ought not to be *taxed* to enable you Messrs. Curwan, Coke,

income tax which is a very unfair mode of taxation, it should be a tax upon *capital* according to its *real* value, charging upon every annuity a yearly per centage not on the income of that annuity, but on the *capital* it would produce, if brought to a fair monied market, whether the profits arise from the learned professions, trade, and commerce, or from any other species of annuities depending either on the life of the Grantor or Grantee. By a fairly modified property tax of this description, (similar to a poundage paid in Foulness Island where I have a farm, for the purpose of keeping up the Mud Walls of the Island, each farm paying according to its rental, if ever so large;) but beginning only with property of £5000. value in the above tax upon capital (for to take away any part of an income under £200. a year would be taking away necessaries from a man with a wife and family who had no other property,) and beyond an income of £10,000. year, in order to make up for not commencing the tax at a smaller ratio levying this tax upon capital according to the strength of the person who bears it, by not stopping the impost at any intermediate space between this income of £200. a year and the largest income in the Kingdom whether arising from land or money, *three* or *four millions* a year might be taken off those taxes that

into their *own lands* upon the plausible idea that the *more land* the *more profit*. Nay many country gentlemen, from the high profit on land, were tempted to borrow money at *five per cent.* to *purchase* land, because they thought they should make nine or ten per cent. of the money so borrowed. Why then is not a *land jobber* to be subject to the same *fluctuation* in the price of the article he deals in, as a *stock jobber?* and why is the one to be considered in a more odious light than the other? when of the two the stock *jobber* does less *harm* to the country. For the Land speculator, who borrowed money at *five per cent.* to purchase land with, could only repay himself by *raising* the *rents* of the *estate* he *purchased*, and he could not *raise* his *rents* without the tenant *raising* the *price* of his *produce*, for of course with an *increased rent* there must be *increased* ways and means of *paying* it, but this additional price on produce the consumer must pay, and the great consumer in all countries must be the lower orders of society, not only because they have keener appetites than the rich, but because they are ten times more *numerous*. The Stock jobber on the other hand or Fundholder, who speculates in Government securities in the *three per cents* for instance, which is the favorite speculative Stock, does not take a halfpenny from the pockets of

principle, but from that *love of justice*, which ought to influence every man's sentiments and practice either in his public or private conduct. For, meum tumet jecur, when I hear men in Parliament and out of Parliament treating the public Fundholder, as if he were a public Robber, and from no other motive but *prejudice* or *avarice*. Though I will candidly acknowledge till Mr. Pitt's system of *open* loans there was a great deal of roguery on the part of loan contractors, partly from ministerial favorism, and partly from combination among the contractors themselves, but which combination and favorism never once took place during the late war, and indeed the loans themselves will sufficiently prove it. For many large loans in the very heart of the war, (a war not about a non-observance of some national form or ceremony, or for this barren Island, or this or that factory, but a war of *extermination* with no prospect of any end to it till Bonaparte himself ended his mad career,) were, thanks to Mr. Goldsmid and the fair system of *open competition*, contracted for between sixty and seventy at prices no one could have believed possible, and which all monied men at the time acknowledged to be *excellent bargains* to the country. This being the case, what man can lay his hand on his heart without honestly confessing, that even at this

for standing up for the Fundholder, namely, that he has stood up for the country manfully and nobly, when the Landed man but, for the high price of his produce, would perhaps have succombed like most other great European Landholders, and have laid the honor of the country at the feet of the enemy. For when some of Bonaparte's most ardent admirers in this country were known to be the great British and Irish Landowners, many of whom, I am ashamed to say, seemed to shape their politics to their interest, and, whatever they thought of the man himself, chose to appear devoted to him, that the numerous spies he had in this country, might put them down by *name* as belonging to the Jacobin Squad, and by this preserve their estates to themselves and their families, I have a right to say the best and firmest supporters of the present liberties of Great Britain, of its property public and private, and its prosperity public and private; (for that is now as visible as the sun at noon day,) have been the calumniated patriotic, and liberal minded Fundholders. Let us therefore hear no more nonsense about the public Creditor's exorbitant profits, and his jewish and usurious contracts, by which, to every man possesed of a grain of common sense, he has lost all right to any thing but a *Lottery of blanks*, for that if he lost every farthing he had

I need only mention that one gentleman *with ten thousand pounds* a year in Landed property was a loyal supporter of Government and a warm partizan of theirs, as well as four-fifths of the Landowners then present. But a man need not be a conjurer to discover why *excessive taxation* and not *high* rents, united to the variety of other circumstances alluded to in this letter, are considered by you Messrs. Coke and Curwan and some other of the *opposition squad* to be the *sole cause* of the present distressed state of agriculture. If however (looking through the medium of faction) I wish I could use the softer word party, you gentlemen and the other hot-headed Jacobin Whigs choose to act in this as in many other instances, contrary to your secret sentiments, in hopes of making the present honest Administration to whose firm councils and the King's we are indebted for the salvation of the British Empire, obnoxious to the people, that is no reason why independent men totally unconnected with faction or party are not to exercise their own sober judgement on the occasion, and think for themselves. An independence of mind nothing shall prevent me from exercising, and particularly when I daily perceive so many insidious attempts to undermine public Credit in a commercial Kingdom where public Credit is the *pivet* on which turns all National

prosperity, by ungratefully attacking the public Funds, those Funds by which the lives and properties of all civilized society have been preserved and thus as it were destroying the Hen that has laid us so many golden eggs. I therefore possessing as much real patriotism as these revolutionary sappers and miners, who think they alone are entitled to the *name* of patriots, could not remain any longer silent on a *political subject* of such vital importance to my Natale solum. For I still live in a free country where, tho', (thanks to your brother Radicals) a clamorous and senseless Mob by their lies and uproar may prevent me from speaking in Public, they cannot prevent me from writing, and, when the firebrands of Jacobin insurrection threaten my property in common with the rest of the community, aye and yours too Messrs. Coke and Curwan, I should be an ideot indeed to sit quietly looking on, while the French mountain faction in the House of Commons are endeavouring to draw this mountain of artificial wealth the public Funds into their political vortex of disappointed ambition, at the hazard of making, as Shakspeare says, the green sea red, by creating anarchy and confusion and deluging [illegible] with blood, from setting the [illegible] Son, the Mother against the [illegible] against his Master and the

Subject against his King. But respecting the present Agricultural Distress, though much has been said, I am sorry to say much more is necessary to say, to do proper justice either to the farmers or the public. For the great misfortune in this country, where politics like air mingle with every thing around us, arises from every topic of public investigation gradually assuming a *party question*, like some Farms which, whatever Grain you choose to sow on them, have a tendency to produce that indigenous weed most natural to the soil. Were it not for this unfortunate bias of the British mind, this Jacobinical canker, many public abuses would long since have been corrected, and many obsolete and absurd Laws erased from the Statute book by the pruning knife of the *moderate* reformer. Who therefore, Sirs, can wonder from the violent and inflammatory state of the lower orders of society by perusing, or having read to them the impious and revolutionary publications of Hone, Carlisle, and Cobbett, united to the democratic speeches of Thelwal, Hunt, &c., not forgetting the strong parliamentary language of some of you dark *bottle* green Whigs, vulgarly called Radicals, if even in the present prospect of permanent peace, many sensible people are still afraid, that if *Reform* is once begun, *Revolution* will soon follow

done away with, and the M. Ps. thus abolished being distributed among the large counties, and the most populous towns, I differ so much from other reformers, that, in my humble opion, to purify Parliament effectually, the only way is to begin with the *Electors* instead of the *Elected*, by purifying *bribery* in every shape, *before* or after the election. For surely none but a mad man would think, when the most notorious corruption exists among the *poorest* voters, that the *best* way to cure that *corruption* would be by having all M. Ps. elected by the *poor* instead of the *rich*, by those who have *no property*, instead of those who have *property*, or in other words by those who care as much about the *welfare* of the State as honest Pat about his lodging house, who, when awaked in the dead of the night, and told if he did not immediately get up the house would be blown about his ears, half asleep and half awake cooly answered "*by Jasus what care I about the house, for I am only a lodger*," and having said this, fell asleep again as if nothing had happened. And such would inevitably be the case, if the universal Suffrage men prvailed, namely lodgers and servants would return the Members instead of masters and housekeepers, whilst to this motley Parliament, consisting of tag rag and bobtail, cheese and bacon factors, distillers, brewers, butchers and bakers, with no little sprinkling

Farmer, by permitting these Clods to enjoy all the *prizes*, while the poor Fundholder is to rest contented with nothing but blanks, or in other words, by suffering the great Landowners and their Tenantry to have all the crops *above* and *under* ground, as was the case with Rabelais' farmer in his partnership with the Devil. For the year old Nick chose to have the crop *above* ground (the Farmer being to have for his year's profit the crop *under* ground) sly Ploughshare grew nothing but an *under ground* crop, such as carrots, potatoes, onions, &c., whereas, when his Sable Majesty the following year was by mutual agreement to have all the crop under ground, the honest Farmer again monopolized the whole crop by growing nothing but oats, barley, wheat, &c., thus both years tricking the Devil out of every farthing of profit: upon which, greatly disappointed, Satan broke up the partnership concern saying, he would have nothing more to do with this simple son of nature, as he was frequently but improperly called; for simple, as farmers were, they were most of them in low *cunning* and driving *a good bargain* a match for *himself* or any of his *Imps*.

In like manner when I consider that neither you Mr. Coke, or the Cumberland Squire, or any of your Anti-fund Copartners have contribut-

stance that would be of no avail in tranquilising the *Radical* grumbling disposition of the renowned democrat William Cobbett, descended no doubt from the similarity of their politics, or related to Colonel Cobbett the famous Cromwellian, mentioned in Clarendon's history of the Rebellion, as sweet William will always be in adversity or prosperity, and which ever way the *wind blows* more or less a *political grunter*, in that respect *unchangeable;* because fancying himself *clever*, he will always suppose his way of thinking on every occasion, the only *right way*. And to give this doughty champion of *annual* Parliaments and Universal *Suffering* his due, he don't want for abilities, though, at times, woefully deficient in common sense. But this troublesome Proteus having a *mind* as well as a body, I do wonder the bold dragoon and recruiting sergeant, with his long whip, *fool's cap bank notes*, whack row de dow, should be so fond of *Corporal Punishment* but, very probly from frequent *floggings*, (by being almost always in mischief,) the Corporal and Cobbett have been intimately acquainted e'en from his *boyish* days. William Cobbett will see however from my motto, and the Poetical conclusion of this long letter, that, as it is deemed not only subversive of all Military discipline, but beneath the dignity and honor of a Serjeant, to

most assuredly *end* their *equality* mania by preying on *one another*. For however *pleasant* the mechanism and scenery of this Melo Drama may appear in the hour of political enthusiasm, and festive hospitality at Holkham house, when *seen afar off*, where, like the lofty Andes or the Alps, whose towering heads are enveloped in clouds, the *terrific ruggedness* and *wildness* of the *perspective* is *softened* and *melted down* by the great distance at which it is beheld, into a grand, romantic, and dignified view, I am sure you *three* Anti-fund Gentlemen and all your wealthy coadjutors, would as politicians even, behold this fascinating Claude Lorraine Landscape with very different eyes, were it immediately under each *individual's ken*, and, *unfettered by party*, every man was allowed to judge for himself. For what was before so charming and delightful, when seen through *this* false and flattering medium, would, when subject to *loss* of property, rank, and respectability appear in its true *disgusting* colours, by *shocking* not only your pride and vanity as well as theirs, but by offending all the best and most honorable feelings of the human heart, *much more* than those *delusive* scenes had ever given *pleasure* either to you or them.

Besides, as Honesty is the best Policy on all

the British Empire, and from as many various interests, but the unjust and avaricious Landowners being in fact its most formidable, constant, and *unappeasable* enemies. Therefore pray Messrs. Bennet, Coke, and Curwen pause one moment, and reflect how inexpressibly awful and terrific *that day* would be to all the sincere partizans of rational liberty, when the *British National loans*, instead of being *voluntary aids* to Government, (arising from the spontaneous effusion of true and genuine Patriotism, though lent by monied men I grant at a fair legal Interest according to the exigencies of the times) must be *raised and collected by British Gens d' armes at the point of the Bayonet.* Yes, Sirs, by that despotism your Whig friends *in* Parliament and *out* of it have frequently and properly considered so *inimical* to the *liberty* and *prosperity* of every civilized country, *Military Tax gatherers:* For to this complexion we must come at last (and then adieu to old England's boasted liberties for ever,) if you Messrs. Bennet Coke and Curwen and your *Anti-fund* coadjutors persist in *frightening* the *national creditor* by either *boldly* attacking or *insidiously* undermining our Public Funds; since here rests, and on this foundation was laid the extraordinary and incredible *Paper Mountain* of British wealth, that enabled us during the last war, not only to *subdue* almost

P. S. From the *cheapness* of every necessary of life for *man* or *beast*, a benefit which is *now* most fortunately felt by every class of society in the British Empire, it is not asserting too much to say, that even in the present *apparently distrest* state of Agriculture, Landlords whether noblemen or commoners, persons of splendid incomes or moderate ones, can live as well upon a *reduced peace* Rental, as they could during the *war* upon an annual income *fifty per cent* greater. So that, considering the *relief* given the Landed interest in this point of view, though in common with the whole British population, they have much less to complain of than is generally imagined. Wherefore, if Landowners on an average *lower* their *war* rents one-third, the *fall* in most articles of consumption in the house, the farm yard, and the stable, with the reduction of indoor and outdoor servant's wages, will amply *compensate* for taking off thirty per cent. from their *new raised* rents, even without calculating the intended *reduction* of taxes this year by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the express purpose of giving immediate relief to Farmers and Land proprietors. By this statement of facts the complaints of the Landed interest are more *unreasonable* than they at first appear; and their unprecedented attack on the Funds, whether directly or indirectly, the more selfish and

independent and manly resolution of Mr. Spicer the Sheriff, who said he would sooner *lose* his *right hand* than *sign* it to a petition for *Parliamentary Reform*, when the meeting at Epsom was appointed to consider Agricultural Distress *only*, and it was *so* stated in the advertisement. Be it known too by this *impartial* and *resolute* conduct on the part of the *Sheriff* and his *firm supporters*, though *few* in number, the then loyal address, (unlike the disgraceful one this year at a late Surrey County Meeting, where I was not present from being here) was with due fairness *confined* to the subject of the advertisement, Agricultural Distress; *another* day being by the Sheriff very candidly but *more properly* appointed for the discussion of *Parliamentary Reform*. And God forbid, in this *free country*, Parliamentary Reform or any other public Reform, should not be discussed at a County Meeting *regularly* and *legally* convened by the Sheriff, provided it be *confined* to Freeholders, Copyholders, and other Inhabitants of the County. For to my knowledge, very *unfair* manœuvres have been practised by some petty-fogging peripatetic Radical cheiftains from bringing a thoughtless and noisy mob of *cut* and *dried* Reformers, from other Counties to *overawe* and *outvote* the *real freeholders* and *inhabitants;* these ignorant *self-conceited* fellows caring no more

men in a county whether merchants, manufacturers, farmers, or shopkeepers, have generally more or less *Freeholds* either in *houses* or land. I say this from a thorough conviction that to restore the British House of Commons to the original purity and independence intended by our wiser ancestors the *Freeholder* for a *County* instead of *forty shillings* a year should have *twenty pounds* a year, and *members* for *boroughs* and *counties three thousand pounds* a year, and *six thousand pounds* a year in *land or money.* For in our commercial nation I am well aware by enhancing the M. P.'s qualification (unless personal property was allowed to make up the *difference)* too *large* a capital would be drawn from Manufactures to Land, and too great a preponderance given to the Landed interest. Also that every political reformer, to act up to the *spirit* of the British Constitution, the basis of which is justice and mercy, should propose no plan of Parliamentary Reform, by which the *monied* and *manufacturing* interest was not as *fully represented* as the *landed.* It being as necessary to keep up this *equilibrium* for the *safety* of the state, as it is to prevent King, Lords, and Commons from *encroaching* on each others *perogative.* I speak thus with the more sincerity in favor of personal property being fully represented, when I assert from my own experience

strongest arm, but the *strongest purse*. Independent therefore of my own interest as a Fundholder, how could I with this *grateful* feeling to the monied interest of Europe, sit patiently by, and suffer such an honorable body of men to be trampled upon and abused, and their *useful property undermined*, (men whose well earned wealth being *honorably* acquired by the honest industry of the whole habitable globe entitles them to the respect of all mankind, not excepting the distressed Landholders, but particularly to the respect of the wise, humane, and virtuous,) and this unjust obliquy and attack of the Funds too because a set of men, who profited by the Stockholders wealth during the war, and as long as the war continued, gave their almost unanimous support to Government, are so *unreasonable* as to complain they cannot have war prices for the produce of their land in time of peace, that is *have* their *cake* and *eat* it. While to give their complaints more effect, and create a greater *sympathy*, for Agricultural Distress, they prudently choose to *forget* the *numerous advantages* to gratify the pride, vanity, and ambition of the owner, which Landed property possesses over Funded. For in the catalogue of grievances, which the Landowners labour under from the low price of landed produce, they leave the public to point out as a set off against

Government wheels within wheels, that *secret* Political influence resulting from great Landed Property, must see Messrs. Coke, Curwen, and Co. that a Baring, or a Rothchild, with four or five *millions* of money, unless a good part of it be laid out in a British or Irish Freehold Estate, does not possess so much *Public influence* with an Administration of this Country, or receive one-tenth part of the outward respect that a great Landowner excites from such wily interested Statesmen, and indeed from all classes of society, though he has only £30,000. or £40,000. a year in Land, instead of £100,000. per Annum in the Public Funds. I hope, therefore, after this Trueism, and when you, Gentlemen, consider, that the *cheapness* of Landed produce reflects *back* the benefit of its *low* price upon the *grower* of it, as well as the consumer, both partaking, in a certain degree, its advantages, (for the *less* Agriculturists pay for the necessaries of life, the *cheaper* they live,) that you will in future put down in your Dr. and Cr. account of the *losses* by Land, and the *profit* by Money, that the poor *distressed* Landowner with all his *imaginary grievances*, still stands on a much *higher* eminence of worldly blessings than a monied Man *ever so rich*, whose money, instead of being vested in Land, has been solely laid

large *Landed* Property, results from the *Roguery* or bad *management* of Stewards, and that their Farms were better looked after, and in a less expensive manner, before the fashionable custom of having *legal* Auditors was introduced. These *middle* Gentlemen, in many instances, not only getting more *respect* from the *Tenants*, but also by their high Salary, Law profits, Game, Fruit, Fish, Venison, &c. more *benefit* from the Property than the Noble owner, particularly if there happens to be a heavy *Mortgage* upon it, as is the case with many of the large Estates in this Kingdom. For Noblemen and Gentlemen forgetting their Land is *Mortgayed*, or, if clear of debt, that it is only theirs for *Life*, are too apt to live away as if they had the Estate in *Fee*. In consequence of which extravagance, such improvident Landowners are very soon obliged to go abroad, and shut up the great Mansion-House, and then the Lord have *mercy* upon *them* and their *Estate;* for, from *that moment*, they become the *needy dependants* and running Footmen of Money Lenders, Brokers, and Attornies, and their Farm Houses, Lands, Woods, and Mansion House, get into such a ruinous and dilapidated state, that they are obliged to continue abroad not merely to *conceal* their embarrassment, but because, if they had Philosophy enough to live in the *Parsonage*

nomy, which has been for some time back so repeatedly recommended to Government, but which recommendation will be most effectually enforced on the attention of Ministers by these M. P.'s (who so strenuously advise Public Retrenchment and economy,) *practising* it in private, will be found a good substitute for Parliamentary aid; and not merely the best, but the only method of *permanently* relieving the present Agricultural Distress. To shew, how Noblemen, whose affairs are deranged, plunge deeper and deeper into the mire, by leaving the management of their Estate to Stewards and Agents, instead of looking after it themselves, I refer my Readers to that part of Gil Blas (the celebrated Novel) where a wild dissipated young Nobleman, Don Matthias, frequently *borrows his own money, at twenty per cent. and which his Rascal* of a *Steward every time pretends to get from a little Jew Broker, with a blue bag;* thus pocketing the Rental of his Master, and afterwards making him pay *a most exorbitant Interest for the Loan of his own Rents.* To suppose that such a roguery, which is more common, perhaps, than we imagine, was generated in the fertile brain of Le Sage, or, if taken from *Life*, was the characteristic of Spanish Stewards *only*, would betray a most lamentable ignorance of

For no Agent, if ever so *humanely* inclined, can inspire that *confidence* into a Tenant which the sight and converse of *his own* Landlord produces. But, besides doing all this, the great Landowners (with mutual benefit to Landlord and Tenant) might each continue to have a Steward to save themselves *trouble*; provided he were looked *sharply* after by the Nobleman or Gentleman who employed him, and his accounts inspected, if not every *six* months, every year. This reformation in the manners and habits of the absent Irish Landowners, with the reduction of War Rents, and followed up by retrenchment and economy, as a set off against a *reduced Income*, united to a fair diminution of those Taxes, which press *heaviest* upon Land, is the Irish Agriculturist's *true* Philosopher's Stone. Without the above precautions, and the wise and humane determination of every Landlord in the British Empire to look after his Farm and Estates, and hold communion with his Tenantry himself, no assistance of Government by reducing Taxation, can give the Proprietors or Occupiers of Land and Houses permanent relief, but particularly those who from folly, extravagance, and bad management, thus voluntarily stand on the brink of a precipice with the gulph of Bankruptcy and ruin staring them in the face.

the Property, will (the value of Land in all Counties depending on the *plenty* or *scarcity* of money, as well as the security of each respective Government) be as fatal to Land as Money, by undermining not only these grand sources of National wealth, but also every other sort of property, from doing away that necessary distinction of *meum* and *tuum* coeval with the moral world, and which is the source of all National prosperity, and the basis of civilized society.

After this short deviation from the line of my argument, I shall return to the great advantages of Landed Property over Funded, by observing, that if you think such benefits are merely *imaginary*, I request leave to remind you, Sirs, in order to give what you suppose to be the result of fancy only, both a local habitation and a name, how many Commissions in the Army and Navy, rich Livings, Places in Public Offices, Civil and Military Governments abroad and at home, Titles, &c. *have been*, and *always will be obtained*, by *Ministerial influence*, as a compromise for the Political County Interest of the great Landowners *in* Parliament and *out* of it. And though most of our East India Directors, when attacked on their exorbitant Patronage, (a Pa-

accommodation, save one Father the *expence* of *buying* a *Liviny*, and the other a *Writership*; for, though not quite so public as buying a Seat in Parliament (which is said to be as visible as the Sun at noon-day) there is not the slightest doubt that, under the *Rose* or *Thistle*, such an exchange frequently takes place. Now, though *no money* passes in the above transaction, of exchanging a Writership for a Living, no one can deny in this instance, that £4,000. *saved* is £4,000. *got*, which reminds me of what Mr. Lowndes, the celebrated Secretary to the Treasury, for 32 years, was wont to say,

When at a worldly money getting age,
His *long* experience had made him *sage*,

a penny *sav'd*, is a penny *got*—a much more valuable maxim in these extravagant and *expensive times*, when the nation is unfortunately loaded with such an immense debt; wherefore it ought to be written in Letters of *Gold over* the two doors of the present British and Irish *Exchequers*, and at the grand entrance of the *India House*.

Do not then the *superior* benefits and privileges honorary and pecuniary annexed to *Land*, (*none* of which the much abused and envied Stockholder possesses, unless he has the

hand to *pull down despotism* from its *usurped Throne.* Neither Party so uniting, suffering themselves to be humbugged and bamboozled with the *unmeaning sound* of a name, by carrying their political prejudices so far as absurdly to suppose, contrary to the general principles of human nature, (for all men from the highest to the lowest are alike disposed to *abuse* power) that only *Kings*, Princes, and Persons of Royal extraction, can be *Tyrants;* but that, (let the *Majesty* of the *People* be ever so *blood-thirsty, avaricious*, and *oppressive*, ruling in the hour of Anarchy and Rebellion, with the most vindictive, ferocious, and *arbitrary* sway) the *despotism* of the *People* is *mild* and *salutary*, as, like the Pope, (who, in the opinion of some Catholics, is *infallible*) the *People* can *never err.* Quoting, in confirmation of this modern Jacobin theory, *Vox populi—Vox Dei*, even though (unless they shut their eyes and ears to the conviction of truth) they feel at the time, from *woful* experience, that *Vox populi* is sometimes, and was *then Vox diaboli*, the People in 1793, calling *Licentiousness, Patriotism;* and, hypocritically invoking *Anarchy and Despotism*, (for one always succeeds the other) by those *enchanting, delusive*, and *spell bound words, sweet, happy, heavenly Liberty!*

the present Opposition, and desirous, as an Independent Whig of the old School, to see them *wisely* abandon a system equally *prejudicial* to themselves and the Country by opposing *Measures* instead of *Men*, (it being also a *finale* to my Political Postcript, and very apropos,) I shall here re-print some Epigrammatic Verses written by me, and published in the Morning Chronicle, upon Mr. Jones, M. P. stating last year in the House of Commons on the *reduction* of the *Malt* Tax, that he thought taking off the Duty on Salt would, of the two Taxes, be most beneficial to the Nation.

" It were better, says Jones, had the Tax upon *Salt*
Been *reduc'd* in this House, than the one upon *Malt*.
But had *Salt* been *reduc'd*, Opposition had said,
We propose that for *Salt*, the word *Malt* shall be read.
I therefore aver 'twill be best for the Nation
If both be reduced to prevent *botheration*.
But let Government first to the lawful Heirs pay
In honor or cash, as seems to them the best way,
The *seventy* years *debt* due on Lowndes's *Bay Salt*,
For, what they don't pay in *Meal*, they should pay in *Malt*.

A Chip of the Old sound Rockingham
Whig Block."

Tea) his fellow Labourer in the same Reform Vineyard, Hunt, proposing, in like manner, for the Men's breakfast (as a substitute for bread, cheese, and beer) a composition of parched peas, barley, rye, and water, that he now makes and sells as a proof of his *disinterested Patriotism*, of course not to fill his own *empty pockets*, but the *empty stomachs* of the Indigent, however different this public service of Mr. Hunt may appear to his evil minded enemies, but Honi soit qui mal y pense; for both his Breakfast Powder and Cobbett's Penny Subscription, instead of *self* had only in view the *purest patriotism*, as likewise the recommending *water*, at the Journeyman Mechanics and Artist's *meals*, instead of *beer*, to hurt the *excise*. And yet methinks, at this wonderful and delectable discovery I hear the beer and tea drinking populace exclaim, on their natural glow of resentment at first hearing it—From such starvation Radicals as these, and from such *change* as they *offer*, good Lord deliver us; particularly, as we see from one of them selling the article he recommends, that our *Pig diet* is to be his *gain;* and were we to substitute chopped Hay for Tea, no doubt, the Hampshire penny Subscription Reformer would expose for Sale, little *Tea* Packages of his own *chopped Hay*, or if he did not do this, we should at all events have *more pence to give him by drinking*

that Distress, as he evidently considers it of *little* or *no* consequence, but (from his launching out on Parliamentary Reform at all such assemblies) to *pick up*, like a true Universal Suffrage Recruiting Serjeant, raw levies for his ragged Regiment of Radicals, by *inveigling* and *enlisting* poor ignorant country Clods into his grand Jacobin Army of *Equality Gulls*, reminds me, (on considering if he be a Freeholder in each of these Counties, it must be to a small annual amount) of the *hoggish greediness* of Jobson in the Entertainment of Nell, or the Devil to pay, where by *shifting his position*, and *poking* his *round impudent* and *vulgar face* between every *two* of his fellow companions, arranged in a row as they are jovially drinking a bowl of Punch, he takes *six draughts* for their *one*, the grubber up of Tom Paine's bones in like manner taking *six swigs* of the National Freeholder's *great cup of Right* for every other Landowner *one*. Scarce any Nobleman or Gentlemen (let his Estate be ever so large) attending more than *two* County Meetings, whereas Cobbett has already visited, and spoken at *five* or *six*, even though perhaps, if a Freeholder, he has only a *few* Pounds a *year* in each County, in short, just enough to give him a legal and *plausible* pretext for attending Agricultural Distress Meetings. And yet, with

duct of bringing a Radical Mob into a County (many of them probably neither Inhabitants or Freeholders) to *out vote* the Gentry and Yeomanry either by a clamorous gabble like a flock of *Geese*, or a *false shew of hands*, (for where Cobbett's Resolutions have been adopted it has every appearance of being done by a *packed* or *hired* mob) is restoring the British Constitution to its original purity and to those incorruptible elements of which the Universal Suffrage men *hypocritically* say it ought to be composed, Liberty, Mercy, Justice, and Equality. What a *disgrace* to suffer such a political *Weathercock* and *ultra Radical* as the notorious Editor of the Weekly Register to lord it over the old Inhabitant Freeholders of a County, and most of them with a hundred times his property, to say nothing of their well known *superiority* in every other respect, not excepting *Mental abilities* for, (if they have not his *brilliancy* of Talents,) they have *common sense*, which he often wants. Are such Gentlemen afraid and on their own *Soil* too (for every *true* English Cock, when a strange one appears, claims a natural and national right to *crow* defiance on his own Dunghill) that if the Cobbites or Huntites get uppermost in the Country, their large Estates or their Persons would be more *secure* for *not* having resisted such a *lawless at-*

imagine from the cool effrontery with which Cobbett has attended, addressed, and succeeded at so *many County* meetings, and in so *short* a time, not only, that we hear him *vauntingly* say like the mighty Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*, but that (looking at Hunt's apparent intention to imitate his *dearly beloved* brother Reformer's example from having, as a Freeholder, been already at *two* County Meetings) these *two* celebrated Radical sham Patriots had for their great *public services* in *discovering* that chopped Hay, parched Rye, Peas, &c., and Water, were good *substitutes* for *Tea*, *Coffee*, and *Strong Beer*, been actually appointed, if not by the Nation, by the *Swinish Radical Patriots*, *Brother Porcupine Freeholders* of *every* County in *England*, or at least on this side of the Trent, to enable them to set up their *Quills* in every direction by telling *Noses* at County Meetings instead of *Acres*, and reckoning *quantity* of Votes instead of *quality*. Cobbett too is not unlike Jobson in *occupation*, as well as in a vulgar selfish greediness of character, for he also is a Cobbler, but a *State Cobbler*, and, if he had his way, would, as the French Radicals alias Jacobins acted towards the unfortunate young Dauphin, soon make *Cobblers* of the *great Freeholders* by bringing them to their *last*—acre. He is also (being a clever fellow, and a Jack of all Trades though master of

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of £20,000. a year.

NOTE 3. To give a just idea
Baronet's character Sir HenryHu

A pompous, artful, vain, and empty Man,
One who with *openness* can *art* combine,
And seldom acts or speaks but from *design*,
Whose Board so *festive* few men ever *saw*
But *amply* paid their *Dinners* cost in *Law*.

From Mr. Canning having very properly found fault with the unfair conduct of the Marquis de Chateaubriand in leaving out the *Contrast* in his quotation of what the late Marquis of Londonderry had said concerning the allied Powers, I have considered on second thoughts that to enter more properly into the amiableness of Sir Henry Hemloke's character it would be proper to quote also the lines on Ostentatio. Having done so, as there are a great many Attornies in Derbyshire, as well as in every other County, City or Town in the British Empire, (for there is no lack of them in any Country,) the name of Ostentatio being *imaginary*, let those, who think the *cap* was made for them, put it on and *wear* it, for no one can deny, (if taken from Life,) there are a great many Ostentatios who are Law Practitioners, as well as Medical ones, and no wonder, when we consider that a Country Attorney in great practice is the little *King* and sometimes the little *Tyrant* of the Town or Village where he lives, and the larger he makes his *Spider's web*,

at my expense; his beloved Wife's paternal Ancestors so justly respected for the spotless integrity of their characters during many Generations, having been for more than *two Centuries* interred *there* in a Family Vault. Miss Esther Milnes, afterwards Mrs. Day, being also distinguished for the superior qualities of her head and her heart, and therefore no *disparagement* to her honorable Ancestors, was, a lineal Descendant of this truly John Bull Family, and from it were also descended the quondam Milnes's, of *Wakefield*, in Yorkshire. After enumerating on the Monument the amiable Domestic Virtues of my excellent Mother and Aunt, Mrs. Lowndes and Mrs. Day, who were Sisters and Co-heiresses, but long since deceased, and after mentioning the Marriage of the latter with Mr. Day, whom she survived a short time, having died of a broken heart from excessive affliction for the loss of so good a Husband, the Monumental Inscription says: Giving the Reader a verbatim copy of it.

"But, if thou art animated with a holy zeal for thy Country's welfare, admire and imitate the *disinterested Patriotism* of the late Thomas Day, Esq. of Annesley in Surrey, and Barrister at Law, who, to the most *incorruptible* Eloquence, and transcendant abilities, united every

A verbatim Extract from the Morning Post of Sept. 7, 1822.

"A Member of one of the Learned Professions was driving his dennet along the road at Tooting in Surrey, when he overtook a pedlar with his pack and inquired what he had to sell. The man produced, among other things, a pair of cotton braces; they were six-pence he said. The gentleman paid the money, and then said, "You have, I suppose, a licence." "Yes," was the reply, hesitatingly. "I should like to see it." After some further delay it was produced. "My good fellow, all's right, I see. Now, as I do not want these things, you may have them again for three-pence." The bargain was struck. but how surprised was the querist to find a summons to attend the County Magistracy sitting at Croydon. The gentleman was convicted in the full penalty, for selling goods on the King's Highway without a hawker's license---He is a Lawyer.

As the above anecdote is too good a thing to be put upon the shelf unnoticed, it is here, after being turned into verse by THOMAS LOWNDES, Esq. humbly presented to the Public, ornamented indeed wifh the flourishes of poetical license, but strictly adhering to the *spirit* of the story. It is presented also with every possible *respect* for that learned profession, the Law, when the members of it act *honorably*, and also with a consciousness of the absolute necessity of *informers* to detect *frauds* upon the revenue: at the same time, feeling most forcibly that *hireling* gentlemen informers *disgrace* the high *class* they belong to, and are not to be considered as *gentlemen* when exercising an office so *derogatory* to their rank in life. If a son, too, *disinherited* by the *imprudence* of an attorney in making the will of a rich old gentleman of eighty-six, his father, at a time when the testator, though

bin Politics a colorable majority consisting of an apparently packed mob of tag rag and strangers. When therefore a Forty Shillings a year English Freeholder has a *vote* for a County, which is, for every *political* purpose at Elections, &c., as *effectual* and *valid* as a *great* Landowner's *vote*, for £40,000. a year (for he has only his own *solitary* vote for the M. P. of the County where his Land lies) who will deny that *equality* of Rights and a *bias* towards the *poor*, is not at this moment the proud *distinction* of our British Constitution, even in its present supposed *defective state*. For though the lying Radicals (who always shut their eyes to the broad *Sun-shine* of *Truth*, when it suits their Political feelings to do so) have the absurdity, wickedness, and effrontery to call the *British Constitution oppressive* and *aristocratic*, every *County Election* will give them the *lie* by proving that the *poor* Freeholder's forty-shilling Vote is on the Pole Books *singly* as *efficacious* and as *weighty*, when put in the scale with each of them, as either the *Vote* of a Coke or a Burdett, with their respective princely Freeholds of £20,000. a year.

NOTE 3. To give a just idea of the worthy Baronet's character Sir Henry Hunloke (likened

the *pockets* of individuals from the public burdens of the country. Whereas, if they sold their *run goods duty free*, (however illegal and improper their conduct might be), their *honesty* could not be *impeached*; but to *pocket* the *tax*, Mr. Day very properly observed, was degrading one of the most respectable classes of British subjects, the *Foreign Merchants*, and deserved a much severer punishment than the robberies tried at the Quarter Sessions or the Old Bailey, as it was, and therefore the more iniquitous, if not, legally speaking, a national burglary—a *public swindling* upon the largest scale; for it was robbing a *nation* instead of an *individual*.

THE LAWYER AND THE PEDLAR;

OR, THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Oh what a hit, a Lawyer bit,
A Lawyer, say you, oh the Devil!

While a Pedlar was trav'ling along the high road,
An Attorney was riding to his snug abode;
When sly *Qui Tam's* desire to be handling the *pelf*,
Made him turn an Informer from—*love to himself*.
Says this Jew Attorney to our Man of the Pack,
What have you, old Sawney, strapp'd down on your back?
Muckle goods, says the man, I have here to sell,
Silks, linens, and cloths, from a *Yard* to an *Ell*.
An Ell, replies Red Tape, dear me, how I quake!
But I'm not the *first Lawyer* whom *Hell* has made shake.
I've also, says the Pedlar, at sixpence per pair,
Good braces to sell, if such cheap things you wear.
Cheap braces do you say, and a pair for sixpence,
Though Attornies *charge high*, by my troth we've more sense
Than to spurn a *cheap* thing, but where is your *licence*?

without the slightest alteration; for it was written nine months ago, consequently long previous to the luminous and satisfactory speech of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer last month, in which he gave the House of Commons then assembled the *agreeable promise*, that *half* the Window Tax should be *taken off*, though, instead of *half*, I hope by this time *next* year, it will include the *whole* of the Window Tax, both in Great Britain and Ireland. For, in general, and that is the case in this instance, I prefer *whole* measures to *half* measures. I have too the more sanguine expectation of the Window Tax being *abolished* from having, (as I shall shew in this Note) an *excellent substitute*. Indeed I have no hesitation in saying from long conviction, (and in this opinion I am supported by the most *sensible* part of the community), that, in giving *relief* to the Public, as well as to the Agriculturist, *this* would be more effectual than any other method. not only as the *Tax* will come *entire* into the pockets of the *Public*, instead of some of it being *lost*, (as in the reduction of the Duty on Malt) by going into Calvert's, Whitbread's, and the other great London Brewers' *entire*, but as it would also be a great encouragement to Country Gentlemen to *re-open* their large Mansion Houses, to the comfort, employment, and happiness of their Country Neighbours, rich and poor, and the no small *diminution* of the *poors rates*. This proposed *reduction* too of the *whole* Tax upon Windows will encourage British and *Irish* Families and *half-pay* Officers, now *residing* in France, (to the disgrace and detriment of the British Empire) to return and spend their *money* on their *native* soil, instead of enriching Foreign Nations by laying it out *abroad*. For even moderate sized houses (such as are adapted to Incomes of only £300. or £400. a year) have frequently so many Windows, that the *Tax* laid on the light of Heaven amounts to as much as the *Rent* itself. But the advantage to the British

Empire in the present distrest state of its Agriculture from the repeal of the *whole* Window Tax, is so *self-evident*, as to flash immediate conviction, that it needs not the aid of special pleading or scholastic argument to prove, that the taking off this burden from the *higher* and *middling* classes of society would be eventually more serviceable to the *Landed* interest, and the general welfare of the Nation, than taking off an *invisible* tax, such as the one upon Salt and Malt. Prima facie I grant the reducing the Salt or Malt tax by giving *immediate* relief to the Landowners, and their Tenantry (the two classes of Society most affected by the *sudden fall* of Agricultural produce) and ultimately *relieving* some of the *unemployed* Poor, by giving a stimulus to Agriculture, appears to be the best way of mitigating the Distress complained of. But to illustrate my ideas still better, I will only remark that, though cupping in the *neck*, or bleeding the *temples* with leeches is often applied to *relieve* the *head*, Medical Men as *frequently* try to *ease* the head by opening a vein in the *arm*; therefore, vice versa, to give relief to the *lower orders*, a similar method will hold good in my proposal to *benefit* the *people* by *easing* the *upper* and *middling* classes of society. For whatever plan be adopted, which encourages persons of property, the *nati fruges consumere* to remain in the British Empire, instead of living abroad, will be a great help to the poor; a much greater and more *salutary* relief, than by *taking off* the *malt tax*, enabling the poor Labourer and Mechanic to *idle away* their time in the *Alehouse* and guzzle *twice* as much beer as they do at present. But then if Government had not reduced the Malt Tax, some persons seem to think Ministers would have lost an excellent opportunity of making themselves *popular*, and that *this* was the reason on their part for reducing those invisible Taxes, Salt and *Malt*, in preference to the Window Tax. With many modern Radical Whigs, such an argument I allow would have great weight, their apparent object being (I am

tion to *sacrifice* every thing to *popularity*. However, as I detest every appearance of *selfishness* on the part of the *rich*, (though resolved on all occasions, where the Public are concerned to act from the pure dictates of *conscience*, without the slightest regard to *popular favor)* and am convinced, that *every great diminution* of the taxes must *undermine* that Wheel within Wheels, the *Sinking Fund*, so *necessary to the Stockholder for the security of his Funded property*, I propose, as a set off against the repeal of the *whole* Window Tax, a duty of *one* per cent. upon the income of all Minors, Bachelors and Spinsters, (including Widows and Widowers with only one Child, and married Men without Children,) from £100. a year and upwards. I also propose as follows, that the Tax progressively rises to five per cent. from 100*l.* a year to 25,000*l.* a year; namely from 100*l.* a year to 5,000*l.* a year, one per cent.; from 5,000*l.* a year to 10,000*l.* two per cent.; from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* three per cent.; from 15,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* a year, four per cent.; and from 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* a year *five* per cent.; and though there are very few incomes above 25,000*l.* a year, no *fair* argument can be deduced from this why an additional one per cent. should not be paid upon every 5,000*l.* a year above the 25,000*l.* per annum, till you advance on each stave of the Property Ladder from 500*l.* a year up to the highest income in the Kingdom, whether *landed* or *personal*. And I say this for the best of all reasons, not only that it is founded upon common sense, but that (if there are very *few* incomes of *one hundred thousand* a year and upwards) this is most certain, the *larger the income*, the *better* the person or persons can afford to pay the tax. Being myself a *Bachelor*, the public will at least do me the justice of having acted very *disinterestedly* in not wishing to *relieve* myself by shifting the *burden* of the *public Taxes* from my *shoulders* to *other people's;* and those persons perhaps, less capable, from their

I am. As the health too of the *poorer* class of society is a matter of the utmost National consequence, (the lower orders being the nursery of our Soldiers and Sailors) as well as of that labouring stock of Society, which gives life and vigour to our Agriculture and Manufactures, the giving the people, id est, the Plebs., good and sweet Air, is infinitely more beneficial to *body and soul* than enabling them to purchase (of which they already swallow too great a quantity) bad *quassia beer*. For whoever looks at the altered countenances of the lower orders of the British population in London, within the last twenty years, even though all the *common necessaries* of life, except Beer and Milk, (for Porter ought to be four pence per pot instead of four pence half-penny) are now so *cheap*, must be convinced that *shutting* up windows to *reduce* the Tax, and *bad* Malt Liquor have had a considerable effect in giving to the working people of Towns and Cities, and Farmer's Labourers residing in Farm Houses, a *pallidness* of countenance, which is only to be accounted for by their having *less* Air than they had twenty years ago, coupled with the infamous *adulteration* of Brewer's Beer, for, from the *refined manners* of some modern Farmer's Wives and Daughters, Brewing *at home* has long been *laid aside*. Porter, thanks to the Beer Bill now in the House, is however much better than it was this time last year.

To shew that shutting up Windows to *avoid* the *tax* has been practiced to a much greater extent perhaps than Ministers are aware of, I am told, from good authority, that in many of the narrow Streets in St. Giles's Parish, London, it is a very common thing for twelve or thirteen persons to sleep in a *small Room without any Windows* in it; the Windows being either blocked up with Brick and Plaster, or Boarded up, if not so close as to exclude *light* from every *crevice*, yet so com-

us suppose by way of argument in favor of repealing the whole Tax, and this is a tolerable accurate statement taking Town and Country on an average, that in every *Garret* or Room occupied by the poorer orders of Society, each second Window only is stopped up, it is evident they have in this case but *half* the quantity of *Air* they used to have. Which then would be of most use, to give them *twice* the quantity of *Air* they have at present, or *twice* the quantity of *Beer* and *Gin?* because from my own experience, I have no hesitation in saying, and I have drank nothing but Water for the last *five years*, that I have not only better *health and spirits*, but also feel stronger than when I indulged in those fermented Liquors, Beer and Wine; for I never drank Spirits, *raw* or *diluted*. Ergo, neither Beer, Wine, or Spirits are so necessary as the Poor imagine. At all events this will be acknowledged, that we cannot live *without Air*, though we can live and happily too by enjoying a good state of Health *without Beer*. Nay if I may be allowed a Pun upon the occasion, that few of the Human Race (compared with those that die from the *baneful effects* of strong fermented Liquors) are brought to their last *Bier* by *too much Air*, whereas *millions* are yearly brought to their last *Bier* by *too much strong Beer*, and hot Spirituous Liquors that war against the blood. But to shew the advantages of good fresh Air on the score of *Health*, as well as *cleanliness*, we need only look at the London Shopkeepers in Oxford Road and other wide Streets, who, by having their Shop doors open all day, and by going in and out with Parcels, which gives them a proper quantity of exercise, enjoy as good a state of Health as any of his Majesty's subjects. And when saying this to prove the great utility of fresh Air, I might observe that the Shopkeepers even in the *confined* Streets of London, from the *above* circumstance of having their Shop Doors open all day, and going in

light and heat from Man, we should not only be left in dreadful darkness, but the Air would no longer be adapted for *animal respiration*. To place this idea in a stronger point of view, what would be said if an Act of Parliament was proposed to *tax Air*. Yet, *virtually* speaking, to *tax Light* is to tax *Air*, and when a direct Duty, id est, a *visible tax* on those necessaries of life, milk, bread, meat, and water, are considered so odious and unpopular that Governments in Pagan States even, are afraid of incurring the wroth of Heaven, and the wroth of the People by so doing, shall we continue this impolitic tax on Light, more necessary than Meat or Drink; for to millions of Insects it is their natural Food, and to all Nature essential to existence.

If too the Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind,

worship the *Sun* as *God*, (of which worship the late Mr. Sheridan has so well availed himself in his noble Tragedy of Pizarro) and when civilized nations have nothing to which they can liken the power and beneficence of Providence so well as the Sun; should not we, without any danger of being accused of *idolatry* pay that *grateful respect* to this inexpressible source of our terrestrial happiness, as to *cease taxing* that which, from the velocity of its motion, (for Light *travels a million of miles in a minute)* and its daily visiting us, *seems* to be the *perpetual communication of God with man*, from his sending, as it were, every day *myriads of Angels* on the *winged Beams* of the Sun, each *sliding down* to Earth on a fine *thread of Light*, to watch over and protect the whole Animal Race; causing this divine Luminary, this effulgent and God-like Representative of the Majesty of Heaven to shine on the *bad* as well as the *good*, on the *just* and the *unjust*. What gratitude then do we not owe to this ineffably

magnificent Light, created by Omniscient Truth and Knowledge, this Omnipotent Lamp, and everlasting Fire of the whole habitable globe, glorious Apollo!

If the above panegyrick on Air appear, like many Poetical ideas, too grand for *human comprehension*, and I have, in the language of Horace, touched the lofty Stars, *cum sublimi fronte*. let those, who are not so fond of Air as I am, consider that it is written by a Person, who, *winter* and *summer*, sits with his *window open*, and finds *Air*, as it respects himself, a *vital fluid*, so *necessary* to his *existence*, that he cannot breathe *freely*, or possess the *full* enjoyment of Life in those close rooms, where (from habit and prejudice) their delicate owners foolishly treat, as is too often the case with short sighted mortals, their *best friend* as their *worst enemy*, by excluding the external Air from every *orifice* however small; and by having their Windows made so close, as to shut out from each crevice, hole, or corner, every particle of this salutary, vivifying, heavenly principle of Life, except what is absolutely necessary to human existence; or, in other words, except such a quantum sufficit of Air, as Nature requires to preserve Life by keeping *Body and Soul together*.

As a proof (however fanciful my idea may be of God holding a communication with Man, by the light of the Sun, that it has some foundation in Truth though *partaking* more or less of *enthusiasm*) I will make two Scriptural quotations. The first from the 3rd Chapter of Exodus, and the 2nd 5th and 6th Verses. Verse 2nd. "And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a *flame of fire*, out of the midst of a Bush: and he looked, and, behold, the Bush burned with fire, and the Bush was not consumed."

Verse 5th. "And God said, draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is *holy* Ground.

thers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God."

This being a verbatim extract from the old Testament, I will now quote to illustrate my religious Scruples respecting the Window Tax, and to prove by this 2nd Quotation from the *new* Testament, that the light of the Sun ought to be considered by the Human race in the eye of gratitude, if not of reason, with *peculiar veneration*, the 9th Chapter of the Acts, and the 3rd Verse.

"And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about *Saul* a *light* from *Heaven*."

I will now give the same Vision, as described by Paul, to king Agrippa, in the 26th Chapter of the Acts, and 13th Verse.

"At mid-day, O King, I saw in the way a light from Heaven, *above the brightness of the Sun, shining round about me*, and them which journeyed with me."

Verse 15th. "And I said (Paul and all those that were with him having fallen to the Earth, as appears from the 14th Verse) who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am *Jesus*, whom thou persecuteth."

Extract from Cobbett's Weekly Register,
March 15th, 1823.

NOTE 6. Page 654, and 655, Cobbett's Letter to Mr. Ricardo. "And this change of Tone (meaning Mr: Ricardo's change of Sentiment) from you, who on the 19th day of February last year exprest your conviction, that the Country was in a flourishing condition, whereas this year the same Mr. Ricardo says, that if no means be found to pay off the Debt, we are sleeping on a Volcano. This is a strange change of Tone, (so it is strange, Master Cobbett, for considering your daily

Brougham should have thought of this before he thought of equipping a Fleet, and Sir Francis Burdett should have thought of it too before he talked of putting aside all our distresses, and attending to the vital Interests of mankind." Here Mr. W. Cobbett, when you *object* to *War*. you write like a sensible Man, and I'll tell you why, because you *think* as I do on this point, though Heaven knows, your mode and mine of *reducing* the National Debt, are as opposite as *light* and *darkness;* for your's is the *remedy* of a *vile*, ignorant, and mischievious Quack, mine, that of an *honest, regular bred* Physician. For most assuredly, instead of attending to the vital Interests of mankind, by *madly plunging* the Nation into all the horrors, waste, and expense of a foolish *Continental War*, which like a live mouse trap, it is easy to get in but not so easy to get out of, it were more wise, politic, humane, and natural for Ministers to look *at home*, and attend to what seems to be out of the sphere of your comprehension, and in nowise adapted to your disposition, the *honest reduction* of our great National Debt, such an immense Debt, I am sorry to say, though a necessary one, and honestly contracted, as another War would probably increase beyond the *power of payment*. For if the French Ultra Royalists choose to *make* a *stone Wall* to run their heads against, that is no business of ours, but this I know, from Gay's Fables, and I suspect the French will find it so.

He that in a fray will interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

I know also from the present position of the French Army, we shall soon see whether their *heads* and *hearts*, or the *Wall* are the hardest; because hard as they may *both* be, our *fate* would be much *harder*, if, from a romantic nonsensical notion of honor to our Allies, we were to enter Pell Mell into a War against France, to fight for Don Quixote's *Windmills*,

swer too of the Cortes to the King of Spain (as it is stated in the Courier Paper the 20th of March, i. e. a week ago) the Spaniards don't seem to *covet* the *aid* of a *British Army*, as they nobly suppose they can resist France by themselves *single handed*. However like other European Nations, they appear to have no objections to an *English subsidy*. For England is not only *never mentioned* in this curious answer of the Cortes, even when speaking with patriotic and enthusiastic ardour of the expulsion of Bonaparte's Armies from Spain, but the glory of all the great Victories in the Peninsula, though earned by Great Britain and her Allies, are attributed entirely to *Spanish valour*. If this be not a *sickner*, no Emetic however strong can operate upon the *callous* stomachs and hearts of our inconsistent Jacobins; who, with all their hypocritical cant about *national humanity* and *national economy*, in the last just and necessary war, are doing all they can to turn the Weaver's Shuttle into a Musket, and the Pruning Hook, Spade, and Ploughshare of the Peasant into Bayonets, Swords, and Cannon, just when the *British Empire* is beginning to *reap* the *European commercial crop* resulting from the *late War harvest*. All this fretful desire too of going to War without considering the vast expence of *blood* and *treasure* that would inevitably ensue by such a romantic and imprudent interference with the *War* Government of Louis XVIII, or without these Ultra Radical sons of Liberty considering that hostilities against France are recommended by them before the British Administration can possibly know whether the French Ultra Royalists intend, like Bonaparte, to *annex Spain* to *France*. For a *Bourbon alliance* between these *two powerful Nations*, being a Union habitual to our ears from *long usage*, it would be a *folly* to go to War on this *account* in the present *mutilated* state of Old Spain, when she has lost the main prop of her political strength, her Spanish *Colonies* in

the *shadow* of *power*, when, *comparatively speaking*, the *substance* is *gone*. I will maintain therefore, if the French Government have no *ambitious object* in view, and their *interference* with Spain be only to put down the present *Anarchists* there, (the tyrannical Spanish Jacobins,) without interfering in any shape with a moderate Reform of those gross abuses in Spain, political and religious, that outrage human nature, being repugnant to all laws, human and divine; they will do *a good thing* for Europe. But even in this case no one can deny (with the smallest pretence to *candour* and *common sense*) that an Army of *observation* remaining in France on the Frontiers of Spain, would not only be more congenial and useful to the Liberties of Europe, as it would be more capable of protecting them and France itself from Jacobin licentiousness, by placing Louis' Government out of the reach of suspicion, because out of the *influence* of *temptation*, but would also answer better every honorable political purpose of keeping under the Spanish Mob Radicals. Thus preserving the peace and prosperity both of France and Spain, without *undermining* the new Thrones of the old Bourbons, which will inevitably be the case the moment a French Army *enters Spain*, as this will give a plausible pretext for French *Jacobin irritation*, and a most favorable opportunity *again* to *stimulate* by a *powerful re-action* the *dormant claims* of the Napolean Dynasty. Besides, when these selfish Political Adventurers, these sham Patriots, and self-elected Ministers, the European Jocobins rush into power in any Country, (for nature abhors a *vacuum* in *Governments* as well as in *Air*) the richer and more powerful the Nation, the greater the danger to *their own* Liberty, and what is still worse, the greater the danger to the *Liberties* of *Mankind*; for, as all Sectareans of every denomination *delight* in making *Converts*, the present Spanish Radical

get into power, whenever Jacobins thrust themselves into the Government of a Country. Added to the above well authenticated anecdote, (for it has never been contradicted, though asserted in all the British Newspapers), can any candid and rational politician justify the state of *thraldom* to which the Spanish Monarch is reduced by their new Code of Laws. I do not intend from what I have said, to put the above Spanish outrages on a level in point of tyranny and wickedness with the conduct of the French Jacobins, as the Spaniards now in power have not treated their King with the insolence and cruelty the French Mob behaved towards Louis XVI. (but, *principiis obsta* is an old adage and a wise one,) and most certainly Ferdinand's self-elected Ministers have for some time acted towards him, as if he were the *Infanta* of *Spain* instead of the *Monarch*, by not only putting him in a *Go-cart*, but *holding* the *leading strings*. Yet, insolent and overbearing as this part of the conduct of the present Spanish Administration appears, if it were to end with the weak Prince now on the Throne of Spain, it would not merit a moment's reflection, he having, by his base *ingratitude* and *folly, justly* brought upon himself the natural contempt of the whole Spanish Nation, aye and of all Europe too; but the putting Ferdinand in leading strings, (if a *moderate* set of Reformers don't get into power) will probably occasion the *hands* of all *succeeding Monarchs* in Spain, however good their abilities, and however excellent their disposition, to be so *tied up*, as to make them the *mere Puppets* of every successive *democratic faction*, by founding a despotic *mob Government* under the specious name of a Monarchy, though in fact a Republican Oligarchy; besides preventing in future all the *good* Kings of Spain from giving full scope to their *able and patriotic intentions*, from a total *inability* to act, till a license be first obtained from the licentious, self-elected, and despotic Ministers of the

successive [illegible] Whigs excepted. Besides the tranquility of Spain, whatever be her form of Government, or whatever the quality of her Ministers, and whether the Political system of this *distant* Nation be just or unjust, wise or foolish, cannot *interest* the *British Empire so much* as the *national form* and good or bad qualities of the Government of a powerful rival Kingdom so *contiguous* as France, it being only twenty four miles from where I now write; and particularly when another War with the capricious French people, if it *diminish for a time* Agricultural Distress, would be so extraordinay a method of *relieving* it, as naturally reminds me of the old Song beginning, "Let us all be unhappy together". For in lieu of a *partial* and *problematical* Distress in Agriculture, another War so soon after the last, would make this partial evil, by draining the Kingdom of its little remaining strength, *general* and *irremediable* among all classes of British society, whether employed in trade, commerce, professions, or agriculture.

I do not mean to say by having recourse to those War taxes that are now given up, amounting to twenty two Millions a year, we might not go to War without drawing Bills on posterity, or increasing the Debt. But would this be wise and politic? or would it not at all events, besides keeping the National Debt undiminished, draw too much of the British Capital towards the maintenance of Adam Smith's idle and unproductive labourers, for Soldiers and Sailors are unproductive, *however* necessary they may be to the occasional defence and support of a Country's rights? And though I have a great *respect* for our gallant Army and Navy as also for Lord Liverpool's *abilities* and *patriotism*, I cannot altogether agree with his Lordship; that (provided a nation can choose when and where to go to War) instead of *empoverishing* a Country, War *increases* its *resources*; a *doctrine* in my opinion too, very

modern history, Soldiers and Sailors cutting one another's throats to please a thoughtless and mercenary world, like private individuals, where, nine times out of ten, *honor* means in a *private* quarrel, two fools meeting to *blow out* each other's *brains*, (that is *if they have any) not to please themselves.* but to *satisfy their friends.* Yet one thing is very certain,

That, as ex *nihilo nihil* fit,
What Men *have not*, can never be *hit*.

But to shew more forcibly the mistaken notion of mankind relative to that *prostituted* word *honor*, or to speak more properly, its *ineffable absurdity;* many of those fools, who have not *courage* to encounter the *laugh* of the world, but turn out to *satisfy* their acquaintance they are Men of *honor*, and not for their own satisfaction, would sooner see these same friends *rot* in *Jail*, if they owed them a *few pounds* than pay them *one farthing*, even with money in their pockets to pay *the debt*. O tempora, O mores. But when that clever Sprite, Junius, has very properly observed in one of his Letters to Sir William Draper, cold *steel* and cold *lead* are a bad *answer* to *sound argument*, I leave these refined Honor-mongers to reflect on Junius' observation in order to feel with full force the extravagant folly of having recourse to false practical *honor* so often, when two grains of candour, politeness, and *real honor*, with *courage* to face the world in a good cause, rolled up in the form of an apology pill and powdered over with common sense, would, put into the scales against a brace of Pistols and a brace of Bullets, by making the Pistol scale *kick* the beam, prevent many a blockhead from *kicking* the bucket, whose only proof of *honor* is a vindictive brutal *courage;* being (as to the *finer feelings* of it) as insensible as Sterne's dead Ass, or the *hireling* periodical Writer of a modern Weekly Journal, an every day *party* Newspaper, or a Monthly Magazine.

mense difference between that compulsive State necessity, which compelled the British Empire to go to War thirty years ago, for our public and private safety Nationally, and Individually, to resist the *destruction* of all *social* order, and the feeble and remote pretext for our now commencing hostilities against France, before we can possibly know whether the French Ministers have been rashly inclined to threaten Spain with invasion, from a well intended but ill judged humanity, or from a diabolical and foolish ambition, I refer my readers to a luminous and well written extract from the Glasgow Courier, in the Sun Paper a week ago, March the 20th. For here they will see a clear, sensible, and convincing *distinction* to all but those *conceited wiseacres*, (the true Jacobins) who always *obstinately* persist *in not* seeing, if it so happen that the political or religious sentiments of the writer run directly *counter* to their *crooked line* of politics or religion. Since (very different from *parallel* lines) though a straight one and a crooked one do *sometimes meet;* yet this is most certain from daily experience of Radical Politics, that when the Jacobins chance to agree with the Ministers of well regulated and established Governments, they only *meet them* (as *capricious* and *coquettish* Lovers *meet)* soon to *quarrel, and part again.*

But says Cobbett, "They (meaning Brougham and Burdett) do not think so often as they ought to think, notwithstanding they belong to the most thinking Nation in the World. In respect to these matters, they really seem to be nearly upon a level with my poor crack-brained friend Cockey Bacon of Norwich, who actually said while the War fit was raging, that War would *create* its own *resources*, he certainly has a pretty enough notion of War. As sure as a gun Cockey Bacon thought we could go and *rob* somebody

at events this *delicate scruple*, this *sudden qualm* of conscience comes with an ill grace from you, Cobbett, who proposed robbing the Bank of England, saying, like Sir John Fallstaff, rob the Exchequer Hall, rob the Exchequer; for the Bank of England is the National Exchequer).

Extract from the same Weekly Register as the above quotations. "The Quakers, who have bought Wheat on speculation, are poking their Morning Papers under the brims of their hats in order to see whether there be any prospect of War. (This I fear is too true, yet when Quakers have not Corn to *sell* no Sect is fonder of *peace*.) But the War or Peace Minister (meaning Mr. Canning) is at home with the Gout. I cannot help thinking that being subject to the Gout, ought to be a disqualification to certain Offices, (I think so too, particularly that of Matrimony, where the disease is bad and Hereditary) and for none more than this Office of Peace or War. For really a fit of the Gout, if it choose to come at an improper time, may prevent *peace* as well as *war*. When I entered into his Majesty's Service, I took an Oath, by which I delared I was no Chimney Sweep, no Apprentice, and that I was not troubled with Fits. Unquestionably this included *fits* of the *Gout*, a devilish deal likelier to be mischievous than any other fits, the effects of which I have ever noticed. (What think you old Serjeant Cobbett, of fits of *disloyalty* and *contempt* for the *upper classes* of Society? Are not these more mischievous fits to an *Army of Soldiers*, than fits of the Gout; as they are subversive of all Military Discipline, and are you never subject to either of these fits? If not, you are devilishly misrepresented by your most intimate acquaintance, and no one can form (which I believe to be the case) any judgement of your *principles* from your *writings*, or your *speeches*.) A perverse fit of the Gout kept Sir Francis

Country he wants it; it is for those who are licking up the *blood* of the Country. Whether a dreadful convulsion be to be prevented or not is more than I can say; but this I can safely venture to say, that any party, which is to prevent such convulsion, must be very different indeed from those men that have been called Whigs. It must be a party founded on an Opposition to the work of confiscation that is now going on. There must be a clear, an open, an avowed Division; the *Land and Labour* on one side, (those three words are in Italics) and the Jews and Jobbers on the other side. All talk about Whigs and King William, and such precious stuff must be laid aside by those who would make a Stand against the Hydra, that is now devouring us. There is no question as to which side the Yeomanry, the Farmers, the Labourers of all Classes, the Traders in all Country Towns, there is no questioning as to which side these would range themselves on. There wants nothing but a *spirited*, an *industrious*, and a *persevering* Leader." In the same page he goes on. "The line of distinction must be this: the Land and the Labour against the Jews and Jobbers." After an interval of ten or twelve lines he goes on. "But strike at the Jews and Jobbers; stand openly, avowedly, and resolutely opposed to their claims; then you become formidable. You have reason on your side; you have *justice* on your side; you have *National honor* clearly on your side; and you have nine-tenths of the People in every part of the Kingdom."

On the other side of the Page from whence I have made the above extract from a Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, Cobbett says in a Letter addressed to Money Hoarders, supposing of course that his threat of a Civil War had frightened them. "Those who have money in the Funds must be Fools indeed to keep it there in the present state of things." And in the

instead of the *Holy Alliance*, sell the British Empire and all the People in it to old Nick himself, if he could get a *farthing a head* for a *thousandth* part of them.

By the above rough John Bull criticism I have, Farmer Cobbett, set before you a plain homely dish exactly adapted to your Rustic palate; for you say at the beginning of the Letter to Mr. Ricardo, from which I have made one of the preceding extracts. "There are few things which I so much *despise*, as that which is called *Flummery*." If this be true, though the idea would make any one smile with *contempt* that knows your *insatiable vanity*, which all must do, who read two pages of your Register, and hear you speak in public or in private; how much *satisfaction* and *pleasure* must you receive from my simple honest diet, as you imply it is so exactly adapted to *your own* taste. So with this belly full of John Bull sterling sincerity, a coarse but *wholesome meal*, to which you are at all times *welcome*, if it will contribute in the smallest degree to your health of Body or peace of mind, I bid your farewell for the present. and a good *nap*, a better Nap than your quondam Political Hero Napoleon, not doubting, great Jacobin Oracle of Wisdom and Honesty treble distilled, sly Water-drinking Cobbett, but my heavy stupid prose (if you condescend to read this publication, for I must not take that for granted which may never happen,) will make you unusually sleepy. Wherefore in this case, should you chance to have your Bonnet rouge, alias your Red Cap of Liberty in your pocket put it on, with your *tri-colored* Cockade having the Jacobinical Motto of your faction, '*down with King, Lords, and Commons*,; and with this woollen emblem of your Radical Politics on your besotted Pericranium, made from the fleece of an old Maggotty Ram, throw thyself great Monarch of the Swinish multitude,

To *guide* his *footsteps* through Earth's dreary sphere,
And try to mitigate his Son's sad grief,
By thus addressing Britain's *swagg'ring chief*.
Cobby, my son, thou *idol* of my heart,
In all whose sorrows I have born a part,
That much I love thee Tom Paine can attest,
With whose old bones thou once by me was blest.
Then thus to see thee with affliction fraught,
Swells high my breast with grief surpassing thought
But comfort have and be not thus dismay'd,
That Nick will leave thee never be afraid;
He ne'er will quit thee *now* or *after death*,
When fate suppress thy vulgar murm'ring breath;
But fondly take thee to his kind embrace,
And in his dark Domain give thee the *warmest place*.
Yes, my dear son, to prove my *loving heart*
From this blest hour we'll *never, never* part.
Quicker than light'ning shot thro' Cobby's brains
The soothing words, and eas'd his *City* pains.
Then Satan thus proceeded in his speech
Sucking Cobb's heart blood, like a public leech.
Yet *Bank Note hating* Boy, nor day or night
If thus *tormented* with the *cursed sight*
Of *Jobbing Jews*, (while Stocks their *lava* roll
From the grand blow up of thy *Ætna* soul)
Wilt thou enjoy a moment's peace or rest,
So cease to turn those *Muckworms* into jest,
Leaving *Blood lickers*, and the men on 'Change
To cheat and lie, while thy *proud* mind arrange
With calm philosophy, the magic art
To reign *despotic* o'er the human heart.
For neither thy *coarse* speech, or *blust'ring* soul
Had gain'd me o'er mankind my *wide controul*

Poem of Paradise Lost, where his Sable Majesty's celebrated speech to the Sun beginning

> "O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the *God*
> Of this *new world*, at whose sight all the Stars
> Hide their diminish'd heads,"

shews the *lofty* sentiments of a wicked, rebellious, and ambitious spirit; all these three epithets applying perhaps with *equal propriety* to the British *Demi-god* Cobbett. Though, unlike Satan, who, had associated with Angels, till his *pride* and *impudence* caused him to be *hurled* from *Heaven*, (for both which reasons, his Son the Serjeant, should have been driven years since from that genteel *Whig Society* into which he has *too long obtruded*, and particularly for the last *six months*) Cobb's ideas and language, (whether in his speeches or his writings) frequently remind us of the Plebeian circle he has moved in all his life, and the Tag Rag order to which he belongs, being *low, coarse, and vulgar*.

NOTE 7. I shall here make a few observations upon Mr. Grey Bennet's Speech in the House on Wednesday, Feb. 26th. On that day, upon the discussion of the Surrey Petition, Mr. Dennison said, in presenting the Petition of the Freeholders of Surrey (drawn up and signed at a County Meeting advertised and assembled for that purpose,) that so far from approving of every thing in the Petition, "he held the *Clergymen* of England as well entitled to their *Tythe*, and the *Fundholders* to their *Dividends*, as the *Nobles* of the *Land* to their *Estates*."

I shall now advert to Mr. Grey Bennet's observation some time after in the same Debate, that, "were it a proper time, he had not the least doubt he could be able to demonstrate that

Currency, that the Public Creditor is said by Mr. Ricardo to make *Ten per cent. by*, (for there is not one sort of State Coin for the Public Creditor, and another for the Farmer,) the Agricultural Interest pays, in a *Currency* worth only *Forty-five Pounds, Fifty Pounds a year* in *Taxes;* ergo, the Farmer at all events *loses* only *five* Pounds a year, instead of *ten* Pounds. But what will Mr. Grey Bennet say to this, (and yet I have here taken Mr. B.'s own statement of what Mr. Ricardo supposed would be the *loss* of the *Public)* because, Mr. Ricardo says on Wednesday, Feb. 26th 1823, that if the Bank had acted precisely in the spirit of the Bullion Bill, that the *depreciation* would have been *five* per cent. *only*, instead of *ten*. "If the measure, says he, of which I approved had been acted on, the depreciation would have been but *five per cent.* because it would have been measured by the price of Gold." I will now, though, from Mr. Ricardo's own speech, *prove* that the Stockholder *loses* as much by the *depreciation* as the Landlord or Farmer. for Mr. Ricardo says "That the Hon. Gentleman Captain Maberly had said that he only wanted an *equitable adjustment* and seemed to imply, that those, who entertained different opinions, wanted something else. He, Mr. Ricardo, contended that an *equitable* adjustment was all that he too wished for, and he hoped before he sat down to convince the House, that the *Stockholder* had *received nothing* more than *what he was entitled to.* It had been often affirmed lately at public meetings, that the account of the national debt, which was now about 800,000,000*l.*, had been wholly contracted previous to the depreciation of the currency: this was altogether a mistatement. The actual amount of the debt at the period alluded to, was not more than 400,000,000*l.* and 100,000,000*l.* had been added when the currency had been in but a small degree depreciated. The debt then might be said to amount only to 500,000,000*l.* before any depreciation of important amount had been made. The interest upon the whole debt

he to prevent the success of that measure. His Hon. Friend had stated he wished for an equitable adjustment of the currency; he would ask him by what standard he would have it regulated? At the period when that Hon. Gentleman had proposed a measure to the House, the standard price of Gold had been 4*l.* 1*s.* per ounce. He agreed that the standard price of Gold should regulate the currency, and the circumstances of our having now nearly arrived at that situation, together with the danger which necessarily attended any altera-in the currency, had alone induced him to agree to it. The loss which had been sustained by the depreciation amounted, as had been usually stated, only to *three* or *four* per cent. But now, the most extravagant opinions prevailed on this subject—opinions so strange and so numerous, that it was impossible to reconcile them.—The loss was stated to be 50 per cent. 100 per cent., or even 300 per cent. (Hear.) These were all too preposterous to be entertained. Could any man believe them? If the currency had been altered at the rate of 100 per cent., this measure would have had the effect of doubling the taxes. If that had been done, did the House suppose they would have seen the improvement in the Manufactures, the Trade, and the Revenue of the Country, which had taken place. It was not his intention then to go over the various parts of this subject; but with respect to the Bill usually called Mr, Peel's, he would remind the House of the opinion expressed by a Bank Director, and which he had a right to assume was the opinion of the Bank. Mr. Turner, to whom he alluded, had said that Mr. Peel's Bill had been a mere dead letter, as far as regarded the operation of the Bank of England. It had neither accelerated nor retarded their operations, excepting as related to the Exchequer Bills, by which they had been enabled to purchase Bullion without curtailing their advances. He believed it was the opinion of every one (with

all probability (taking the present Poor Rates as the standard) the *loss* sustained will not, Mr. Curwen, be more than a tenth part of the Coal on your Estate, as Coal is now valued; namely at 100*l.* per acre on an average, good or bad. Supposing then your ungot Coal to be now worth 200,000*l.*, to say nothing of what your Family have been getting for a hundred years back, I think I may venture to say, without any charge of over rating the value of it, that the Poor Rates, on an average from year to year, upon the whole of your Estate, are not at this time more than two Shillings in the Pound, reckoning your clear Rental at 10,000*l.* a year. If they still remain however, from the late Agricultural *Distress*, and our late long expensive War, as high as four Shillings in the Pound, even then your Coal, Mr. C. is of *five* times greater value than your *loss* by the Poor Rates. You will see by the above calculation, I only reckon that *two thousand acres* of your large Cumberland Estate have Coal under them which perhaps, considering even what has been *got*, is a very moderate calculation, as moderate as the price of the Coal per acre. You must therefore acknowledge the justice of my observation in the Letter of this Pamphlet, that you above all men, (except such whose Estates are similarly circumstanced), have no right to complain of the *pressure* of the *Poor Rates*, and still *less right* to expect the Public Stockholder to *pay* any *part* of them for *you*.

Begging your pardon, Mr. Grey Bennet, I cannot help smiling at your funeral oration over the depreciated Notes of poor Lord King, at the same time happy to see (which I always supposed to be the case when their feelings were properly excited,) that those, who are commonly called Radical Whigs, can sympathise with a *King* as well as with the People. And surely I have good reason to smile when I consider, (what you Mr. Grey Bennet seem to have forgotten) that this same Lord

firmed habit, [illegible]
nied complaints on [illegible]
of the Fable of the *Boy and the* [illegible]
is a Warlike appearance in the Political [illegible]
has occasioned a great *exportation* of *Man* and *Horse* [illegible]
vender to Spain and Portugal from the British Coast, a demand
more likely to increase than diminish; and though the Three
per cents. have *fallen* since last October from *Eighty two* to
Seventy four, while the produce of Land on the contrary, (and
which is still *rising*) has within these six months *advanced* on
an average in a similar proportion; thus making (when the
Landholders take into their calculation the *fall* of the Funds)
a *comparative* rise of Twenty per cent. upon the productions
of Land; namely a fall of Ten per cent. in Stock, and a rise
of Ten per cent. on Agricultural Produce.

NOTE 8. Though I have said so much against *Radicals*,
(yet my Uncle the late Mr. Day, Dr. John Jebb, and Major
Cartwright, from the similarity of their Political opinion
respecting Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments, bein
at one time called the British *Patriotic Triumvirate*)
should act, as *disrespectfuly* as *ungratefully* to the ever to
revered memory of my most excellent friend and relative
his worthy Political associates, if I *illiberally* suppos
Radicals were *alike dishonest*; besides feeling the most s
regret at having shewn such flagrant *injustice* to a b
Freemen, to whom *nature* has given as much right t
every man at *twenty one* should have a *vote* for a M
Parliament, as I have to think the contrary. For in
nest and impartial judgment of mankind, the s
right by which I square a man's principles, (and f
cellent reason, because I think it the most fair
seeing whether his *practice* and *theory* are in *uni*
balance having weighed *many* of the modern Ja

theory, but would not *coincide* in *practice;* amongst others every man having a *natural right* to *vote* at Twenty one. Wherefore he thought our Ancestors were wise in framing the Laws made to fix and regulate the *Elective Franchise*, in such a way as to represent *quality* of Votes, in preference to their *quantity*, from considering Property as a *test of merit*, and upon *this* establishing at Twenty one the right to Vote, instead of fixing it on *birth only;* for that he had found, upon a longer and more intimate acquaintance with mankind by a greater intercourse with the world, that the Human Race were too wicked and too corrupt for Universal Suffrage, though it might answer very well for a *nation* of *Angels*.

NOTE 9. This will be the last, and therefore an omnium gatherum Note, consisting of several subjects *unconnected* with *each other*. The beautiful and romantic Town of Dover with a *long string* of Houses stretching from the *body* of the Town in a straight line up the London Road, and which viewed from under the Castle Hill, gives this *ancient Borough* the appearance of a *school boy's paper kite*, will, (from my great admiration of Dover and its Picturesque Scenery) be some *apology* for the form of my *Pamphlet*, and account for the *tail* of it, consisting of a Postcript and Notes being (in compliment, as it were, to the view I have just described) so much *longer* than the *body*. Yet this advantage may arise from the singular shape of the Pamphlet, that, when I advertise it for sale, it may fly the better, from its *unusual form*. The Notes were particularly intended to meet Patriot Cobbett's eye, he being very partial to Paper Notes, only as I have shewn in this Pamphlet, his are *sham* Notes, while mine come spontaneously from the Heart; and are the effusions I hope of an honest, independent mind glowing with patriotism, candour, and loyalty, however *defective* the *judgment* of the Writer of

any *warlike* purpose, when the Sinking Fund was *abolished* in time of Peace, how could a Loan be expected to be *raised* when the only means of supporting the Credit of the Coun try had been removed, and that too at a period when its greatest operation could be expected, *in time of Peace*. If therefore in a time of Peace we were to make that *equitable adjustment* between the Public Debtor and Creditor, or as he would better term it that *convenient adjustment* (Hear, Hear,) of which we had lately heard so much in certain parts of the Country, what might we not look for as its consequence. If it were now to *prevail*, from whom could we ever afterwards attempt to *borrow*. (Attend Messrs. Bennet, Coke, and Curwen to the sentiment so forcibly expressed by me, page 64. since the same idea is here *delivered* in Parliament by a sensible liberal minded man, and one of your own party, but what (as a corroboration of my argument) makes this opinion of Mr. Baring's of much more consequence is its being delivered Publicly by a *monied man*, (except Mr. Rothschild) the richest perhaps in *the Kingdom*. (Mr. Baring goes on.) Setting aside the *moral atrocity* of such an adjustment as here alluded to, and the dishonest consequences to which it must lead he would say again, that the most effectual means of *supporting* the *Public Credit* would be to pay *willingly in Peace*, what was *borrowed* in War." For which reason the Hon. Member at the conclusion of his Speech, cautioned the House not to depart from the sound and steady principle of *supporting Public Credit*. After giving verbatim extracts from the Parliamentary Speeches of two such respectable, sensible, and wealthy *monied* men, as Mr. Baring and Mr. Ricardo, it does appear to me a most *unaccountable infatuation* to see three Gentlemen of the Rank and consequence in society of Messrs. Bennet, Coke, and Curwen, uniting in politics with such a fellow as Cobbett, and giving him their assistance, a Jacobin as *opposite* to the two preceding Gen-

But what will you Gentlemen think of the following extract from Cobbett's Weekly Register of April the 5th, in a Letter from the people of France to the people of England written by William Cobbett *to himself*, or in other words, from Monsieur Cobbett in France to William Cobbett in London. For any one may see by the style it is Cobbett's, and by the shortness of the date (being written on the 3d of April, and translated and published by seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday April the 5th,) that it is not a Letter from the interior of France. The gross abuse of the British Army in the above Letter I trust will be taken due notice of.

"They (meaning the London infamous Stock-jobbing Newspapers) *inhuman Monsters, cried out for sending the French Prisoners of War to the Deserts of Siberia. They it was that cried out for the blood of those whom they called Jacobins and Rebels. They it was that even abused the King of France himself, because he did not slaughter a considerable portion of his people.*" Such language too at this critical period between the two Countries, when (if believed by the French Government) it may involve us in a War more ferocious than the last on the *part of the French nation.* Yet the writer of the above infamous and lying *Tirade* against the London Newspapers is the Political *hypocrite*, that I have *jocosely* complimented in one of my Notes, for advocating *peace* at this time between *France* and *England* in opposition to Sir Francis Burdett, who, though (strange to say) a most bitter enemy to the last *just* and *necessary* War, *now* cries out *Bellum, Bellum.*

Unlike you Cobbett, whose whole Life has been employed (as is here represented) in setting Nation against Nation, and by sowing discord and animosity among the sons of men endeavouring to create an universal Civil War amongst all the dif-

will occasion some of my young
course with the world to *follo*
my private conduct by *similar*
read in some book of a despotic
to *frequent duelling*) passed a
first fight with each other.
above excellent decree produce

The following lines written
young Lady before mentione
present of an embossed Brooch
the Chariot of the Sun. I men
his young giddy Daughter ha
Mother some years previous to
misfortune can happen to a dau
than the loss of a discreet and se

That you a Father's judgme
Nor his wise precepts foolis
This Brooch accept, on whi
How one young *mad* advent
Poor Phaeton a rash *aspiri*
Like many heedless of the
Madly would guide the Char
But soon alas! his mortal ra
For his proud Coursers, snor
With golden Manes, and Cre
Contemptuous dash'd him d
In the true spirit of a Heav'
His fate t' *avoid*, may you
And on *ambition's* plumes a
Least, like the son of Dædal
The bold *cement* that joins
Melting like Wax before Ap
Your lofty love dissolve in o

PROBATIONARY LINES
IN PRAISE OF HARMONY.

By Thomas Lowndes, Esq.

"Music hath charms to sooth the *savage* breast,
"To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

'Mid War's alarms, and foul domestic strife,
And the dire conflicts of a toilsome life,
How do Cecilia's soft mellifluous strains
Sooth the keen anguish of our mortal pains.
What healing balsam to a wounded mind
From heav'nly Harmony th' afflicted find.
Who then would not prefer in hours of leisure,
This inexhaustible seraphic treasure
To the vain joys Ambition's Votaries feel,
Or those who covet *fickle Fortune's* Wheel?
But how much more does this rich store of bliss
Contribute to Man's worldly happiness,
Where mad *Election zeal* asunder rends
The bonds of social life, and makes *staunch* Friends
More *inimical* than the deadliest Foe,
Wild *Nettles* springing up, where *Roses* us'd to grow.
Hail then divine heart soothing Harmony,
And, with thy softest sweetest melody,
Tranquilize the happy Sons of Dover
From the rich Merchant to the thoughtless Rover,
Honest Jack Tar, for where has Man on Earth
More reason to be *grateful* for his *birth*
Than *charming Dover's* independent Race,
Since here kind Nature has with *bounteous* grace
So lavished *its beauties* that this *theme*
Of wond'rous praise *transcends* the *Poet's dream.*
Yes thy grand Castle and romantic Heights
Outvie in Picturesque the boldest flights
Of magic Fancy's brightest Sons, save him
Who maketh the most brilliant Stars look *dim*
In Lit'rature's bespangled Hemisphere,
Britain's immortal Bard, sweet *heavenly Shakspeare.*

N. B. "Wild Nettles springing up, where Roses us'd to grow," is a line alluding to the untenanted Houses in Borough Towns that send Members to Parliament, the quondam occupiers of which have been turned out of their Tenements, because, instead of submitting to the *tyrannical mandate* of their oppresive Landlord, they *honestly* voted according to their conscience.

Gilbert and Rutley, Printers, Dover.

London: Printed by C. Roworth,
Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

London. Printed by C. Roworth,
Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

he will *still* permit me to call him by that familiar name), has hitherto done as much good to the country by the *excellence* of his private character, as by his public integrity, talents, and perseverance, from doing away that natural impression occasioned by the multitude of rascally sham patriots, who for the last *thirty years* have infested every hole and corner in civilized society—that *Patriot and Pickpocket are not always* ONE *and the* SAME PERSON. After the above reflection, coming spontaneously from my heart, I hope to God every word of the quotation from the Old Times that lowers my very useful friend in public opinion, will prove a gross misrepresentation, by his full and satisfactory contradiction of the *diabolical lie,* thereby evincing, not only that *Joseph is himself again,* but that the Old Times is *still himself.*

If any of you M. P's. know any just cause or impediment, after what I have said in the following Letter, why Public Houses should not be separated for ever *a vinculo magno Breweri Porteri Tyranni,* let him declare it. This is the *first time* of asking.

a friendly letter of his received by me long previous to your former application.

But before I vote for Mr. Muspratt or any future East India Director, I shall request the following *condition* from all of them. That, if elected, they will, one and all, act *impartially;* and not suffer me (as was the case five weeks since) to be *borne down* by *public prejudice;* both Proprietors and Directors carrying their injustice so far, as *shamefully* to suffer me, a *veteran Proprietor*, and an *independent one*, to be called to *order*, *several times*, on my *standing* up to speak, not only *before* I had *opened* my *lips*, but when *no* other person had *risen* to *speak* but myself. All this opposition, too, the same morning they were permitting different persons with only *one* vote at the India House, to speak *four* or *five* times on the same unfortunate subject, namely, the *malevolent* and *groundless reports* relative to the *high* and *noble*-minded Marquis of Hastings; as if an East India Proprietor with £6,000 stock were not *as much interested*, as a Proprietor with only £1,000 stock, in the *honour* and *welfare* of the East India Company. But to show the reason of this gross partiality, (without moving for a rule *to show* cause,) I will here state those high crimes or misdemeanors of which I have been guilty, that have thus ex-

night) in a *less heinous* view than the *merchant smuggler;* as the one, by robbing the *individual* only, was but a *retail dealer* in iniquity,—while the other, by *plundering a nation*, and that too on a large scale, was a *robber* by *wholesale*.

The above circumstance, united to my inveighing most bitterly, at Mr. Masterman's election, against the East India Proprietors (all of whom, besides other property, must have £100 a-year in India-stock to entitle them to vote) suffering their *dinners* to be *paid for* by the *successful candidates* of the East India direction, save and except the Committees—and besides this, having acted consistently with my principles, by paying the Chairman £1 : 1s. for my dinner, (which he was requested, the following day, to send to the box of the Marine Society,) has occasioned the London mercantile interest to be so particularly *prejudiced* against me. However, prejudiced, or not prejudiced, I will continue to act the part of an independent Englishman, by speaking the honest sentiments of my heart, and acting up to them; as I am well convinced, though for a time the overwhelming tide of both monied and landed prejudice may run strong against me, I shall ultimately triumph over most of my thoughtless enemies,

assertion for which there is no *excuse*, except your having *drank* too much of your own cheap and ill-gotten Scotch whiskey; for, as people have frequently been *overset* in a *whiskey*, so whiskey, in like manner, may *overset them*. After making many very *sensible* observations, worthy of Mr. Hume himself, and, amongst other cogent arguments, stating the bad effects resulting from lowering the duty on spirits, on one side of the Border, and continuing them *high* on the other, you, Mr. Hume, are *made to say*, (and I shall here give a *verbatim* extract.)

"He, Mr. Hume, had stated *then*, but he was *misunderstood*, that he had *whiskey* in his house, which had been smuggled. (hear, hear.) I have it still, continued the Hon. Member. I get it *smuggled* whenever I want it, and it is in my *house now*. I do this in *violation* of the law, because I think that such a *law ought not* to be *obeyed*, and I shall *continue to do so; so let them find me* out when they *can*, as I think the *law* a foolish law, I protested against it at the time, and I shall continue to protest against it now."

Would to God you had been represented as only entering your simple protest against the law: since, from such mode of dissent, no *harm* could have arisen. But when the whole extract

far as game is concerned to me, I am friendly to the intended act, even with all my natural antipathy to attornies, (for I am well aware, from the *numerous litigations* the bill will lead to, it will bring no *little grist* to their *mill;)* but to make a *wild animal,* here *to-day* and gone *to-morrow, private property,* is too *preposterous* for a *moment's reflection.* For, as Pope says,

> "Ask where's the north, at York 'tis on the Tweed,
> In Scotland at the Orcades, and *there,*
> At Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

In justice to your own patriotic character, for you certainly have done much good by your system of retrenchment, except in your economical critique on the hard-earned salaries of the army and navy officers, (all of whom I should wish to be put upon *full-pay,* or at least those who were in all the late great victories by sea and by land, could such a distinction be made to the mutual satisfaction of our gallant army and navy,) I say, in justice to your own hitherto unimpeachable character, pray contradict immediately the foolish and rash paragraph here quoted, if it be *not true,* before it has sunk too deep in the minds of the populace, and thereby produced that dreadful effect so *naturally expected.* But, if *true* and *uncontradicted,* never more

cumbent state of exhaustion, like a giantess refreshed.

Having said so much on your smuggled whiskey inconsistency, I am thereby induced, after declaring, in my humble opinion, the unparalleled merits of Mr. Canning's admirable speech on the slave bill, (a speech that, from its *excellence* of every description, was never *surpassed*,) to say a few words relative to his opponent, Mr. Buxton, by very naturally observing, how incredibly *inconsistent*, Mr. Buxton has been in professing so much honest zeal on behalf of the blacks, when, at this moment, he and his brother brewers (many of whom are *great parliamentary reformers*,) are keeping *free-born* Englishmen in such a vile state of bondage, as is incompatible not only with every honest humane feeling, but with every law human and divine, and still more incompatible with that spirit of liberty, and that wholesome protection of the subject in what he eats and drinks, which has uniformly for ages, so *pre-eminently* distinguished this *free, great*, and *enlightened* country above every other nation, ancient or modern. I therefore say to Mr. Buxton, before you attempt, like the good Samaritan, to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of the poor black, *pour a cheaper and better article*

down the throats of your fellow citizens, than has unfortunately fallen to their lot for the last twenty years; in other words, *physician heal thyself.* For though thou mayest be called Friend Buxton, from belonging to, or being connected with the society called Quakers, whether thou art really a *friend* to *human nature,* the following choke-pear questions will decide.

1. Of 700 public houses, which (contrary to the wholesome and charitable spirit of the British constitution, touching the necessaries of life) form a capital *part* of your extensive brewery, would you or your partners hesitate a moment turning a man, his wife, and children, who occupied one of them, into the street, should he *presume* to buy *porter* (though a *cheaper* and *better* article than your own) at any brewery but yours?

2. Though not authorized by any act of parliament, (much less by a multiplicity of acts, like the West India planter when laying out his money on a *slave estate,*) did not you yourself say in the House of Commons, that it would be a very great hardship, nay a most tyrannical measure on the part of Government, to make brewers' public houses *independent,* unless the *premiums* for them were *repaid,* even though those *premiums* are not

water, fresh and pure from the spring; and also because he has no interest in any species of West India property *immediate* or *reversionary* to *warp* and *influence* his judgment.

8. Though the celebrated Lord Mansfield, when Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, laid it down as the safest rule to guide his *legal* decisions in the sale of *unwarranted* horses, that a *high price* should secure a *sound article*, did not the beer drinkers, for many years during the late war, find, from woeful experience, that the *dearer porter was, the worse it was.* Nay, that the public brewer, (like the devil upon two sticks,) not contented with increasing the price of the article he sold, had endeavoured to screen himself from any *diminution* in his usual *high* profits by substituting other *cheaper* ingredients, and by using perhaps as much malt and hops as would prevent a public discovery of such substitutes, yet still calling bad adulterated porter *London Brown Stout:* thus following the example of the East India Company, when, in building a new ship, they work up a few of the old timbers, in order that by so doing they may have the advantage to christen the ship (so *renovated*) by its *old name.*

9. The great porter breweries, of which your own is a second or third in extent of business,

BUTT of the brewers and their toad-eaters in some of the base hireling newspapers and at public meetings,

> That when a *grand reform*-like *theirs* arise,
> If follow'd by a swarm of enemies,
> The patriot, zealous for his country's good,
> Resting secure in honest hardyhood,
> Must bid *defiance* to all *popular chance*,
> Heedless on which side turns the *fickle balance*,

I shall *still*, thank God, preserve ENTIRE my *public principles*, in *spite* of *India House* clamours and *India House* prejudice; and (*hopping* you and friend Buxton will *excuse* this stupid epistle,) remain,

Dear Sir,

Your and his sincere Friend,

And humble Servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

Being the Friend also of the *dependent* and too long *oppressed* publican, though *independent myself* and no *Republican*.

P. S. I need not say that *porter*, being the *principal food* of the poor and hard-working classes, (for it is the meat and drink of many

were so much superior to English, and which he found to be owing to the *superior purity* of Dutch *salt*. The passage I allude to is this:—

"I do not apply to the Crown for a patent for my improvement in the manufacture of salt, because I conceive that the act empowering the Crown to *grant patents* does not mean to include *inventions* or *improvements* relating to the necessaries of life."

Besides the gross abuse of public houses belonging to breweries, there is another, if possible, still greater *source of corruption*, much complained of, namely, the Legislature permitting *Brewers* to act as *Magistrates;* but which abuse, neither you, Mr. Buxton, nor your friend Wilberforce, have ever thought fit to notice;—nay, an abuse too that, to my great surprise, has escaped the vigilant Parliamentary criticisms of the lynx-eyed Joseph Hume. For if Brewer Magistrates do not license their own public houses, they form so close an *intimacy* with their brother justices, as produces a very baneful *secret influence* on the annual license days—an influence that frequently holds the *shield of protection* over the public houses of Brewer Magistrates, on complaints of riot—secret meetings for treasonable purposes—the badness of the article sold in them—or any other similar misconduct; thereby producing innumerable acts of injustice and favouritism; and, when complaints are laid against these public houses, verifying the old proverb,

"One man may steal a horse, whilst another must not look over the hedge."

What chance therefore have independent publicans, when opposed by brewers in the *two-fold* capacity of landlord and magistrate?

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Bell-Yard, Temple-Bar.

whom (perhaps *methodistically* inclined), may pretend they only wish by the high price of the article they deal in, to check the *immorality of getting drunk;* a worthy intention certainly, but one which, in my humble opinion, would be much better attained by making their liquors less *deleterious*, or in other words, using malt and hops only, and no drugs. That one sort of malt liquor, *Porter*, is, from its general consumption in the metropolis and its environs, as indispensable a necessary of life as bread, no one can doubt for a moment, who has lived much in London and its vicinity; and as baker's bread since the peace, is reduced in price, as well as posting, why should the brewer (who like a cat, always falls upon his legs) be allowed by the public a greater length of time to recover himself than the baker or innkeeper? The London baker is not only watched by the Lord Mayor, with a lynx's eye, as to the *price* of his bread, but also as to the *materials* of which it is composed; while the innkeeper, unable to adulterate so dexterously as the baker, in the stable at least, has for many years been reduced to the necessity (to save himself from ruin) of giving half a feed instead of a whole one, and bad oats instead of good. Far different from these the trade of the brewer, who, favoured by the public, and uncontrouled by the legislature, has, for some time back, in years of

tional strength of brewer's beer, made unusually good at a general election, and resembling at that time, in its potent effects, the true Yorkshire stingo, fit only to muddle the heads of the electors, or tickle the gormandizing and insatiable appetite of a British mob; the only sure way to whose hearts, is to leap down their throats. But, perhaps, a still more cogent reason may be given, and which has more or less biassed government in this apparent partiality to public brewers, namely, that many of them are country bankers, as well as brewers, so that, what with their bank notes and fascinating beer, they have got possession of so much of the electioneering interest, and population of this kingdom, that the brewer, one way or other, may be said to hold in subjection two-thirds of the British empire. But to make this appeal as candid and liberal as possible, I scorn to address my countrymen's passions, that being a deleterious mode of arguing, a sort of brewer's drug, totally unnecessary, when *plain reason and common sense*, like good barley and hops, possess such an inherent virtue, as to produce of themselves the best of cordials, one not only strong and pleasant, but sweet and wholesome: as, too, brevity and condensity in writing, give a giant's strength to reason, even in the noblest of causes, truth, justice, and humanity, I will

the lower order of society. Now, what right has the brewer to lay a tax of the abovementioned description on any of his Majesty's subjects, even the richest, much less on the poorer orders, who can hardly keep themselves, and their families? And I am sorry to say, it appears from good authority, that near two-thirds of the families of Great Britain use brewer's beer. Nay even farmers themselves have not influence enough to get their malt liquor brewed at home, since their wives and daughters have taken into their heads to wear chicken gloves and silk stockings, and have learnt, with the dress of fine ladies, to imitate their affectation of humanity, and their accomplishments by strumming on the piano, and shedding the tender tear of sympathy over modern sentimental novels. This great evil though, (God be praised!) the present disheartening times to farmers may serve to correct, by bringing them back to the good old days when industry, economy, and real humanity were deemed the best domestic female virtues; for which reason, the sooner the brewer reduces the price of his beer, the better for himself, lest dire necessity compel some of the modern farmers' wives and daughters, like Nell in the Devil to Pay, to cast off their fine-ladyish airs and apparel, and putting on good household stuff gowns, and check aprons, oblige them to learn again those more suitable

to apply all the money so expended on his own selfish gratifications in the village ale-house, without *one thought* about his family, or the slightest prudential consideration of his irreparable waste of time, money, and health.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

Apprehensive I may be thought too *severe* in the above letter, when speaking of the *refined* method in which most of the *small farmers*, till lately, have brought up their families, I will state, as an apology for such apparent austerity, the *reason* of my sarcastic reflections on the *refinement* of some of the modern farmers' wives and daughters. Happening to call, about twelve years since, in the middle of harvest, on a poor tenant of mine, who rented a small farm of 80*l.* a-year, I found, to my *great surprize*, at four o'clock in the afternoon, his two grown-up daughters, instead of carrying out beer and bread and cheese to the reapers, dressed out as fine as the parson's daughters; while one of them sat reading a sentimental novel to the other, who was sewing. Upon which I said, there is a time, *young ladies*, for all things, a *time to sow*, and a *time to reap;* but surely it would *now* be more seasonable to think of the fatigued and hungry reapers, than to employ yourselves in reading novels.

Perhaps I need not say, that a year or two after this, the father, though an industrious man, and with a farm at the same rent it had been let at seventy years before, was obliged to give up my *cheap-rented* land as a *losing concern!*

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of LIVERPOOL, and all the other honourable Ministers, who brought the late war to so glorious a conclusion, thus agreeably surprising many Members of the two Houses of Parliament, who, seemingly reduced to despair from seeing through a *glass darkly*, the *glass* of *party*, had during many years foreboded a constant series of military success to their favourite Emperor, but every species of national calamity to their own country, if Government madly continued to resist his invincible power, I have taken the liberty of printing a few lines of poetry, written by me five years since, and intended to have been set to music. The verses alluded to, and which I have the honour to annex herewith, as a poetical preface to the Letters, are illustrative of the unparalleled merits of those British councils which established the peace of Europe on a firm and solid basis, by the only certain method, the annihila-

When lying Jacobins,* to vent their rage,
Shall strive to stain thy bright historic page,
Her trump's loud blast great Wellington shall sound,
Till earth re-echoes with a mighty bound.
While Vict'ry, 'mid th' effulgent blaze of light
That rescu'd Europe from the shades of night,
Shines with mild lustre, like the Milky Way,
Wrapping thy councils in a flood of day;
And Meek-eye'd Mercy, with a trembling hand,
Holding the records of our happy land,
Points to the felons' black and num'rous scroll,
To mark the goodness of the Regent's soul:
Till soften'd by the fine seraphic beams
Of heav'nly light, that round his errors gleams,
Sweet Gratitude distils a tear divine,
To blot out ev'ry stain from Brunswick's royal line.

* By the term Jacobin, I mean a disciple of Beelzebub, one who had rather reign in Hell than serve in Heaven, and consequently would be discontented with a Government of angels.

unbiassed and unbought esteem I shall always prefer to every other consideration. For though I shall ever feel inclined to act humanely and kindly to the poorer uneducated class of my countrymen, I will honestly confess, in *political matters, one respectable* British merchant, country gentleman, farmer, or shopkeeper, put in the scale against a drunken clamorous mob of a hundred thousand jacobin plebeians, will have more weight and influence with me, than the hundred thousand tongues and hearts of such a foolish, obstinate, vacillating multitude, such a congloberation of soap-sud air bubbles, and frothy heads and muddy bottoms of deleterious pots of bad London porter.

I remain your's, &c.

THOS. LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,
July 13, 1821.

value, you, Gentlemen, will justly appreciate the magnitude and importance of it.

Be it known, therefore, to you, illustrious Members of the British Administration, that when my late father's uncle, in the year 1746, laid his discovery before the Honourable House of Commons, £400,000 were annually sent out of Great Britain for foreign Salt, and much of it for what was then called French Bay Salt. To keep so large a sum of money in the kingdom, to circulate *among British subjects*, instead of *French* and other *foreigners*, a great reward was offered by the then Government to any person who would discover a Salt manufactured at home, which would answer all the purposes of foreign Salt. Wherefore, on the faith of this promised reward, grafted upon British honour, THOMAS LOWNDES, a bachelor uncle of my late father, was induced, from a natural turn for chemistry united to an enterprising and patriotic mind, to go to the South of France, where he resided near two years, trying different experiments in making Salt; and from thence bending his course to Holland, to investigate the reason of the superior quality of Dutch herrings when salted, and which he naturally enough deemed to be owing, not to the *superior goodness* of their herrings, but to the superior *purity* of *Dutch Salt*. After thus employing between two and

any public advantages Great Britain may derive from it, on a footing with Sir THOMAS LOMB's Silk-mills, for which he received a reward of £20,000, and was made a baronet, Mr. ARKWRIGHT's Cotton-mills, or Mr. PALMER's Post-office Improvements, you, my Lords and Gentlemen, must acknowledge, if, from the *lapse of time* and our *great national* debt, all *money expectations* are abandoned by Mr. LOWNDES's nearest *relatives*, that some *hereditary* honour ought to be conferred on them, not only as an act of Royal justice, but that, by showing this token of respect and gratitude for industrious perseverance and patriotic merit, other ingenious and speculative men, well wishers to their country, may be stimulated with a similar ardour to increase the wealth, power, and population of the British empire.

But, Lords and Gentlemen of the illustrious British Administration, with your permission, hoping my blunt honesty will not give you the slightest offence, as I wish upon this and every other occasion to act towards you with that high respect and gratitude every honest Briton must feel for your immortal public services, I here take the liberty of stating, in order to silence *Jacobin slander*, (well knowing I am no great favourite with those democratic gentry,) that though any honour conferred upon me and the

by some *hereditary honour*, be at all diminished by that honour being given to *high minded honourable conduct*, instead of its being the *reward* of *base corruption* or *servile sycophancy*. For if a title shine less bright for being so conferred, it will be a singular contradiction to that general rule by which honest men are accustomed to estimate all public political characters.

Should my appeal to you, Lords and Gentlemen, be *unsuccessful*, I shall then throw this case of peculiar family hardship and Ministerial ingratitude on the mercy of my countrymen, convinced that even the blasphemous and seditious writings (which too long deluged the public press) have not so debased the characters of Britons as to have occasioned my countrymen to lose that delicate sense of public justice—that disinterested generosity and patriotic conduct, for which Englishmen have ever been distinguished; and by which noble and godlike qualities they shine at this hour pre-eminently great, towering far above all other nations, not only in military glory, but in the softer and more amiable feelings of the heart.

I shall now conclude my letter with every respectful sentiment towards the present administration, by requesting you, Noble Lords and Gentlemen of whom it is composed, will

With every possible apology for the length of this letter, and for the liberty I have taken in addressing it to the present Administration,

I have the honour to be,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your grateful, obedient,

humble Servant,

THOMAS LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,
July 11, 1821.

Italy to this country, having in that Letter stated that Sir THOMAS LOMB received £20,000, whereas he only received £14,000; and instead, too, of being made a baronet, was knighted. I think it right to correct the above, as I wish to take no unfair advantage by any false statements, and feel an ardent desire that the whole transaction between me and Government may be equally honourable to all parties. The over-rating of the reward arose from not having Mr. LOWNDES's Pamphlet before me; and the supposing Sir THOMAS LOMB was made a *baronet* originated from a Norfolk Baronet having died a few years since of the name of LOMB, who I understood was a descendant of the gentleman who first set up the silk mills in this country.

I will now conclude with pointing out one very disinterested passage in Mr. LOWNDES's Letter, so different from the selfish conduct of many *modern* speculators, that it must forcibly strike every one who reads it as a very singular feature in Mr. LOWNDES's character, and entitles his heirs or successors to more than *common liberality*, in return for his *disinterestedness*. The passage I allude to is this:—

"I do not apply to the Crown for a Patent for this improvement; because I conceive that the Act empowering the Crown to grant patents

the same name, but his nearest *male* relative.

Were a pecuniary reward attainable, even though it were but the £1200 expended in trying experiments, with a sum equal to what the compound interest would be at 3 per cent. from 1748 up to the present period, no *honour* would be petitioned for, *money* being much more *desirable;* and yet, even in that case, as the claim on the part of Mr. LOWNDES's heirs is founded upon the nicest principles of equity, if, from the great National Debt, and the lapse of time, a pecuniary reward be given up, there could be no reason why an *hereditary title* should not be conferred on the male heirs in due succession. With what honour the Government of this country can plead the Statute of Limitations, *alias* the lapse of time, for the non-payment of a *just debt,* the present honest administration will be most excellent judges: for they will not think of paying debts at *home* in a different manner from those *abroad.*

MR. LOWNDES'S PROPOSAL

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty,

IN A LETTER TO

Thomas Corbet, Esq. their Lordships' Secretary.

SIR,

I MOST humbly apprehend that the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will be of opinion that the most satisfactory proofs of the goodness of my Salt will naturally fall under these four heads:—Domestic Uses, Beef for the Royal Navy, Pork for the same, and the Fishery of America.

That six months be allowed for the first, two years for the second and third, and twelve months for the fourth. When it is considered *how many years* I have been in effecting this service, of such importance to the Public, what charges I have been at in experiments, and going abroad, and the risk I ran in making necessary observations, no reasonable man can think but my demand is very *moderate*, of

bad property. Nor do I make any demand for the improvement of our Sea Salt, though it be the direct consequence of my intended performance. Not that I am ignorant what immense quantities of our common Marine Salt the Navy uses, as well as the Cities of London and Westminster, Borough of Southwark, and all those counties where the Thames is navigable, besides very many other places. And if I fail to show (if my advice be followed) how to meliorate the Marine Salt of Great Britain and Ireland, let my country brand me with *ignorance*.

I need not hint to their Lordships the vast losses the navy constantly sustains for want of good Salt; and their Lordships must know that to be the cause of the too frequent unwholesomeness of provisions, whereby the poor seamen's lives are endangered.

One of the main obstructions to our Herring Fishery is the badness of our Salt; and it is the sole hindrance to that great exportation of butter, which England and Ireland might otherwise reasonably expect to have, these kingdoms producing, in vast abundance, the best butter in Europe. And it cannot be doubted, (if this attempt of mine meets with encouragement and proves successful) but we shall, by means thereof, purchase our naval stores at much easier rates than we or our ancestors ever did, or than we otherwise can do. For we

of the persons who use coal fires; and, I presume, it will be a very acceptable intimation to their Lordships, upon good grounds to be assured, that my Salt can be made and crystallized at a good deal less expense than the Dutch can purify theirs.

Mr. Ellison of Middlewich in Cheshire, at whose works I made the Salt (of which samples were presented both to their Lordships and the College of Physicians), can certify to their Lordships that the pans I used did not contain less than seven hundred gallons each.

This will expose some calumniators, who have affirmed that I made but a very few pounds weight at one time; and I hope their Lordships will here indulge me the liberty to observe to them, that if my Salt should answer upon the several trials above proposed, and if thereupon a great demand for it should ensue, pans to contain sixteen hundred gallons each will be the properest for the purpose, because brine works more kindly, and Salt grains much better in very large pans than in small ones.

If I may be allowed to value any thing that I can perform, I should be inclined not to think amiss of my method of making Salt, upon account of the great easiness of the process, and its being (when all things are duly estimated) far less chargeable than the method now used.

bushels should not be given to some eminent merchants, to be used in salting beef and pork to be sent to climates where provisions are with the greatest difficulty preserved; and for the Royal Navy, that a good large quantity of beef and pork be cured with my Salt, and put on board ships commanded by officers of known discretion and character. No risk can possibly attend this trial for the Navy, it being by the best judges allowed that my Salt far excels that of Newcastle or Limington. That certificates of the proof in the above articles be transmitted to the Lords of the Admiralty. And for the goodness of my Salt in domestic uses, there cannot be better judges than their Lordships, in their own housekeeping.

I therefore humbly propose to go down into Cheshire at my own expense, and to make, or cause to be made, what quantity of Salt their Lordships shall please to order, and to have it laid down, or put on board at Liverpool, at eight pence halfpenny the bushel, pursuant to such directions as their Lordships shall give.

The great variety of matter necessary to be touched upon, must be my apology for the length of this letter; and whatever in any part of it is thought by their Lordships to be wrong shall be rectified to their satisfaction. For I do not doubt that their Lordships will act by

A LETTER *to Mr. L——s, from Thomas Corbett, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty.*

SIR,

HAVING laid before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your letters of the 7th and 12th inst. representing that you have found out a method of improving Salt, which is much better and cheaper than any Foreign Salt, and very proper to be used in the Royal Navy, and put on board ships commanded by officers of known discretion and character, I am ordered to acquaint you, that your letters are sent to the Commissioners for Victualling, with a recommendation from their Lordships to make an experiment thereof; and therefore you will attend that *Board* for that purpose, and deliver your *proposal* to them. But as to the *rewards* you mention, these things are not in the power of this *Board*, but of the *Parliament*.

I am, &c.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE,
March 28, 1746.

imagine that after the Commissioners of the Victualling Office for near *half* a century advertised *yearly* for a *great quantity* of LOWNDES's Bay Salt, to be delivered by *contract*, our present *liberal* and *enlightened* Government will be so *humbugged* by some officious Jack in office *dropping* the *name* of LOWNDES, (as if the *public purse* were his *private property*) as to *plead* in *excuse* for *non-payment* of the debt in any form or shape, that Mr. LOWNDES was not the *Inventor* of the Salt which for near *fifty years* was called by his name, and, as if *dropping* the *name* of LOWNDES, (upon my intended application for a family reward in behalf of myself and other claimants,) *dropped mine* and their *right* to the debt; yet such is the true statement of the conduct of the Victualling Office; for till I *threatened* to *lay claim* to some *remuneration*, the Secretary of the Commissioners of the above Office *inserted* in his *annual Advertisements*, "Wanted (for at this distance of time I cannot recollect how much) a certain quantity of LOWNDES's Bay Salt; but *since then*, (for the *claim* was made *public* by me at the time Dr. JENNER received such a noble reward from Government,) the word "LOWNDES" has been *constantly* omitted—a *dirty*, *shabby* act, wherever it came from, and derogatory to the *honour* and *glory* of any nation, still more of the *liberal*

particular friend, (who got his intelligence in Somerset House,) that Mr. LOWNDES was not the *Inventor* of the Salt, commonly called LOWNDES's Bay Salt. But mark, Sir, these wise men of Gotham—these *patriotic guardians* of the *public purse*, who think the more *flesh* on the *bone* the better *picking* for *themselves*, could not tell my friend *who* was the *Inventor*. *Ergo*, till they do *tell me*, and can *prove* it, I have a *right* to say he is a *man of straw*, set up by *selfish avarice* and *jaundiced envy*, to prevent the payment of a long standing, but a *just* and *reasonable debt*.

I am, Sir, &c.

THOMAS LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,
August 10, 1821.

A LETTER from Mr. Lowndes, to Thomas Corbett, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty, 4th July, 1746.

SIR,

I DESIRE that you will be so obliging as to acquaint the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that my method of making Salt from brine, as *good* or *better* than the French *Bay Salt*, is ready to be communicated to their Lordships in *form*, whenever their Lordships shall please to direct.

My extreme *ill health* has prevented me making this application sooner.

As my *encouragement* for this *undertaking comes* from the *House of Commons,* I think it my duty to send a copy of my method to the Speaker, either to-morrow or the day following.

I am, &c.

The reader is desired to observe, that the true and principal reason for printing these letters, by way of introduction, is—that Mr. LOWNDES's reward is conditional, as no part of it is immediately due, and some part not payable till above two years hence; and he being in a very weak and declining state of health, is advised to go to Portugal for the benefit of the air. In order, therefore, to prevent, or at least satisfy any future inquiry, he thinks it now proper to show that every thing has, to the utmost of his power, been transacted with the most punctual regularity. Mr. LOWNDES, also, is very glad of this opportunity to make his most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Secretary CORBETT, for always treating him with generous courtesy, and never creating the least delay, though *almost five* years have elapsed in this *anxious solicitation.*

I went to Holland. This journey was occasioned by my curiosity to know from whence it proceeds, that the Dutch white herrings do always look a great deal fairer, and are much cleaner, and will keep many months longer than ours, even when we use the best foreign Salt; and I found (as I had often heard) that the *Dutch* Salt being *purified* is the *chief cause* of the *excellency of their fish.*

From the remarks that occurred to me in France and Holland, with the addition of allowing properly for the difference in the materials, I deduced the method of making Salt from Brine, as *good* or *better* than *French Bay Salt.* And, in pursuance of an Address from the Honourable House of Commons his MAJESTY having been most graciously pleased to direct your Lordships to enter into an agreement with me for discovering the said method, it is here, with the greatest deference, most humbly presented to your Lordships.

(Here follows the process.)

The process being ended, permit me to acquaint your Lordships, that in repairing the fires I chiefly use cinders, because, to preserve a constant, equal, and gentle heat, cinders are better than coals, though at present cinders in Cheshire are so *little valued* as to be generally thrown into the highways.

sufficiently evaporated, the Salt *dissolves* with the least *humidity*. Then the air being admitted, and putrefaction immediately ensuing, it is impossible that for long voyages provisions can be cured with Salt made after the usual manner. And it is mere necessity makes it to be used at land for meat which is to be kept any time. But yet this kind of Salt is more proper for the tender curd of new cheese, and for butter designed for present spending, than thorough-made Salt; because it saves a good deal of trouble by its not wanting either to be reduced to powder, or to be moistened.

I crave leave to remark, that by long boiling with great fires, Salt not only loses its spirit, strength, and shoot, but its grain becomes so very loose and soft, that it is rather a lixivium than Salt.

But yet if Brine be not boiled violently for a due time at the beginning of the operation, the process of making Salt will be exceeding tedious; because the fresh, by all means, must be consumed. And also though brine, when it is pumped into the pan, seems to be as clear and pure as rock water, yet there is always in it no small quantity of earthy particles, which cannot be discharged but by putting the brine into the greatest agitation.

Brine Salt made by any former process, all

able other unwholesome mixtures brought into the salines by the tide.

The *other Salt, made according to the foregoing process, perfectly clean, sweet* and *strong*, and from *ingredients* in every *respect innocent*, and to *be afforded* at a *much less price*.

Which of these two Salts is most *eligible*, one would think could be *no* question.

Yet many of the French *chemists extol* the *Bay Salt*, even for its *impurity*. And if their most extravagant *abject zeal to promote, in defiance of matter of fact, the sale of their Monarch's Salt*, does not render *these Gentlemen incapable of conviction*, I would refer them to the ancient and present practice of the Hollanders.

The Dutch, in *purifying their Salt*, always blend with the French Bay Salt a great quantity of Spanish and other Mediterranean Salts,* so what is called the *vitriol* of these Salts keeps the French Salt from being *softened*. For these Salts are put into great pans, properly filled with brackish water, and boiled with coal fires. And the *mildness* of the French Salt *tempers the other Salts*.

And can it be imagined, that the parsimonious Dutch would, for ages, have been at this charge and such pains to their own prejudice? If filth

* This process is frequently called making Salt upon Salt.

for that purpose; nor is the Salt so thoroughly cleared of the fresh as it ought to be.

As for the Rock Salt of Cheshire, it has so many bad qualities, that most certainly Nature never could intend that either fish or flesh should be cured with it; and whether it be *wholesome* to be eaten, let the *learned Physicians pronounce.*

Your Lordships' curiosity and candour, I presume, will not be displeased to know, that in all the Salt-works of Cheshire there are tubs set under the barrows or wicker baskets to catch the droppings of the Salt when fresh drawn; now if one of these tubs stands there eight or ten days, and has received four or five quarts of liquor, there will be always found in it a small quantity of Salt, perhaps about an ounce; and should the inside of the tub happen to be *dirty,* no one can perceive any difference between this Tub Salt and the best French Bay Salt, only the *latter* is not so *sweet.*

This proves the common notion of Brine Salt being naturally of a flaky shoot, to be erroneous.

And in the Salt made by the *sun,* as well as by *my way,* you will never fail of seeing very many *little pyramids,* which are composed of a parcel of *small cubical grains,* piled up in a most exact order, and cemented together with

expense of those *buildings* is saved. It will not *waste* in *carriage*, as the present *Salt* does: by this means the *three bushels* in *forty, allowed* by the Government for *waste*, will go towards making the *freight* easy. And if the Salt Proprietors follow my process, they will have a *vastly greater demand here* and from *abroad* than they ever yet had, together with many other *advantages*. And since to this method of mine the Salt Proprietors cannot object any thing, except only the expense of new pans and sheds to cover them, I do not in the least doubt but the certainty of a prosperous trade will soon make my Proposal, upon every account, acceptable to them.

I beg leave to mention, that for the first salting of meat my Salt must be ground or pounded pretty fine; for the second salting it must be bruised; and if meat is to bear a long voyage, or to keep a great while, then for the third salting it must be laid on whole.

The generality of persons being ignorant of the true properties of Salt, obliges me to hint that Salt and Sugar (if good) have the like effects upon flesh and fruit, when they are neither tainted nor decayed; for the air must be excluded, the outside not hardened, and the juice preserved. And if flesh, well fed and skilfully slaughtered, when it is salted, be not

TO

THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,

AFTER thanking you for the prompt insertion of my third Letter on the 22d of last month, concerning Mr. LOWNDES's Bay Salt, I request to apologize for again troubling you with a fourth on the same subject, but which will certainly be (unless some *unforeseen circumstances arise*) the *finale* of my late and present appeal to the Public. In saying this, I hope too I shall not be accused of vanity in repeating the high compliments that have been paid me by several respectable individuals on the *clearness* and *candour* of my Bay Salt Address; for they have, *one and all*, declared a *clearer case* was *never made out*, and that Government *must and will pay attention* to it.

The above case having also at different times occupied my mind for the last *thirty years*, I will now lay before the Public the very *pith* and *marrow* of the *hardship* and *cruelty* of it, by sending herewith to your loyal and independent Paper an *extract* from a letter I wrote near two years since, to a gentleman of very superior abilities and great ministerial connection, being nearly allied by marriage to the most illustrious,

alty) the family estates of Lea Hall and Overton, a most distressful event, were both obliged to be sold, they having a considerable mortgage upon them, independent of the debt. Now, but for this £12,000, *due* to the *Crown*, the sale of the Lea Hall *Manor* and *Estate* would have paid off the mortgage, and the Overton landed property, (which, though *considerably reduced*, had been in my father's family above 300 years,) would, in all probability, have been in possession of a LOWNDES to this *hour*. As a *singular* proof also of the *accuracy* of what I have here stated, I have the honour to send you an extract of a most extraordinary letter from the son of Mr. Secretary LOWNDES above alluded to, demanding the debt, and written in the year 1735. This letter (which is a very friendly one and beautifully written in Mr. LOWNDES's own hand, and which you once saw at your *Public Office*,) is well worth *preserving*, from its laying open the *poverty* of the British Exchequer; yea, so *great* was its *poverty*, that were *not the letter written* in Mr. LOWNDES's *own hand-writing*, (as I can prove from family documents signed by him,) it would be *incredible;* for this letter actually states that the *small sum of one thousand pounds* was of the utmost consequence to Government, the *Treasury* being at that time *completely*

By this you perceive Miss L. (afterwards Mrs. CHURCHILL) was *obliged* to sell *Overton Hall, a favourite* place of her *Father's* and which her Bay Salt Uncle purchased, because (though only the *wreck* of a *considerable family estate,*) it was *highly prized* not only by *her*, but by her two *paternal* uncles, from having been the *old family residence* of the *ancestors* of the Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, and Cheshire LOWNDES's. Thus, there being an *Extent* of the Crown, the Government (as is often the case on *similar occasions*) *obliged* Mrs. CHURCHILL, Mrs. DRAX's mother, to *sell an Estate,* to pay a debt to the Crown, even though that estate had been *above three hundred years* in her father's (Mr. JOHN LOWNDES's) family. Yes, that very Government, who to this hour (for the Administration of a Kingdom may, like a Corporate Body, be said never to die) have never paid a *sixpence* of the Seven Thousand Pounds, the Reward due above seventy years since for Mr. LOWNDES's *Bay Salt Inventions,* and which Reward the *Committee of the whole House of Commons* voted to be *just* and *reasonable.*

I remain, Sir,

Your's, &c.

THOS. LOWNDES.

BLACKHEATH,
Sept. 1, 1821.

bequeathed to me at the decease of my Uncle, Edward Lowndes, twenty-four years since; and, as I wish to sell it, will here recommend the said Tract as a *valuable investment* to an *American* Speculator, for its rich Soil and local Situation, all of it being on the Banks of great *navigable* Rivers, or near *Camden Town*, a thriving and favourite part of South Carolina, from its *healthy air, rich soil*, and *romantic scenery*.

EXTRACT.

"My countrymen have not forgot their resentment. I lament it, and pity the poor unfortunate objects of it. On your side *lenitives* are not applied, at least in *America*, but rather corrosive irritating applications. Sir Guy Carlton refuses delivering up the fugitive slaves, many of whom have been *clandestinely* carried away, not only without authority, but contrary to express orders from the British Commanders.

"If your Ministers are wise and improve the *natural bias* and *partiality* we have to British Trade, you may still have the *greatest* share of it; most of the vessels now loading here are for Britain: but take care you do not provoke us to *restrictions* —you know you have *Rivals*, who will take *proper advantage* of your errors—and those Rivals have powerful claims on our *Gratitude*."

"CHARLES TOWN, 15*th June*, 1783."

N. B. Though Mr. Huskisson's *rash* and *ill-timed* assertion in the House of Commons (for he was then trying to increase his £3000 a year to £5000 a year) that the Canal Proprietors are *annually* making *One Hundred per Cent.*, but which assertion from its preposterous absurdity has passed unnoticed in the House or out of it, be so far from being *founded* on *fact*, that *all* the Canals of the British Empire, one with another and ab *initio*, do not clear an *annual Five* per Cent. profit, it must be clear Mr. Huskisson's *antipathy* to *Monopolists* is very sincere, as he has just appointed his brother, Captain Huskisson, R. N. to that snug £3000 per annum for life, the Paymastership of the Navy.

DOVER, *April* 2, 1827.

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Spite of taunting scoffs, were it but possible.

Sir Wm.—My gentle Twining, banish such envious thoughts;
Thou a Director! thou a king of India!
The very stones would laugh and prate of it!
What would the world, the thinking world say too?—
That the same *charge* which thou didst hurl 'gainst *Scott*,
Recoils with vengeance on thy guilty head.
Thou, a great speaker, like divines who preach,
Should'st strictly follow thine own golden rules,
Else, what thou speakest, thou wilt speak in vain.

Twining—A Directorship!—a Directorship! my *tea-shop* for a Directorship.

Sir Wm.—Twining, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels.——
How then can a dealer in tea,
Hyson, green, and bohea,
Hope to win by't?

Twining—I thank you kindly for your sage advice:
But now must homeward bend, fearing, Sir William,
Too much I've trespass'd on your time already;
And when at home, I'll duly *weigh* whate'er you've said,
In our just balances, each in its fair proportion.

P.S. If the Directors would give a *recipe* for the choice of their body-corporate, like a receipt for a plum-pudding, and would inform the Proprietors what sort of men should be elected, and how many of each sort, it would not only be deemed no infraction of their Charter, but might occasionally be very useful to the Company.—A method widely different from the present outrageous custom of recommending each person individually. In the case I mention, the ingredients and their different proportions only would be pointed out, leaving the *Proprietors to ascertain the good qualities of each.* As it is now, for want of this *polar star* to guide the bewildered elector, (unacquainted with the political constitution of the Company,) if a variety of candidates start at the same time, military men, East India captains, nabobs, tea-dealers, and general merchants, the electors who are of no profession or business, or if in either not actuated by the esprit-du-corps, are at a loss how to vote in a way that may best contribute to the prosperity of the Company; most of the gentlemen above alluded to, like the fable of the besieged town, naturally supporting men of their own profession. For want of the precaution hinted at, great danger may hereafter arise, from destroying that *equilibrium* of power so essential to the vital interests of the Company.

dice for reason, or declamation for truth; and if an excellent private character as a tradesman, and a father of a family, be a sufficient passport to one of the most arduous public situations in this country, provided a man means to discharge the duties of it *faithfully*, you have certainly the good opinion of the public in your favor.—But, surely, your selling the best tea, and the best sugar, the best coffee, and the best chocolate, your being the best of fathers, and the best of husbands, the best of tradesmen, and the best of citizens, is not, Mr. Twining, a proof *positive*, or a proof *indicative*, even though accompanied with a clear head and a sound heart, that your *super-excellent* character will make you a *super-excellent* Director. For, whatever some may imagine, who keep clean the outside of the platter, while the inside is full of filth and corruption;—who deem a showy *outside* of private virtues a proof that everything is right *within*, like Pat's potatoe strawberries, that look so big and shining at the top of his pottle, while the inside ones are dirty and no bigger than peas, I am convinced after above twenty years' experience, that the private virtues of a man have much *less influence* on his public conduct than many persons suppose, who judge, as the world is too apt to judge, from the outward visible sign, respecting the quantum of inward spiritual grace. At the

same time, if a tried person like Col. Taylor is to be met with for a public office, who has both *private* and *public* character to recommend him, so much the better. I am convinced too, from the same twenty years' experience, that avarice and ambition, that is, such an inordinate lust of wealth and power, as does not hesitate at the ways and means for obtaining either, has produced, and will continue to produce, *more mischief* to mankind, than all the private virtues have done *good*; for ambition does ill by *wholesale*, but private virtue does good only by *retail*. Besides the avarice and ambition above described, which you may have learnt from your own experience, dwells frequently in those tranquil bosoms, that seem most replete with private virtues, namely, in your grave, *worthy*, good sort of people, like *Bony*; whereas the lovers of women and wine, those jolly fellows who sometimes entwine the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine, too *open-hearted* and *honest* to enrich themselves privately at the public expense, are often induced, like old Sheridan, from a principle of public honor, to sacrifice their private interest to the public good. Allowing, therefore, to *save time*, that you have the best of private characters, and are a sensible worthy man, I will endeavour to pose you, Mr. Twining, by this plain question:—is the knowledge of the quantity of tea

on hand, in transitu, and ordered to be imported, and of the qualities of each species of tea, no advantage to a tea-dealer? Because if it be not, I certainly have read Adam Smith to very little purpose, and my own experience of various articles in the common occurrences of life, avails me but little. Is not the price too of most commercial goods regulated by those circumstances; for I have been much misinformed by my commercial friends, if the knowledge of the quantity of an article on hand, in transitu, or ordered to be imported, and the quantity consumed, or likely to be consumed, on an average from year to year, be not the present *philosopher's stone*, that enables some of the knowing jockeys in the city, who are in that secret, to get rich in so short a time; and which makes so many men in trade wish to become *Directors* of *commercial* bodies. Ask a Bank Director, whether his knowing from the discounts at the Bank, whose paper is good, and whose is bad, is of no advantage to him in his private transactions as a merchant? Would not you, if elected a Director, from your official situation, be in the *secret* like some of these *city jockies?*

Cæsar's wife should not only be chaste, but free from suspicion. You sell by *retail*, what the Company sells by *wholesale;* nay, I believe, you also sell by wholesale to the

country tea-dealers. The sales are public, I grant, but has each person as fair an opportunity of knowing the circumstances alluded to?

Sir, I believe you to be what the world calls a worthy good sort of man; but I believe this also, that some of the active ambitious Directors, as Aaron's serpent swallowed up the rest, mean to make a *tea-to-tum* of you, and to spin you about as they spin asleep some of their brother dormouse Directors. But, I trust, while the Directors are recommending you to the Proprietors of East India Stock for your *T* knowledge, the Proprietors will not forget their *Ps* and *Qs*, that it may not be said, in speaking of the necessary qualifications of one of the kings of India,—

> That the knowledge of tea,
> Hyson, green, and bohea,
> Is sufficient for him
> Who Director would be.

To save time, I will acknowledge, Mr. Twining, you know something more than your private business as a tea-dealer, concerning the affairs of the East India Company; but I will not allow, with all your good sense and enlightened understanding, you are so well acquainted with the policy of India, its various governments, civil and military, its jurisprudence, and all those different species of

local knowledge, which can be acquired only by having lived long in India, as your opponent candidate, Col. Taylor, who has resided there above *twenty* years, and has been both in a *civil* and *military* capacity. At least, if you did know as much of the constitution of India, civil, political, and military, it would run *counter* to all public opinion in similar cases; and such knowledge will be very necessary on the renewal of the Company's Charter, now drawing to a close; nay, is the very sort of knowledge alluded to in your letter, and which *you* say was the principal reason of the Directors recommending you.

But now, Mr. Richard Twining, I come to another material objection to you as a candidate for the Direction.—Is the *recommendation* of the *executive body* to the *electors*, a proper method of introducing a candidate? But, before I enter upon this argument, permit me to say, that (though notwithstanding your many private virtues, I am still of opinion you are a very improper person for an East India Director) we are not, as I am happy to find in your letter, at variance on all points, for you seem to think, what I have long been convinced of, that *turning over business to Jackey*, on certain occasions, is a *distinction* without a *difference*, and does a great deal of injury to the public; and I wish from my soul, some method was hit

the Proprietors by recommending a candidate for their election? If no base intention of influencing the Proprietors of India Stock is to be answered by such recommendation, this interference is *absurd*, because it is *nugatory*. What should you think if the administration of this country, at a contested county election, were to send to the different freeholders a recommendation of one of the candidates, to this effect,—"Mr. A., whom we know to be a worthy good sort of man, and will make an *excellent member of parliament*, stands for the county of B., we beg therefore to recommend him to the freeholders of that county for their choice." It is not difficult to imagine what would be the answer of those freeholders, if they were made of proper *independent* stuff;—"Gentlemen, we thank you for your recommendation, but deem ourselves as good judges of the proper qualities of a member of parliament as you are, though from our different situations as *electors* and *elected*, we may have different ideas of what constitutes a *good* member of parliament; and though we might otherwise have fixed on your friend, now he is recommended by you, we shall choose some other person; besides you have no right to interfere in public elections,—it is contrary to the spirit of the British constitution, nay more, it is an arrogant piece of presumption, to sup-

tude for that long-established favor, are aiming to elect by *piecemeal* their whole body corporate. I suppose the East India Directors, by *recommending* those who go out by rotation, and those who come in *de novo*, intend to leave the Proprietors as *bare* of votes as the *skull* of a grey-headed Eastern monarch, who had two wives of very opposite tastes, one of whom disliked his *black* hairs, the other his *white* ones; in consequence of which, having only black and white hairs, and each lady being allowed to exercise *her own taste*, they pulled his Asiatic majesty's *caput* as bare as a goose or a fowl that is plucked for the spit; but I trust the Proprietors will have too much good sense to submit to such treatment on the part of the Directors.

To show the ill success of *misapplied* ambition, you have only to recollect what *Addingtoni Experientia docet*. There was a certain thrifty housekeeper sort of a statesman, who, when at the head of his country's administration, looked most minutely into the price of butter and eggs, fish and poultry, not forgetting sometimes the *candle-ends* and *cheeseparings* of government, but had not a mind calculated to embrace those great and bold measures that can alone save a vast empire in the hour of danger;—for, surely, it is not the proper time to think of *saving* when the enemy is at the gates, watching *en tapinois*,